★ Dec. 17, 1949

THE NEW YORKER

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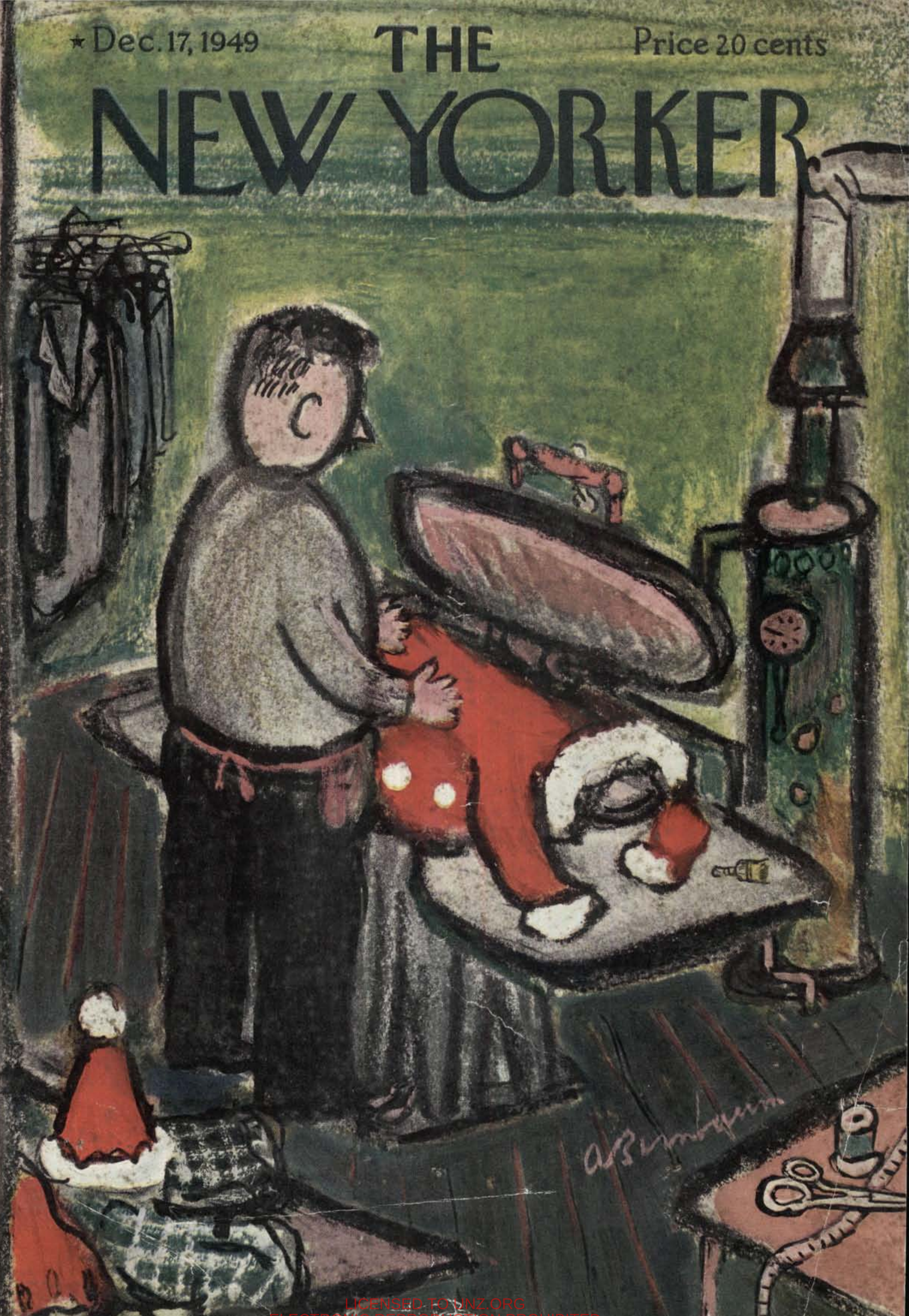

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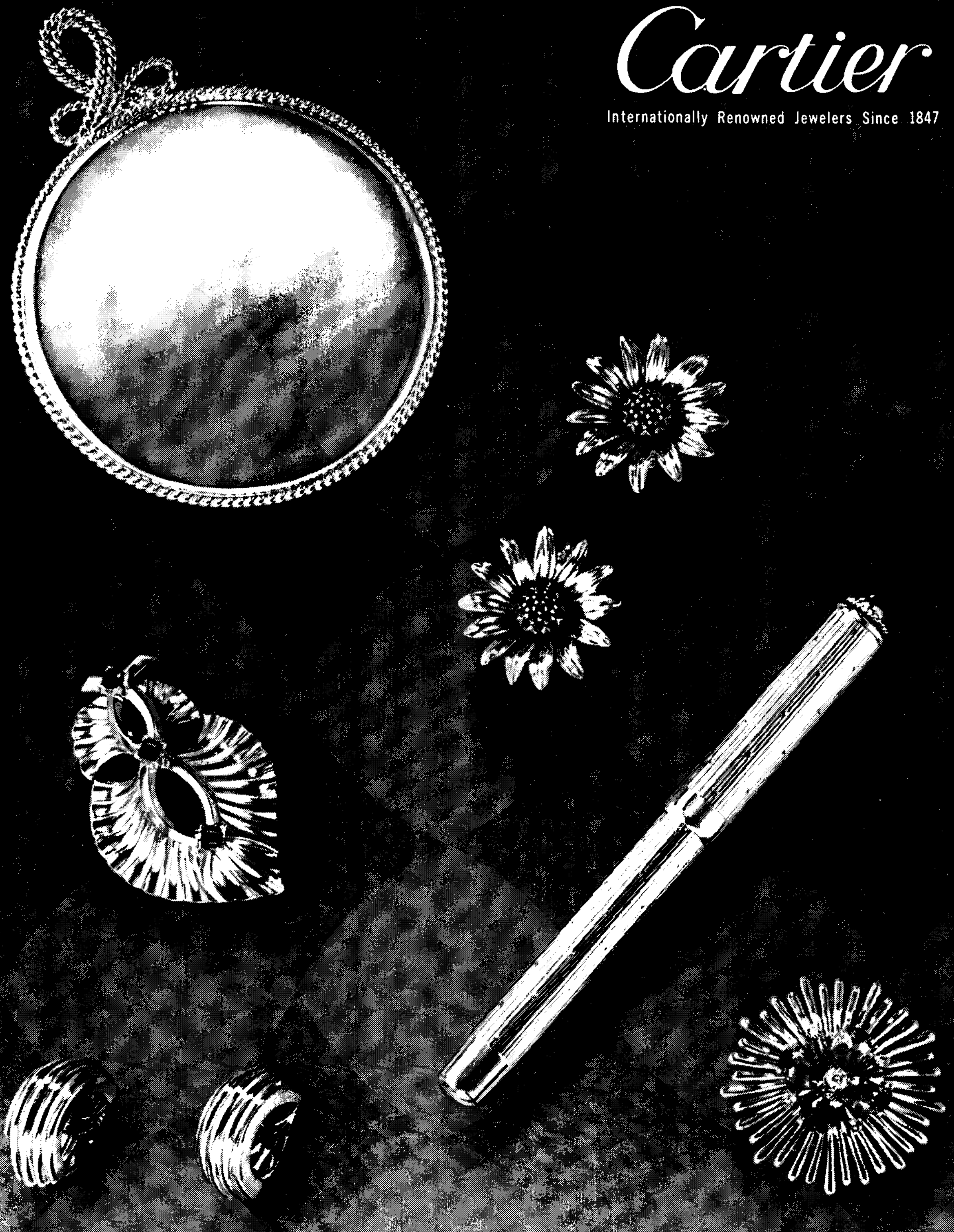

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FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET

PARIS NEW YORK LONDON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE CLOSING DOOR—This melodrama, by and with Alexander Knox, presents the detailed but not terribly interesting case history of a schizophrenic. Among the patient's friends and relatives are Doris Nolan, Jack Dimond, Eva Condon, John Shellie, and Richard Derr. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

CLUTTERBUCK—Benn W. Levy's comedy involves three British couples and their complex, rather disreputable, but often very funny sexual relationships. Arthur Margetson gives a brilliant performance as a retired rubber planter and Ruth Matteson, Ruth Ford, and Tom Helmore do very nicely, too. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DIAMOND LIL—After twenty-one years, this combination of elemental humor and primitive melodrama is still irresistible. Mae West, the author, is, of course, the star, and her acting is at least as arresting as the script. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE FATHER—The wife in this domestic tragedy is probably Strindberg's most monstrous creation, but the current revival, starring Raymond Massey and Mady Christians, is less powerful than lugubrious. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I KNOW MY LOVE—This play, dealing with half a century of matrimony in Boston, is an ideal vehicle for the Lunts, if not terribly interesting on any other ground. S. N. Behrman rewrote it from the French, and the cast includes Geoffrey Kerr, Betty Caulfield, and Katharine Bard. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MONTSERRAT—Lillian Hellman's adaptation of Emmanuel Roblès' script is laid in South America in the time of Simon Bolivar, and it asks whether a man is morally obliged to sacrifice innocent lives in the interest of a better world. However much you may approve of the answer, you are apt to find the play a little monotonous and wordy. Emlyn Williams, William Redfield, Reinhold Schunzel, Francis Compton, and John Abbott are prominently cast. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THAT LADY—Katharine Cornell in her own production of Kate O'Brien's play about Ana, the one-eyed Spanish princess, whose romance turned out very badly for everyone. Recommended only to those who feel that Miss Cornell can do no wrong. With Henry Daniell. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

YES, M'LORD—W. Douglas Home is the author of this comedy dealing with the British aristocracy under Socialism, but A. E. Matthews is the man who gives it whatever quality it has. He is assisted by George Curzon, Tom Macaulay, and Mary Hinton, among others. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Dec. 17.)

LONG RUNS—**BORN YESTERDAY:** All about an enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. Now with Joan Morgan and Jesse White. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **DEATH OF A SALESMAN:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Now with Gene Lockhart. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **DETECTIVE STORY:** Ralph Bellamy as a tough cop beset by a couple of heavyweight philosophical problems. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT:** Martita Hunt, Estelle Winwood, and John Carradine in Jean Giraudoux's play about a batty old woman. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, William Harrigan, and Henry Hull. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. No performances from Monday, Dec. 19, through Saturday, Dec. 24.) . . . **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE:** Tennessee Williams' big job, concerning a woman's withdrawal into a world of illusion. Now with Uta Hagen and Anthony Quinn. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 17.)

MEATS AND VEGETABLES
52
TREES FOR XMAS
EICKE

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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18	19	20	21	22	23	24

MUSICALS

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—This lively affair is more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century old classic, and should please you very much, if you don't feel too sentimental about the original. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields have collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley head the large and fascinating cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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LOST IN THE STARS—This musical version of Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" has a fine score by Kurt Weill but may otherwise prove somewhat disconcerting to admirers of the novel. Maxwell Anderson adapted the text for the stage and wrote the lyrics, and Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks head the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISS LIBERTY—A large, rather tiresome musical about Bartholdi's statue and a circulation war between Joseph Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett. It is mainly the work of Irving Berlin, Robert Sherwood, and Moss Hart. Ethel Griffies is the most successful member of a cast that also includes Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

REGINA—Marc Blitzstein's operatic treatment has diminished the dramatic effect of Lillian Hellman's play called "The Little Foxes," but it is still an able and intelligent job. Among those who portray members of about the most malignant family in the history of the theatre are Jane Pickens, George Lipton, Priscilla Gillette, and Brenda Lewis. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. May close Saturday, Dec. 17.)

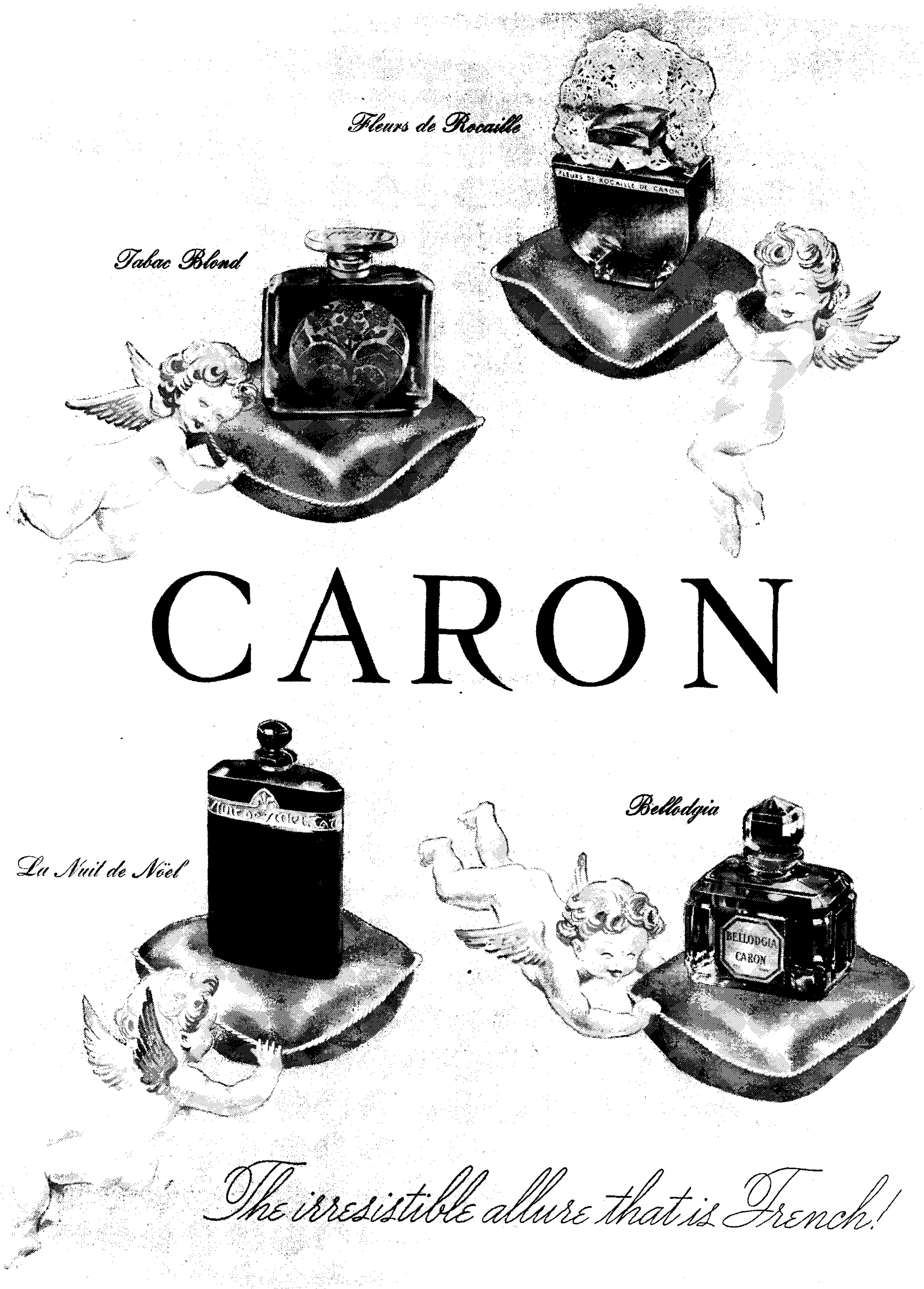
SOUTH PACIFIC—Romantic love, miscegenation, and a lot of good, rowdy comedy are mingled in this superlative show. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, Oscar Hammerstein II handled the lyrics and collaborated with Joshua Logan on the libretto, and the cast is headed by Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

TEXAS, LI'L DARLIN'—The victims of this satire are *Life*, politics, and the State of Texas, none of which seems likely to be unduly embarrassed. Johnny Mercer's lyrics are often effective, but the book, the music, the costumes, and the dancing are all more or less regrettable. With Kenny Delmar, Mary Hatcher, and a lot of others. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TOUCH AND GO—There are some unusually funny sketches and quite a bit of pleasant singing and dancing in this on the whole superior revue. Jean and Walter Kerr wrote the book and lyrics, Jay Gorney composed the music, and Kyle MacDonnell, Pearl Lang, and Nancy Andrews are important in the cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**AS THE GIRLS GO:** Bobby Clark as the husband of our first woman President. The music is by Jimmy McHugh. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE:** Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, and Cole Porter taming Shakespeare's shrew. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LEND AN EAR:** Charles Gaynor's practically one-man revue, for which he did the sketches, music, and lyrics. With Dorothy Babbs and John Beal. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-0056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXV, No. 43, Dec. 17, 1949. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1949, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. **All rights reserved. No part** of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

at 2:30. No performances from Monday, Dec. 19, through Saturday, Dec. 24.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Caesar and Cleopatra—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Lilli Palmer in a revival of G. B. Shaw's comedy. Produced by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers, in association with Julius Fleischmann, and directed by Sir Cedric. Opens Tuesday, Dec. 20. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

The Rat Race—A new comedy by Garson Kanin, produced by Leland Hayward. Betty Field heads the cast. Opens Thursday, Dec. 22. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Les Ballets de Paris—Roland Petit's French ballet troupe, presenting "Le Rendez-Vous," "L'Oeuf à la Coque," "Le Combat," and "Carmen." (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

New York City Dance Theatre—A new American dance group, which includes Valerie Bettis and the companies of Charles Weidman, José Limón, and Dudley-Maslow-Bales and the New Dance Group. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8980. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 15-18, and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 21-24. Evenings at 8:40. Matinée Sunday, Dec. 18, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Princeton University Triangle Club—Presenting a single performance of its 1949 production, "Come Across." (Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 5-6200.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every *evening, except as indicated.*)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Trianon Room has dance music by Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' rumba band every evening except Sunday.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except on Sundays, Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for cocktails in the Palm Court, moves to the Madison Room for dinner, then goes back to the Palm Court. No dancing.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Through Wednesday, Dec. 21, Savannah Churchill's deep chest tones, Billy Bishop's gentle humor, and Tadd Dameron's determinedly bebop band. Starting the next night, a new show, made up of Sarah Vaughan, Roger Price, and J. C. Heard's band. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist. Dancing; closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's soup-to-nuts pageant of New York café life through the ages. The most entertaining nuts are Walter Dere Wahl and the Rigoletto Brothers; the most heart-warming characters are the ancient W. C. Handy and Harry Armstrong. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The favorite watering place of some of our most heavily plated goldfish. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Still its old to-the-manor-born self, still peopled by friends of light wines and dancing. Bernie Dolen's orchestra and a rumba band provide the usual continuous sweet music; Jane Harvey looks and sings sassy at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—An assemblage of Cole Porter tunes *in a fairly static résumé of the life of Mr. P.,* who is amiably portrayed by James MacColl. Some of the songs are sung, others are danced by Kenneth MacKenzie and Betta St. John. Don McGrane's dance orchestra, plus Peter Kent's band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, at dinner and supper, Mimi Benzell, one of the Met's sweet girl graduates, in a festival running (sometimes a trifle coyly) from Verdi to Gershwin; Alan and Blanche Lund contribute some youthful and acceptable dancing. Stanley Melba's dance orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room trots out Tito Guizar, all dressed up in his Mexican horse-opera finery and singing south-of-the-border music, and the dance team of Artini and Consuelo. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a luxurious period piece, has the rapturous dance music (after eight-thirty) of Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—The ducal Oval Room presents Emery Deutsch's dinner music every evening but Sunday, when Harold Sandler's orchestra plays instead. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Harold Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Martha Wright, an arch and handsome young lady with an arch and handsome voice, trills at dinner and supper in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands play casually for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—The lavish Carnaval Room offers a scattering of Lester Lanin's musicians and Jan Brunesco's gypsy music for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A coeducational institution specializing in only the liveliest of the liberal arts. Downstairs, Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra for dancing; upstairs, on Fridays and Saturdays, Ernie Warren's band and Suzy Mulligan's songs.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, a vivid and emotional experience in any language, including (as of this fall) the American. Emil Petti's orchestra, some French musicians, and an invisible choir help out nobly, but the show is still Piaf. Panchito's rumba band is also on hand.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at suppertime, Margaret Phelan's ladylike song recital and Liberace's bustling piano recital. Emil Coleman's orchestra plays for dinner and, aided by Mischa Borr's band, for supper. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until ten o'clock. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, where Dr. Sydney Ross produces a little sleight of hand. Tea dancing Saturdays; closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Except on Sundays, Les Crosley's light-fingered pianoforte intricacies at cocktails and dinner, followed by Cy Walter's equally deft piano work at supper. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): After eight-thirty, continuous and bubbly dance music by Eddie Davis and others, and Mr. D.'s jaunty singing of "Stepping in Society." Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Mary McNally (at cocktail time) and Harry Taylor and Page Morton (after nine-thirty), providing piano undertones for the animated table talk. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with, every evening but Sunday, the Van Smith Trio after ten, and Harold Sandler's violin. On Thursday, Dec. 22, Joe Bushkin's trio (rather a change of pace) will replace the Van Smith unit. . . . **MONTE CARLO,** 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): An elegant candy box in which to dance to one of Dick Gasparre's bands and the Playa Sextet. Closed Mondays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHATHAM LOUNGE,** Vanderbilt Ave. at 49th St. (VO 5-5400): Between five and somewhere past midnight, Roger Stearns is in perpetual motion from piano to ringside table and back again. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): This haven for new talent is now offering the fledgling group called Peggy Marshall and the Holidays, as well as a new humorist named Jack Friend. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey play double piano, and Hazel Webster plays solo piano. Old silent movies, too, on Sunday nights, but no hopscotch or rounders. Amateur nights Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In this busy bit of modernist design, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Cocktail piano music Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance orchestra Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **SHELBURNE LOUNGE,** Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): Juanita Hall, a great help to those who haven't yet got to see "South Pacific;" Patricia Bright, unwinding her acidulous comedy; Marais and Miranda, chanting what you might call African *Veldtschmerz;* and Cy Coleman, playing plenty of piano, with and without his trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): In this upstairs ruckus room over the Show Spot bar, any night but Sunday, there is Mabel Mercer, delicately analyzing the best works of the Alec Wilder and Bart Howard school of the ballad. Sam Hamilton and others provide her piano background. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): One of those it-was-only-yesterday reconstructions, made up of melodrama, singing waiters,

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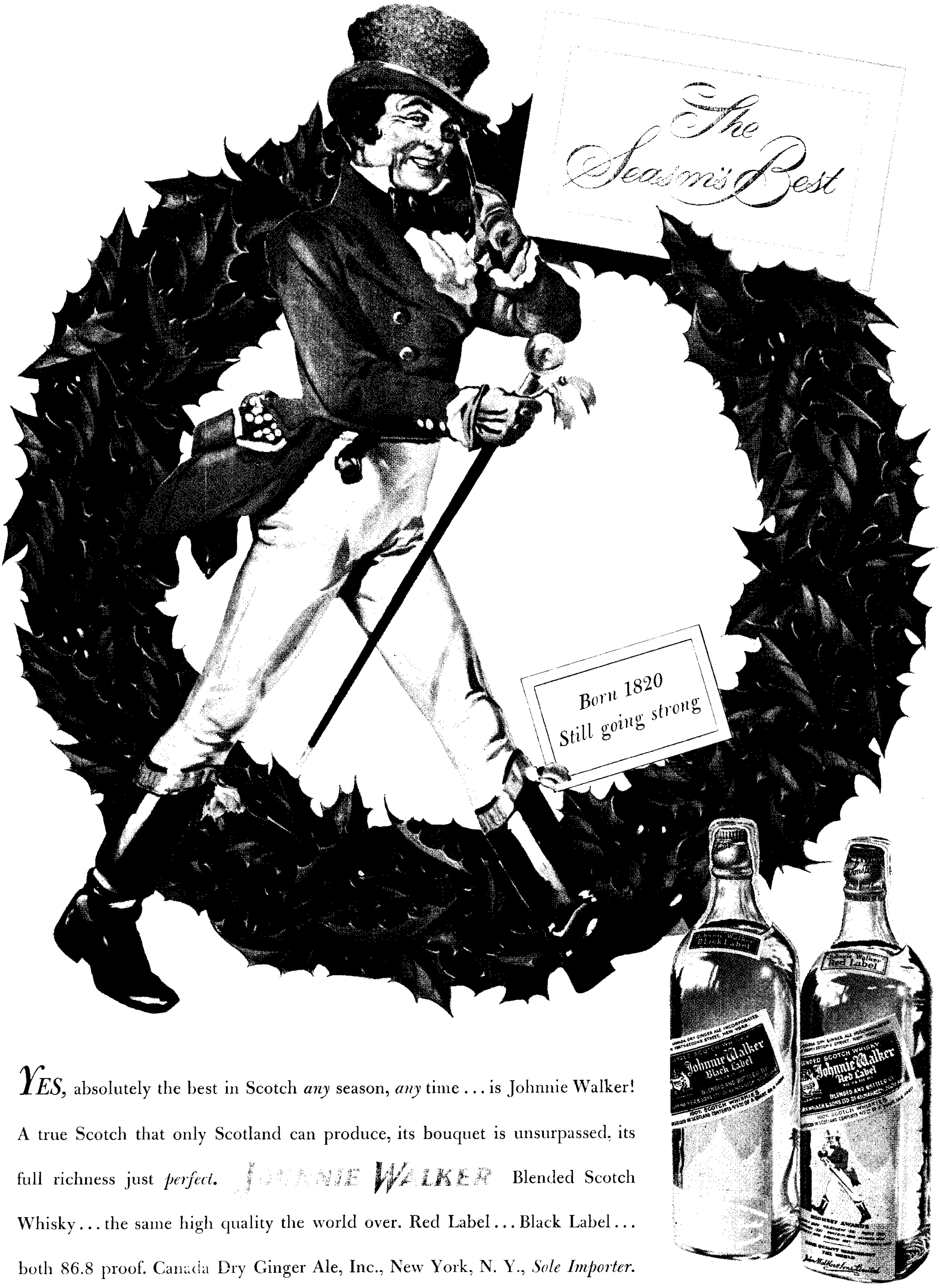
LET SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON SAY...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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

checked tablecloths, aged movies, and the like, animated principally by Paul Killiam's running commentary and the activities of a young minx known as Janie Stevens. Closed Mondays. . . . **L'AIGLON,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7200): Louis Hawkins is scheduled to return to his pianoforte on Friday, Dec. 16, playing for cocktails in the bar and dinner and supper in the Empress Room every day but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Jimmy Durante, kicking his own patented gong (and large chunks of the premises) around. Alan Dale warbles, Copsey and Ayres dance barefoot, and those Copa dolls stir their limbs and the customers' pulses. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, from suppertime until just before dawn, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack's spellbinding piano duets; every weekday, John Kelley, Jr., supplies dinner music. In the back room every night, Connie Sawyer's bull's-eye humor, Stan Freeman's hilarious piano parodies, Andy Williams' jack-in-the-box singing, and Kitty Crawford's suave ditties. Lush background music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. Sunday nights, guest performers are interspersed among the regulars. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Another of Julius Monk's highly diversified portfolios—Kirkwood and Goodman's Rover Boys act; Bibi Osterwald's moose-calling seminar; Michael Brown's ballads from the subconscious; the Three Riffs' part singing; the chirping of a new little cricket named Jo Hurt; and the Norman Paris Trio's music of the day after tomorrow. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-0322): Spivy, intoning her peculiar lullabies in this easygoing treetop. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Stella Brooks, the Ruth Draper of Greenwich Village, working in subtle collaboration with the Ellis Larkin Trio, which now includes Mundell Lowe on guitar. Billie Haywood sings some of her famous old songs, and Clarence Williams plays piano now and then. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, firing shots that can be heard round the world, aided and abetted by Gene Schroeder, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and other cacophonists. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Bobby Hackett, playing a cornet obbligato to the thunderous carryings-on here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wingy Manone's crew of house-wreckers, among them Bob Casey, Sandy Williams, and Art Trappier, has moved in here. Don Frye plays piano while they're out having a smoke. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA LOUNGE,** Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): A happy little hunting ground for traditionalist musicians, offering, every night in the week, various permutations of Art Hodes, Sammy Price, Tony Parenti, and Herb Ward, plus willing friends. Ann Lewis bleats out some rough-and-ready street ballads. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Lionel Hampton has the biggest jazz band in town, but the most inventive music here is supplied by George Shearing's quintet, which has Margie Hyams on vibraharp and Chuck Wayne on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Errol Garner, playing the best piano you can find on The Street today. Kai Winding's band and others are around, too. Tuesday is jam night. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Those Friday-evening frolics, paced this week (Dec. 16) by Sidney Bechet, Oran Page, Joe Sullivan, James P. Johnson, George Wettling, and Jimmy Archey. Dancing, too.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Sammy Kaye's band. Starting Monday, Dec. 19, Ray McKinley's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): In the Grill, Guy Lombardo and family, those hardy perennials, are home once more. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

RAINEY BENNETT—Skillful and effective water colors of scenes along the Gulf Coast. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Dec. 24.)

AARON BOHROD—New oils, in which he turns quite successfully from his familiar Chicago scenes to those of the Wisconsin countryside. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Dec. 24.)

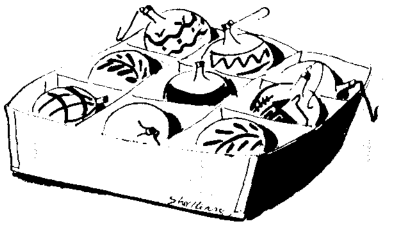
PAUL CADMUS—Paintings that display a close-to-embarrassing preoccupation with the male and the female nude, in his first one-man showing since 1937. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Dec. 17.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—A new set of his mobiles, bewitching in their delicacy and animation, as well as several paintings. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 17.)

WILLIAM H. CALFEE—First solo show in New York of his semi-abstract paintings in oil and tempera, done with a good feeling for rhythmic design. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through Jan. 4.)

CHRISTMAS SHOWS—A list of some of the galleries that are showing moderate-priced works for the benefit of holiday-gift shoppers—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings, prints, and ceramics. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Small paintings and sculptures by American artists, ranging from Eakins and Ryder to Rosenfeld and Barnet. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.: A large group showing of oils, water colors, and sculptures. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30. . . . **DELIUS,** 116 E. 57th St.: Small oils, drawings, and water colors. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by John Marin, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Jack Levine, and others. . . . **KOOTZ,** 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Water colors by Robert Motherwell, Hans Hofmann, William Baziotes, and others. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: Prints by John Sloan, Gifford Beal, Karl Schrag, and others. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57th St.: Water colors by contemporary American artists, including Andrew Wyeth, Ogden M. Pleissner, and John Taylor. . . . **PERIDOT,** 6 E. 12th St.: Small oils and water colors by Weldon Kees, Reginald Pollack, James Brooks, and others. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58th St.: Paintings and drawings by American, Cuban, and French artists. . . . **PERSPECTIVES,** 34 E. 51st St.: Paintings, sculptures, and prints by modern American and French artists. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 5. . . . **JACQUES SELIGMANN,** 5 E. 57th St.: Oils, water colors, and ceramics.

JOSEPH CORNELL—Constructions, involving bird cages, corks, feathers, chocolate wrappers, and other such items. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)



FLOWERS AND FRUIT—A group show of paintings by Lamar Dodd, Revington Arthur, Dorothy Andrews, and others. (Luyber, 112 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 14.)

MARCEL GROMAIRE—The first New York exhibition in many years of works by one of the earlier French Cubists. (Carré, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.; through Dec. 31.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARTISTS,** 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Akiba, Golubov, and Meierhans; through Dec. 20. . . . **FEIGL,** 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Kokoschka, Krauskopf, Vytlacil, and others; through Dec. 31. . . . **LEVITT,** 16 W. 57th St.: New paintings by such artists as Herbert Barnett, Virginia Berresford, and Seymour Fogel, and some sculptures; through Dec. 31. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57th St.: French moderns, including Dufy, Braque, and Utrillo; through Dec. 31.

HALLMARK INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS—The top hundred paintings, half of them French and half of them American, in the Hallmark Christmas-card company's recent prize contest. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sunday, Dec. 18, from 1 to 5; Wednesday, Dec. 21, until 9; through Dec. 31.)

DAVID HARE—New sculptures, combining Surrealism with his own baroque fantasy. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Dec. 24.)

VASSILY KANDINSKY—Paintings from the collection of his works owned by his widow. None of them have ever been shown here before. (Sidney Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 24.)

MORRIS KANTOR—A set of new oils, continuing his sometimes faltering but always earnest exploration of the possibilities of abstraction. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Dec. 17.)

KAETHE KOLLWITZ—Drawings, etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts dated between 1894 and 1945. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.; through Dec. 23.)

JOHN MARIN—A new group of his masterly water colors, this time on New Mexican subjects. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Dec. 17.)

ALFRED H. MAURER—A small but well-chosen show of paintings by this pioneer American abstractionist. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 30.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Pastels, gouaches, and other pieces, in a small retrospective spanning the decade from 1933 to 1943. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)

C. S. PRICE—Semi-abstract and abstract oils, rather dark in mood and color. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 23.)

PIERRE ROY—First showing in fifteen years of works, mostly recent, by this French painter. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)

SIDNEY SIMON—First one-man exhibition of oils by an artist with an unusual gift for conveying the different qualities of light. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 31.)

WALTER STUEMPFIG—New paintings, full of Renaissance sombreness and sobriety. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 24.)

TO HONOR HENRY MCBRIDE—A loan exhibition of paintings and sculptures that evoked Mr. McBride's enthusiasm throughout the years, in celebration of his thirty-six years as art critic of the New York *Sun.* (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 17.)

WHAT THEY SAID—A loan show of paintings of the impressionist period and after, mischievously combined with excerpts from what various critics have said, not too perceptively, about them. For the benefit of the Museum of Modern Art. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 17.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Hy Cohen; through Dec. 31. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57th St.: Charles Baskerville; through Dec. 31. . . . **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Guitou Knoop and Theodoros Stamos;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Dec. 31. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: French group show; through Dec. 31. . . . **SALPETER,** 36 W. 56th St.: Gerald Weissmann. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Dec. 31. . . . **SCULPTORS GALLERY,** 4 W. 8th St.: Annual exhibition. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10; through Jan. 14.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive and spirited showing of American folk sculpture of the past century or so, covering the ground from bowsprit figureheads to decoy ducks. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Jan. 8.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive and revealing exhibition of Vincent van Gogh's drawings, oils, and water colors, ranging from his early studies, which show the influence of Millet, to the swirling landscapes of his last, irrational years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Wednesday and Saturday evenings, except Saturday, Dec. 24, until 9; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Jan. 15. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made, except on Mondays, to help meet the expenses of the exhibition.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A group show of paintings by, among others, Josef Albers, Jordan Belson, and Hilla Rebay. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Jan. 15.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—An exhibition of paintings and sculptures by members of the Pyramid group, all of them young artists. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5; through Dec. 23.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The annual showing of contemporary American painting opens on Friday, Dec. 16. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 5.)

NOTE—Two major loan exhibitions of Persian art are on display, one at the Metropolitan Museum (weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Jan. 31), the other at the Asia Institute, 7 E. 70th St. (daily, 1 to 5; through Jan. 15). The first, a loan from the Iranian government, is, though the smaller, perhaps the handsomer; the second, containing exhibits from many sources, is particularly rich in its displays of rugs and textiles. Both range in date from a couple of thousand years ago almost to the present. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made at the Asia Institute, except on Mondays, to help meet the expenses of the exhibition.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30: "Tosca," with Elisabetta Barbato, Jussi Bjoerling, and Lawrence Tibbett. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Bidu Sayao, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2: "Tristan and Isolde," with Helen Traubel, Blanche Thebom, Lauritz Melchior, and Herbert Janssen. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Erna Berger, Martha Lipton, Jan Peerce, and Enzo Mascherini. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, Charles Kullman, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Helen Traubel, Polyna Stoska, Lauritz Melchior, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, and Enzo Mascherini. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 23, at 8:15: "Faust," with Dorothy Kirsten, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Italo Tajo, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Bidu Sayao, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 24, at 8:15: "Simon Boccanegra," with Stella Ro-

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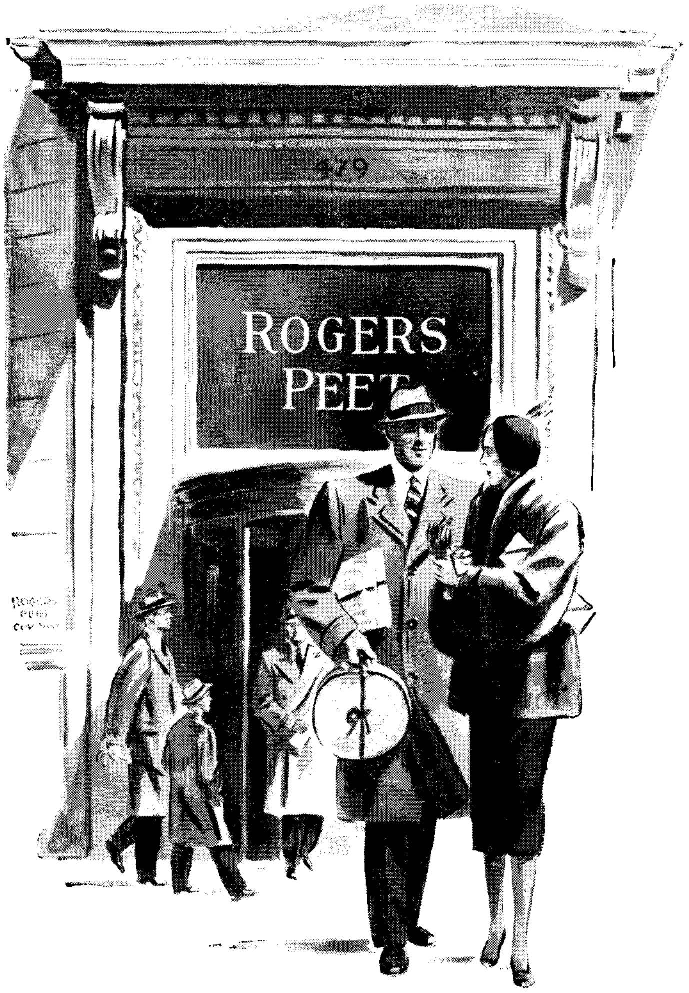

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

man, Alexander Sved, Richard Tucker, and Mihaly Szekely.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:45; Friday, Dec. 16, at 2:30; and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 2:45 (all with Joseph Szigeti, violin); Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 23, at 2:30, presenting Richard Strauss's opera "Elektra" in concert form (with Astrid Varnay, soprano; Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Frederick Jagel, tenor; Herbert Janssen, baritone; and others).

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman directing Handel's "Israel in Egypt," with the Westminster Choir; Genevieve Rowe, soprano; Alice Howland, mezzo-soprano; and other soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

INTERRACIAL FELLOWSHIP CHORUS—Harold Aks directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call RI 9-4046.)

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Ruth Douglass directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:45.)

TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS—Two Christmas-carol concerts. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 5:30, and Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Alfred Greenfield directing Handel's "Messiah," with Ellen Faull, soprano; Jean Madeira, contralto; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 7:45.)

NOTE—About a hundred and forty choristers will present the annual candlelight concert of Christmas carols in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 21-22, at 5:30.

RECITALS

MARJORIE LAWRENCE—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

ALEXANDER BOROVSKY—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

HUNGARIAN QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.... ¶ McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2071. Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

JENNIE TOUREL—Mezzo-soprano, with Erich Itor Kahn, piano, in a performance of Paul Hindemith's song cycle "Das Marienleben." (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

BENNO MOISEIWITSCH—Piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2071. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

ISAAC STERN—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—With Reginald Kell, clarinet, and the Albeneri Trio. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 5:30.)

MARAIS AND MIRANDA—Presenting a program of folk songs of the African-veldt. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

BURL IVES—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Dec. 18, at 8:40.)

ALEXANDER UNINSKY—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR AMERICAN COMPOSERS AND CONDUCTORS—Henry Hadley birthday concert. Composers whose works will be presented include Robert Sanders and Burrill Phillips. With Dorothy Hunkins, violin; Sterling Hunkins, cello; Robert Sanders, piano; and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

BOXING—Beau Jack vs. Tuzo Portuguez, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Gar-

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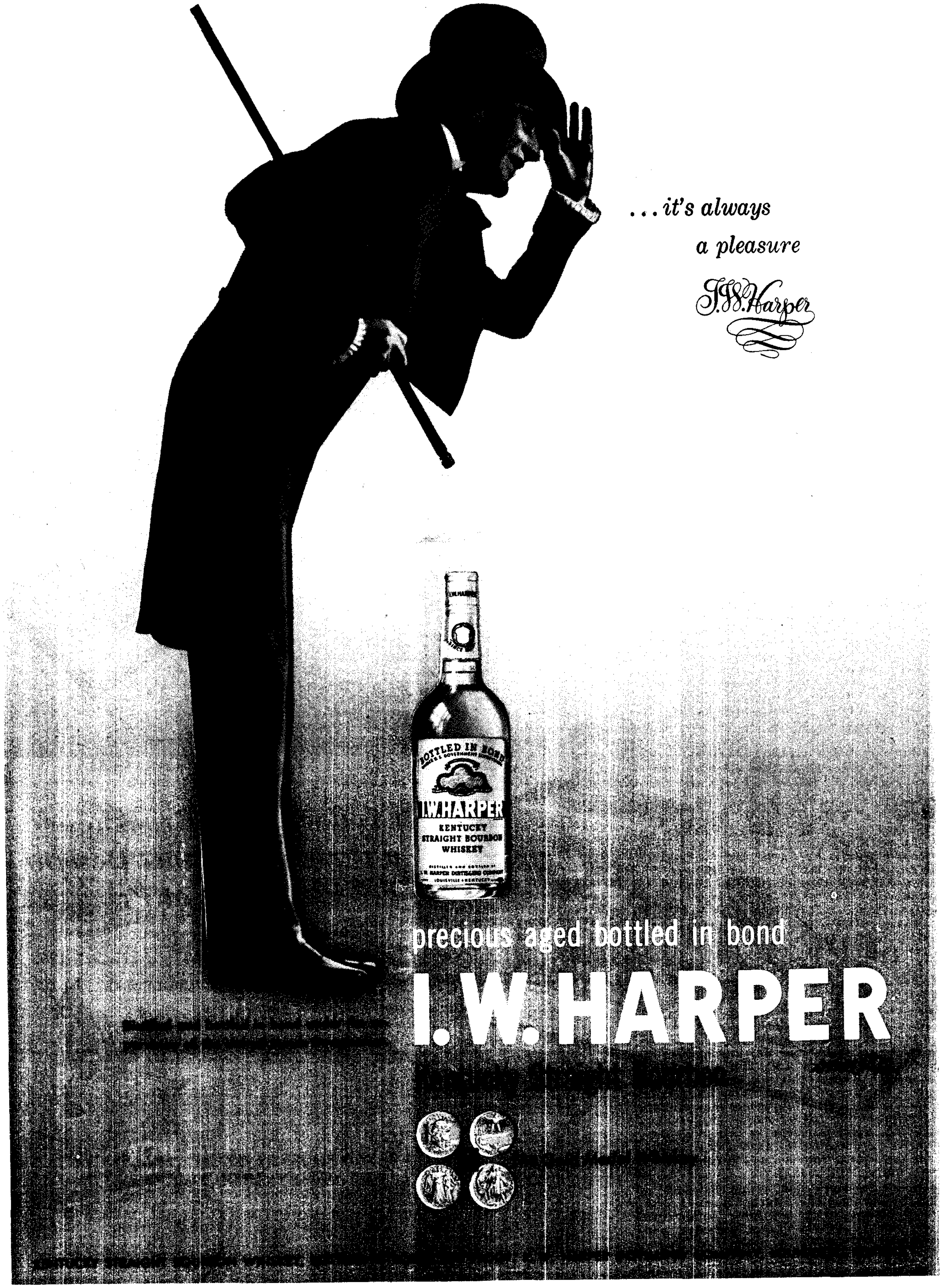
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

den. Friday, Dec. 16. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Basketball—Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Dec. 15: St. John's vs. Kentucky, and C.C.N.Y. vs. Brooklyn College. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 17: N.Y.U. vs. Holy Cross, and L.I.U. vs. Denver. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 19: C.C.N.Y. vs. Oklahoma, and St. John's vs. Washington State. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 20: N.Y.U. vs. California, and L.I.U. vs. Southern California. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 22: C.C.N.Y. vs. California, and St. John's vs. San Francisco.

Fencing—Metropolitan Junior Championships—Electrical Epée, individual. (Saltus Club, Y.M.C.A., 215 W. 23rd St. CH 3-1982. Saturday, Dec. 17, at noon.) . . . ¶ Sabre, individual. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. Sunday, Dec. 18, at noon.)

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 18: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 21: Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches on Saturday, Dec. 17, and on Wednesday, Dec. 21. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony. Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 11.)

Plays—By the **JUNIOR THEATRE**: "Tom Sawyer." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2:15.) . . . **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE**: "Dick Whittington." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 3.)

Little Theatre Club—A variety show. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 11.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The annual supervised-playroom-and-art-gallery, where, while absorbing modern art, children from four to eight can paint, make collages, manipulate puppetlike figures, and work a device, similar to a piano, that projects color patterns on a screen. Fifty-minute sessions are held weekdays, except Saturday, Dec. 24, at 10, 11, 2, 3, and 4, and Sundays at 2, 3, and 4. For reservations, call CI 5-8900, Ext. 335.

Exhibits—Electric trains, and the latest in stations, signals, and trestles. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturday, Dec. 17, from 9 to 3; and Saturday, Dec. 24, from 9 to 12.) . . . ¶ More electric trains, these operated by young visiting engineers by means of push buttons. Also, a mechanized Erector-built roller coaster and an Erector-built robot. (Gilbert Hall of Science, 5th Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Movies—Children's films, cartoons, and short subjects. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturday, Dec. 17, at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, any hard questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Avenue, at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

Auctions—Paintings and prints by modern artists, among them Marin, Rouault, and Dufy. Owned by the late Albert E. McVitty and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Exhibition, Thursday, Dec. 15, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday, Dec. 15, at 8.) . . . ¶ Paintings by Renoir,

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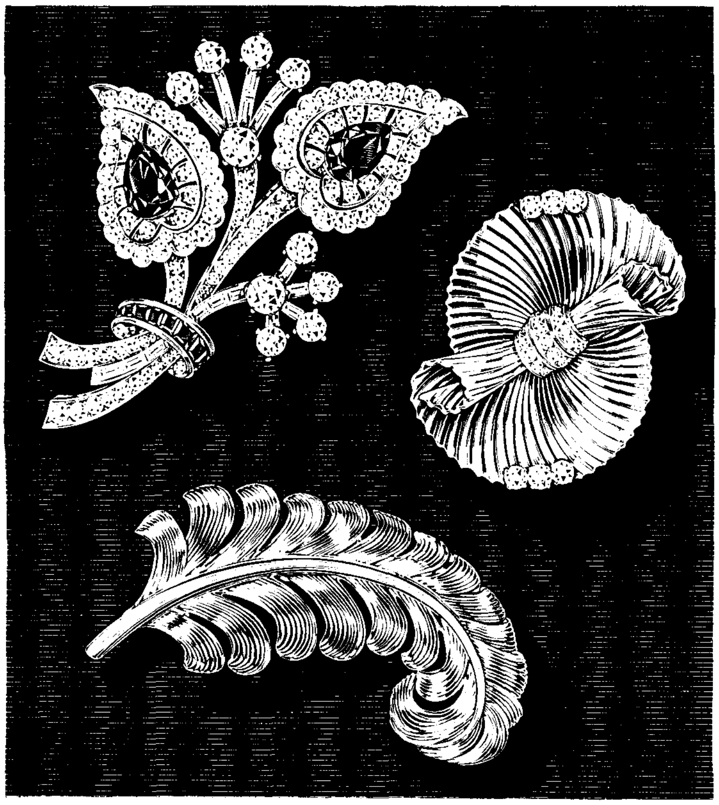

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Vlaminck, Mary Cassatt, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, the property of Charles Clere and others. (Kende Galleries, 119 W. 57th St. Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 15-16, from 10 to 5:30; auction, Friday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "The Christmas Star." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

MUSIC—Juilliard Orchestra, Jean Morel conducting, Friday, Dec. 16, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Metropolitan Opera: "Tristan and Isolde," with Helen Traubel, Blanche Thebom, Lauritz Melchior, and Herbert Janssen, Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ National Orchestral Association Christmas concert for young people, Leon Barzin conducting, Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Dec. 17, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Grace Castagnetta, piano, Saturday, Dec. 17, at 9:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . ¶ Cadman Memorial Church Choir, Robert Crandell directing, Saturday, Dec. 17, at 10:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, with Joseph Szigeti, violin, Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Norman Spicer, organ, Sunday, Dec. 18, at 3 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ New York University Glee Club, Alfred Greenfield directing, Sunday, Dec. 18, at 10:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . ¶ John Charles Thomas, baritone, Monday, Dec. 19, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Handel's "Messiah," by the U.S. Air Forces Concert Orchestra, conducted by Lieut. Col. George Howard, and the George Washington University Choir, Monday, Dec. 19, at 10:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Margaret Truman, soprano, and the Robert Shaw Chorale, Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ National Association for American Composers and Conductors, Henry Hadley birthday concert, Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

DRAMA—Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray in "Family Honeymoon," Thursday, Dec. 15, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ "You Can't Go Home Again," by Thomas Wolfe, Sunday, Dec. 18, at 2 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Maurice Evans and Edna Best in "The Browning Version," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Dec. 18, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ David Niven, Tyrone Power, and Jane Greer in "The Bishop's Wife," Monday, Dec. 19, at 9 P.M., WCBS.

SPORTS—BOXING: Beau Jack vs. Tuzo Portuguez, Friday, Dec. 16, at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . **PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL:** An all-star team from the All-America Conference vs. the Cleveland Browns, Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2:45 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ National League Championship, Philadelphia Eagles vs. Los Angeles Rams, Sunday, Dec. 18, at 4:30 P.M., WJZ.

MISCELLANY—The third installment of a serial radio history of the last war, comprised of recordings of speeches made by Allied and German leaders, combat reports, and famous news broadcasts; Sunday, Dec. 18, at 5 P.M., WNEW.

TELEVISION

DRAMA—Peggy Ann Garner, Kim Hunter, Meg Mundy, and Karl Malden in "Little Women," Friday, Dec. 16, at 9 P.M., WCBS-TV. . . . ¶ Melvyn Douglas and Leo G. Carroll in "The Strange Christmas Dinner," Sunday, Dec. 18, at 9 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Lee Tracy in "The Priceless Gift," Monday, Dec. 19, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Mary Wickes in "Mary Poppins," Monday, Dec. 19, at 10 P.M., WCBS-TV. . . . ¶ Jean Muir in Stephen Vincent Benét's "A Child Is Born," Tuesday, Dec. 20, at 9 P.M., WCBS-TV.

SPORTS—BOXING: Beau Jack vs. Tuzo Portuguez, Friday, Dec. 16, at 10 P.M., WNBT.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

All the King's Men—Politics in the Deep South, with Broderick Crawford giving a resounding performance as a man who very much resembles the late Louisiana Kingfish. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Battleground—A Hollywood view of the Battle of the Bulge. A lot like every other epic about warfare, but stimulating at times. Our defenders include Van Johnson, Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy, and John Hodiak. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Bicycle Thief—A fine Italian film that makes the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son something of a screen masterpiece. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Devil in the Flesh—Adolescent love depicted perceptively in a French film that features Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Fallen Idol—A British picture, as good as they come, about a small boy who becomes involved in a highly complex adult world of policemen, a shrewish wife, and violent death. From a short story by Graham Greene, and with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

Fame Is the Spur—An enlightening and entertaining British film that follows the fortunes of a politician patterned after Ramsay MacDonald. With Michael Redgrave, Rosamund John, Bernard Miles, and Hugh Burden. (Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier's version of the Shakespearean tragedy, and a fine one. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Intruder in the Dust—A melodrama by Faulkner out of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that proves that a Negro can be just as noble as anybody else, even in Mississippi. Not much depth but a good deal of action. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

On the Town—Gene Kelly, Vera-Ellen, Frank Sinatra, and several other congenial types dancing and singing their way through a first-rate musical with an excellent score by Leonard Bernstein. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Pinky—The race problem again, this time as it affects a Negro girl, very fair in coloring, who ventures back to her birthplace in the South after passing for years as a white girl in Boston. Jeanne Crain, Ethel Barrymore, and Ethel Waters participate. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through Dec. 20.)

Quartet—An English film consisting of screen versions of four of Somerset Maugham's short stories. A couple of the episodes are quite pleasant, and the cast is first-rate. (Broadway Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2407.)

The Red Shoes—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

They Live by Night—An unpretentious but steadily entertaining picture about some convicts on the lam. The performances of Howard da Silva, Jay C. Flippen and Ian Wolfe are outstanding. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Colonial, B'way at 62nd, CO 5-0484; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Dec. 20.)

Woman Trouble—Anna Magnani in a comical Italian film concerned with the difficulties of disposing of a hot car in the environs of Naples. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 15.)

REVIVALS

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Dec. 18.)

Robert Benchley One-Reelers—The master bumbler in "An Evening Alone" (1938), "A Night at the Movies" (1937), and "How to Sleep" (1935). (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. With Claude Rains. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through Dec. 20.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Dec. 18-19. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Dec. 20.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Dec. 17.)

Guest in the House (1945)—An adaptation of the play about a family-wrecker. Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Dec. 17-20. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Dec. 18-19.)

Holiday Inn (1942)—An Irving Berlin score sung by Bing Crosby and danced to by Fred Astaire. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting Dec. 21.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The film version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. An English picture, with Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 20, tentative.)

Mississippi (1935)—W. C. Fields, Bing Crosby, and a memorable score by Rodgers and Hart. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; starting Dec. 21.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Dec. 18.)

Room Service (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 15.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; through Dec. 20.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; starting Dec. 21.)

South Riding (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. An English picture. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Dec. 20.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some more Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 17-19.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—Fields again, this time with Alison Skipworth, and no songs. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; starting Dec. 21.)

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
BATTLEGROUND.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Red Danube," Walter Pidgeon, Janet Leigh, Ethel Barrymore.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
INTRUDER IN THE DUST.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
ON THE TOWN.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through Dec. 20: "The Great Lover," Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming.
From Dec. 21, at 8:30 P.M.: "Samson and Delilah," Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Dec. 20: **PINKY.**
From Dec. 21, at 8:30 P.M.: "Samson and Delilah," Hedy Lamarr, Victor Mature.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Dec. 21: "Dancing in the Dark," William Powell, Mark Stevens, Betsy Drake.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Holiday Affair," Robert Mitchum, Janet Leigh.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Dec. 15: "Always Leave Them Laughing," Milton Berle, Virginia Mayo.
From Dec. 16: "The Lady Takes a Sailor," Jane Wyman, Dennis Morgan.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
ALL THE KING'S MEN.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
Dec. 15: "The Devil and the Angel" (in French), Erich von Stroheim; and "Loves of Colette" (in French).
From Dec. 16: "Satin Slippers," the Australian Ballet; and "The Surf" (in Swedish), Ingrid Bergman.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through Dec. 20: **THE SCOUNDREL**, revival; and **CRIME WITHOUT PASSION**, revival.
From Dec. 21: **MISSISSIPPI**, revival; and **TILLIE AND GUS**, revival.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Broadway Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2407)
QUARTET.

Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
"The Facts of Love," Gordon Harker, Betty Balfour; and a trio of **ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS**, revivals.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Dec. 15: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.
From Dec. 16: "Love Me Tonight" and "One Hour with You," both revivals, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Dec. 16: "The Lost One" (in Italian), revival; and "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
From Dec. 17: "Anna Karenina," revival, Vivien Leigh, Ralph Richardson; and "Escape," revival, Rex Harrison, Peggy Cummins.

Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
FAME IS THE SPUR; and "Birth of a Ballet," Robert Helpmann, the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
THE FALLEN IDOL; and "The Life of Vincent van Gogh," short documentary film.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Passport to Pimlico," Stanley Holloway, Margaret Rutherford.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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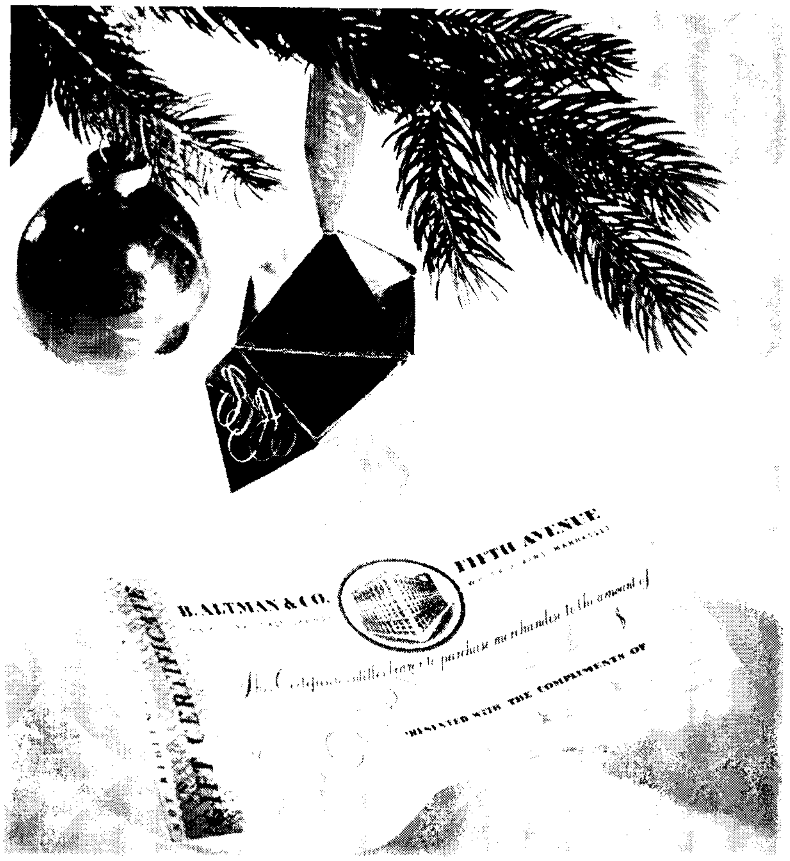

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THE NEW YORKER

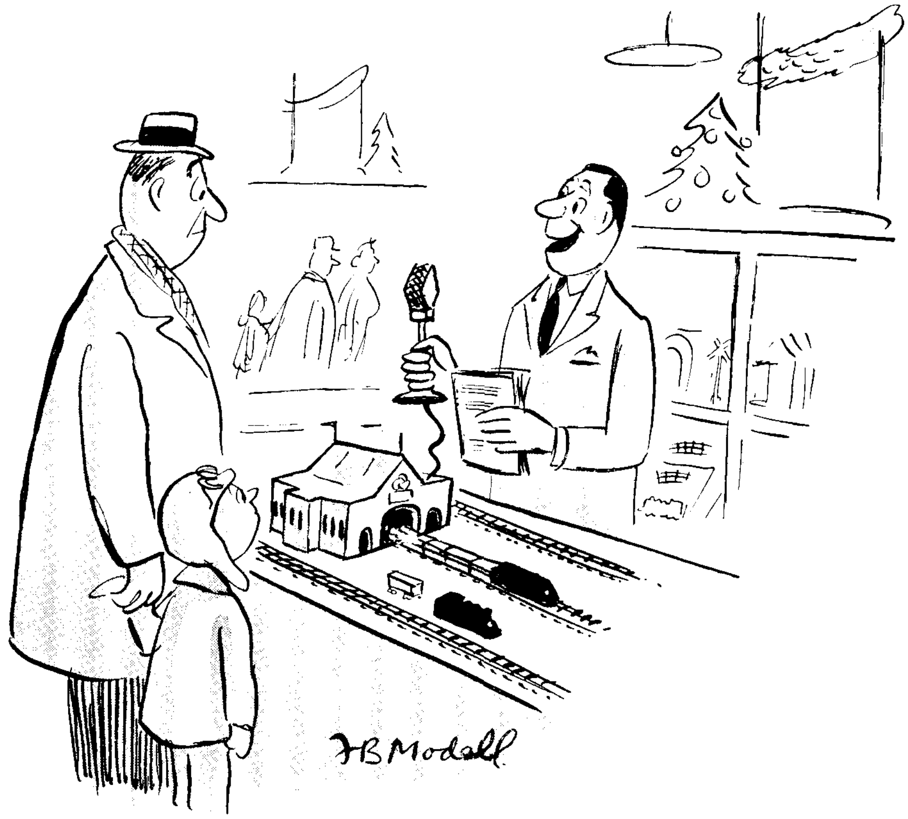
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOW that children's teeth can be protected by adding fluorine to their drinking water, dentists are casting around for some new place to sink their drills. It looks as though they may have found it, too. Last week, Dr. Robert S. Gilbert told his fellow-dentists that a patient's open mouth is a stage on which is enacted the drama of his emotional life. Plenty of people who complain of toothache are just upset, and he (Gilbert) has himself cured a man whose teeth were hurting because of guilt feelings about a dead sister. This is wonderful news, this broadening of the scope of dentistry. We, in our own lifetime, have seen dentistry come a long way. We recall clearly the days when a cavity was a hole that a dentist could feel by poking about with his pry. Then came X-ray, and a cavity was something that the dentist could see on the negative but the patient couldn't, and dentists would drill according to a plotted position on a chart, crashing their way through fine, sturdy old walls of enamel to get to some infinitesimal weakness far within. Now dentists are in search of guilt, not caries, and go rummaging around among the gums for signs of emotional instability. The toothpaste people will undoubtedly follow along—guilt paste, fear paste, and old Doc Lyon's psychosomatipowder.

LOUELLA PARSONS, in a moment of revelation the other day, reported that Vittorio De Sica, the director of "The Bicycle Thief," had used "real people instead of actors." Miss Parsons in a more guarded moment would be the last to admit that an actor isn't a person, but her phrase is worth studying just the same. Mr. De Sica picked up his cast on the streets, shot his scenes by lugging his camera around Rome, and, through perseverance and affection, produced a work of art. Hollywood normally plays it the other way: picks a cast from a list of great names, builds Rome out of plasterboard, and, through perseverance and poll-taking, produces a dish of tapioca. When something as good as "All the King's Men" comes along, it is a seven-day wonder, although there has been no technical reason why films of equal merit shouldn't have been rolling off the line for the last twenty years. There is no point in belittling actors. Actors are without question people and they are the salt of the theatre. But it is also true that it's hard for a famous actor not to play himself, and it is hard for an audience familiar with certain faces on stage and screen to divest the actor of his past. "The Bicycle Thief" is a particularly happy example of the virtues of the threadbare school of film-making, as opposed to the mink school. As a play, it is no great shakes; it ends virtually where it began, and there is nothing much to it except a tender study of the relationship between a man and his little son. All it has is the thing without which art never succeeds: *fides*. Even the bike is a Fides.

WE recently came into possession of two anthologies, the 1949 edition of "The Best American Short Stories," edited by Martha Foley, and "Prize Stories of 1949," edited by Herschel Brickell, which also purports to contain the best American short stories of the year. We perceived at once that the two books, though seemingly identical in purpose, were widely dissimilar in content, and, thinking to do a service for the many short-story writers we know who aspire to critical superlatives, we assigned to a literate young assistant the task of ascertaining what points in common, if any, the two collections have. Herewith is his report: "Preëminence in the short-story field obviously akin to preëminence in the professional-wrestling field, with different champions simultaneously recognized by different promoters. On a weight, or wordage, basis, Foley and Brickell entries evenly matched. She has 28 best stories, as against 23 prize stories for him, but his average 6,642 words and hers a mere 4,950. Only five authors represented in both books, and only one story picked by both editors: 'The White Hound,' by Ward Dorrance—about a Southern boy and his reaction to death. Both Foley and Brickell fond of South, especially decadent South, as short-story setting. She fonder of children than he; 15 of her 28 stories, as against 10 of his 23, concerned with adolescents. In respective biographies of Dorrance, Brickell locates him in Jefferson County, Missouri, Foley in Jefferson *City*; Brickell says he teaches French, Foley French and Italian; Brickell says he has written 'a number of books' and also a novel, Foley gives him a flat two books, kind unspecified. No doubt, though, that they're talking about same person. Both editors prefer male writers to female: Foley 17–11, Brickell 14–9. Male authors in both volumes overwhelmingly partial to men as leading characters (one is partial to a heifer); female authors in both write just as much about men as about women. Food for thought here. Candidates for future Foley kudos advised to consider writing in first person; 12 of her 28 selections are 'I' stories, as against only 3 of Brickell's. Foley more eclectic, with pieces from 23 magazines (inc. *N. Yr.*); Brickell picks from only 10 (also inc. *N. Yr.*). He has little to



"The locomotive and cars are scale models, and the station comes with a complete loudspeaker setup, including canned music and authentic commercials."

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say about any stories except the ones he chose to reprint, but she has compiled two appendixes—one called 'Roll of Honor,' with 86 stories in it, and the other 'Distinctive Short Stories in American Magazines,' with 292 in it. Of the 23 prize stories in Brickell's book, only 3 landed on Foley's Roll, and only 6 viewed by her as Distinctive. Brickell's *prize* prize story, a William Faulkner job, didn't even make her appendix. The two editors see eye to eye in one possibly significant respect: each uses a story about a grotesquely fat woman. Not same story, though."

Nemesis

AN occurrence that frequently nettles residents of Park Avenue between Forty-ninth and Fifty-seventh Streets is the motorcycle-police-escorted progress, to the tune of screaming sirens, of automobiles bearing United Nations dignitaries from the Waldorf to Lake Success via the Queensboro Bridge. A gentleman living at the Drake tells us that he watched one of these cavalcades as its advance guard, assisted by a Fifty-seventh Street traffic cop peremptorily waving non-bureaucratic vehicles out of the way, screeched into the turn toward the bridge. Then an odd thing happened: The U.N. cars continued straight up Park and disappeared, escortless, into the Sixties. A short while later, the escort motorcyclists began straggling back, their sirens muted, their goggled heads sunk, and slowly swung north, seeking their lost convoy. Our source looked on, smiling a wry but not a narrow smile. After a full five minutes, he saw a final cyclist coming out of the east, doubtless the erstwhile leader of the escort. This individual, all *hubris* spent, paused beside the Fifty-seventh Street cop, who flung an arm Bronxward. North slunk the leader, silent as the moon. "The son of a bitch must have hit the bridge at fifty or better," said our informant.

Through Steel

AT Peter's Institute of Hypnotism, the physical setting of which is a fourth-floor studio in a building on West Forty-sixth Street, the dean and head of the establishment, a metaphysician named Peter Nikulaidis, professionally known as Dean Peters, one evening last week went about demonstrating his ability to hypnotize people by remote control. On hand to watch him were thirty-five students of the occult, one small boy, and us. Dean Peters faced the audience from a platform, wearing a natty, sharply cut brown suit, a hand-painted tie, rimless glasses, and a small mustache. "Each and every one look directly at me and put feet flat on the floor," he commanded. "Now release yourself completely." His words caused most of those present to slump down in their chairs, but a lady in front of us sat conspicuously and defiantly upright. "Why don't you let yourself go?" a neighbor inquired in a whisper. "I absolutely refuse to go under for him," the lady said. "I'm a subject of Dr. Polgar's. *There* is a hypnotist." She spoke loudly, and the Dean looked at her with what we construed as annoyance. "Anybody have any trouble releasing?" he asked. He was answered by a muffled giggle from the rear, which we traced to the small boy, who was sitting next to a young colored man wearing a blue sweater and slacks. The two were sharing a bag of peanuts. While the Dean was selecting candidates for his remote-control experiment, we beckoned the small boy to our side and asked him if he wasn't a little young to be attending an affair of this sort. "I'm going on thirteen," he said, "and I got more right here than anybody. My father's the one doing all the work. But he couldn't put *me* to sleep, I'll bet."

We turned back to the Dean and found him peering at a blond lady in a spangled dress and befeathered hat. "Gaze into my eyes," he said. "Deep, deep into my eyes. Now relax. At the snap of my fingers, you will fall into a deep, deep sleep." "No, I won't," said the blonde firmly. "Why do you resist me?" asked the Dean. The lady in front of us squirmed and muttered, "Dr. Polgar would have had her under in a *second*." Dean Peters dismissed the blonde, brought his son's colored pal to the platform, and put him into a trance with a wave of the hand. "A highly susceptible subject," said the Dean, leading the colored lad to a chair at the right-hand side of the platform. The next customer was an undersized, bald-headed man, who also went under after one pass. "With this type person," the Master pointed out, "you could practically perform an amputation without waking him up." A gentleman behind us leaned over our shoulder and remarked, "Marvellous, ain't it? What a wizard is Peters! Childbirth, fixing the teeth, stopping smoking—all these he makes painless." The Dean was trying to make a recalcitrant subject fall backward and was getting nowhere. "Why do you resist me?" he asked the subject, who happened to be another lady. "You only make me dizzy," she answered. He got rid of her and, with six subjects—three male, three female—seated in chairs on the platform, declared that he would leave the building and hypnotize them from outside.

The Dean, accompanied by a friend, a heckler, and us, made his way to a spot before the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, which is opposite his institute. As he stood under the marquee of the theatre, concentrating, we asked him about his background. He told us that it was all right to engage him in conversation. "While you talk, my mind is upstairs," he explained. "I am Greek, educated by tutors. I have corresponded with Professor J. B. Rhine, of Duke University, delver into extrasensory perception." The heckler, a rangy young man with several front teeth missing, revealed his purpose at this point. "It's all post-'ypnotic suggestion," he asserted in a Cockney accent. "If you 'ave to ply this kind of gime, ply it stright." The Dean ignored him coldly. "To get through this steel and electricity is always hard," he told us. We inquired about concrete. "Through concrete, the thought waves go better," he said. "Typical post-'ypnotic," said the heckler. "We better go up now," the Dean's friend remarked. When we got to the studio, four of the Dean's subjects were snoozing heavily, one was wriggling uncertainly, and the other was wide-awake. The Dean's son was eating peanuts and chortling. "How did it go up here?" we asked the Dr. Polgar fan. "Took him ten minutes to get four out of six," she said, "and he's working post-hypnosis." The Dean then ran a needle through an ear of one of the subjects.

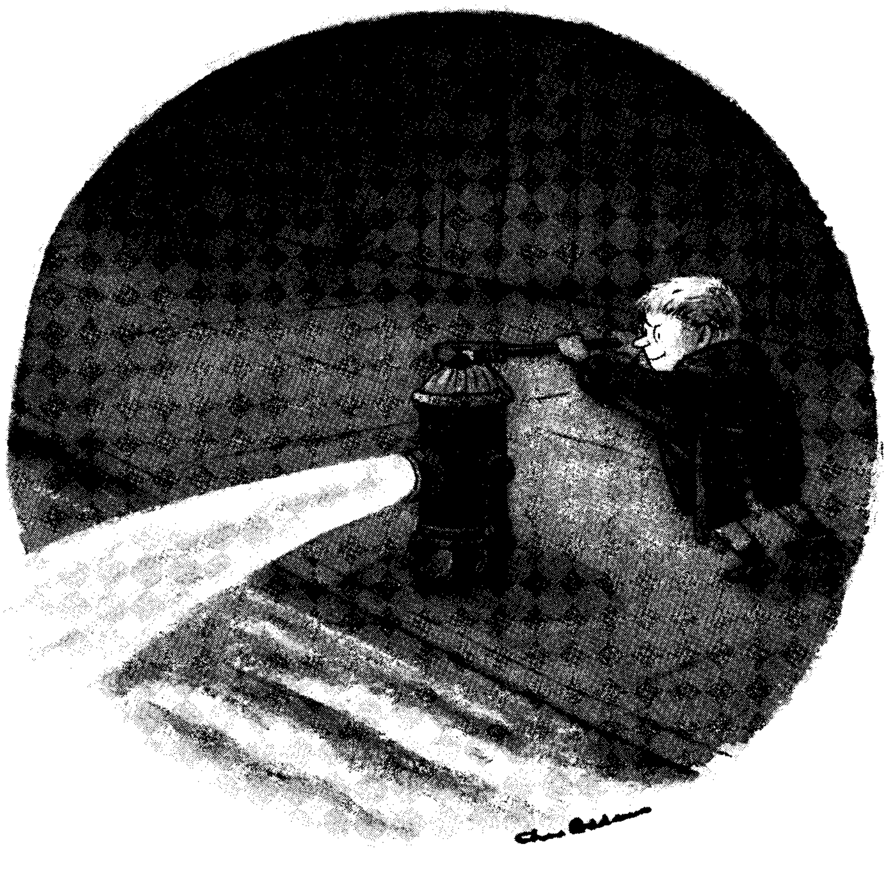
Specialist

A LIBRARIAN who attended a recent meeting of ladies in the same line of business, each of whom was identified by a tag bearing her name and that of her library, advises us that the girl sitting next to her was labelled "Mary Smith—Guided Missile." Well, it turned out that M.I.T. has a library devoted exclusively to that subject.

Unique Assignment

CHARLES BASKERVILLE, well known for his portraits of such fashionable folk as Bernard Baruch, the Duchess of Windsor, John Schiff, and the Maharajahs of Jaipur, Travancore, and Cooch Behar, and for seventy-two likenesses of Army Air Forces brass and/or heroes that he painted during the war in his capacity of official artist, is the first American painter (and the thirty-sixth American) who has visited Nepal, an independent kingdom that lies between India and Tibet, and rarely admits foreigners. There, last winter, during a seven-week stay at the capital, Katmandu, he painted portraits of the King of Nepal, the hereditary Prime Minister, who is also the Maharajah of Nepal and runs the country, and several lesser Nepalese, and did a number of drawings and water colors of street scenes. These form the bulk of a one-man show at the Ferargil Galleries, and we've had a talk with the artist about them.

"Dr. Dillon Ripley arranged the invitation to Nepal," Mr. Baskerville told us, referring to the Yale ornithologist whose take of Nepalese birds we discussed in these columns some months ago. "The Prime Minister sat for me four times, six hours in all. No one else is allowed to wear his clothes, so I couldn't use a model for work done between sittings. For this, I stuffed pillows in his coat and propped it on a chair, sat his hereditary headdress on a wooden block, and had one of his dressers sit on the floor and hold his sword in position." The portrait shows a bespectacled, benevolent-looking man with a tremendous mustache, wearing a cloth-of-gold coat and a crown of emeralds, pearls, diamonds, and rubies surmounted by a stuffed bird of paradise, which appears to be diving into a cluster of the diamonds and boasts a super-life-size plume, three feet long, made out of feathers from hundreds of birds of paradise. "The Prime Minister talked perfect English," Baskerville said, "although, except for trips to Calcutta, the last time he left the country was in 1908, when he visited Edward the Seventh. He told me he took his hereditary headdress along. It's surprisingly light. It has the finest cluster of perfect emeralds in the world, just over the right ear." The King, Baskerville continued, has a crown with a bird-of-paradise plume four and a half feet long, but he didn't wear it, or his royal robes, for his portrait. He chose to pose in a khaki uniform, holding a khaki cap embellished with a bunch of diamonds. When doing portraits, Baskerville usually places a mirror at an angle behind him, so the subject can watch him work, on the theory that this relaxes the sitter. The Prime Minister thought so highly of this technique that he summoned five of the country's leading artists to observe it. The King vetoed the mirror. He arranged to be painted on a veranda where the goings on could be peeked at by his two wives. He wanted to stand behind Baskerville, so that he could watch while being painted, but neither the King nor Bas-



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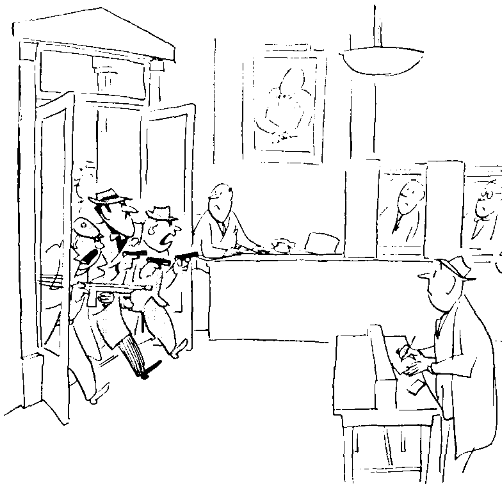

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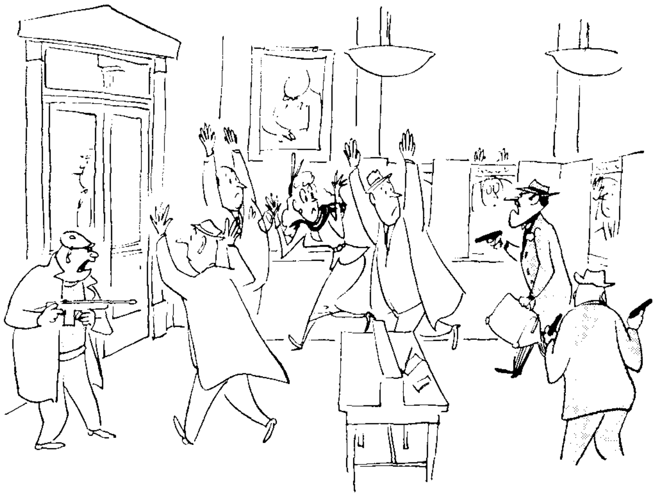

kerville was able to figure out how this could be done. Baskerville is the only American who has ever talked with the King or met the Queens, who are sisters, and is the only man for whom the King and the P.M. have ever sat. Local artists are permitted to paint them only from photographs. These never show the P.M.'s spectacles. He wore them when he posed for Baskerville, so Baskerville included them. The portraits were commissioned by their subjects and will go back to Nepal.

Mr. Baskerville, a bachelor of fifty-three, reached Katmandu from Calcutta after a two-day train trip and a two-day pony-and-foot trek over the lower Himalayas. He was put up in a government guesthouse and given a staff of seven, including a cook and an interpreter. He was not allowed to leave the capital. Crowds assembled when he did street scenes. He took all his meals alone, except for a few with the British Ambassador, Sir George Falconer. The Prime Minister sent him snipe and wild-boar steak for his table. "There's an ironclad nine-thirty curfew in Nepal, heralded by a cannon at nine-twenty," Baskerville said. "I asked an English engineer what everyone *did* after nine-thirty. He said he hadn't any idea, although he'd been there twenty-two years." Just before Baskerville left, the P.M.'s tailor measured him, and the sequel to this was the arrival of a soft, buttonless, beribboned brown suit of hand-quilted cotton. "I understand it took sixteen women two weeks to make it," he said. "I don't know when I'll wear it." On Mr. Baskerville's departure, the P.M. gave him a Gurkha dagger in a jewelled case, and the King presented him with an eleven-by-thirteen-inch gold filigree plaque, mounted on red silk and bedecked with rosettes of colored stones and, at its center, a green stone carved into a likeness of the Hindu god Vishnu. Baskerville gave the King a Zippo lighter.

Winner

THE nine-year-old son of a friend of ours has just won his first literary prize, for a composition on the subject of "Manners" that he submitted in a school essay contest. We agree wholeheartedly with the judges that his entry had special merit, and we reprint it in full:

> I have good manners. I say good night and good morning and hello and goodbye, and when I see dead things lying around the house I bury them.

Artifacts

HAVING heard a lot about the depleted state of the Croton Reservoir and a little about the ancient roads and ruins and boundary walls that have been slowly coming into sight as the water level has been dropping, we drove up there and had a thorough archeological look around. The reservoir seems indeed frighteningly low—its shoreline, rocky and fringed with trees, is nearly forty feet above the present surface of the water, and boats lie tethered high on its dry flanks, at a rakish angle better suited to toboggans than to boats. One can walk dry-shod over what has for nearly fifty years been dark and weedy lake bottom, and residents of the vicinity, exploring this exposed Atlantis, have begun to set themselves up as authorities on the lost American civilization of 1900. It was then that the so-called new Croton Reservoir was built, greatly increasing the capacity of the original Croton Reservoir, which had been built in 1842.

Our observations began at Old Dam Bridge, just east of the point at which the Taconic State Parkway crosses the reservoir. There a flat, caked, treeless area obviously intended to be under water is showing a skeleton of criss-crossed stone field walls, with gaunt rows of stumps and here and there the low, moldering foundation of some old building—in normal times, we thought, a fine hideout for pickerel or bass. Proceeding to the gatehouse of the reservoir, we introduced ourself to Mr. John Tompkins, and he accompanied us on a long stroll along the wide and widening shore. As we walked, we discovered several interesting artifacts—a tin can, which dissolved into rusty powder when we kicked it; a bottle, which, though it lacked a label, had the look of once having held whiskey (it had held water too long to smell of anything); and a few clamshells, which we found inexplicable, as did Tompkins. He pointed toward some substantial brick-and-stone ruins. "That's the caretaker's house of the old reservoir," he said. "Those two walls running along there like arms, they held the road between them. That foundation just across the road was the Palmer Hotel. They used to have Democratic conventions there in the old days." Mr. Tompkins told us that an ancient stone bridge across the Croton River lies out of sight in what was the original Croton Reservoir, which constitutes the lowest part of the present reservoir.

A couple of miles farther on, Mr. Tompkins led us onto a bridge, which he said was the new Pines Bridge, and pointed out the ruins of the old village of Pines Bridge and, rising out of the water, the tops of the stone abutments of the first Pines Bridge, over which Washington and his troops once marched. Mr. Tompkins identified the foundations of the village schoolhouse, a race track, and the site of a cemetery

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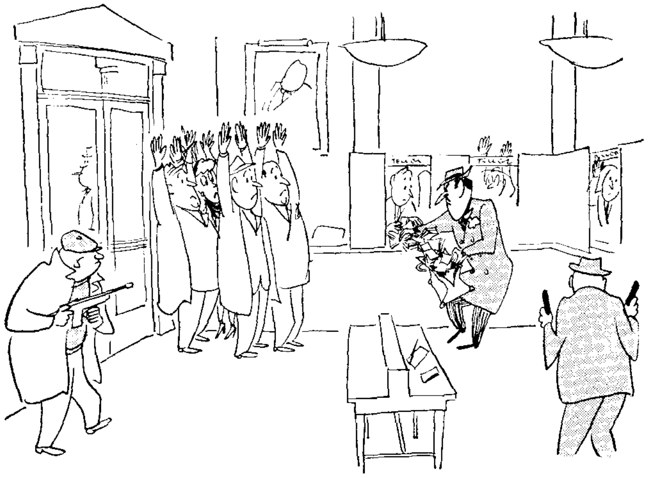

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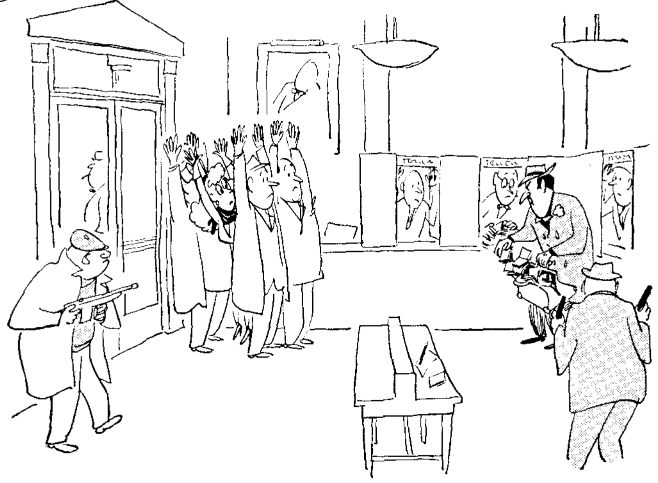

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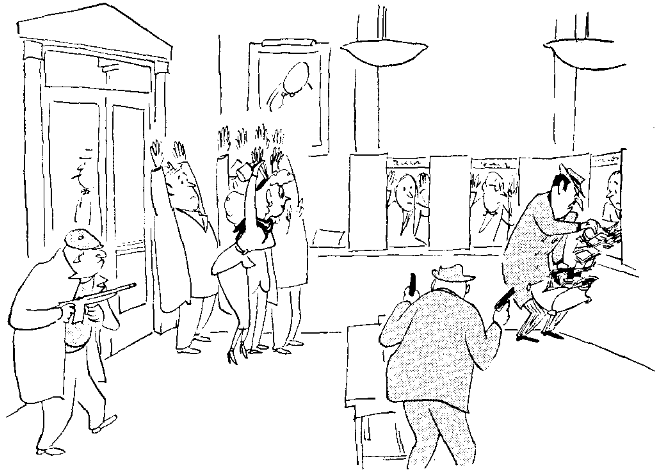

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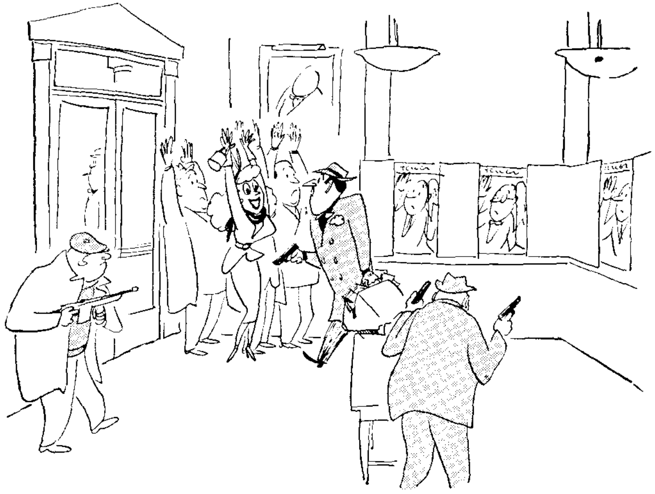

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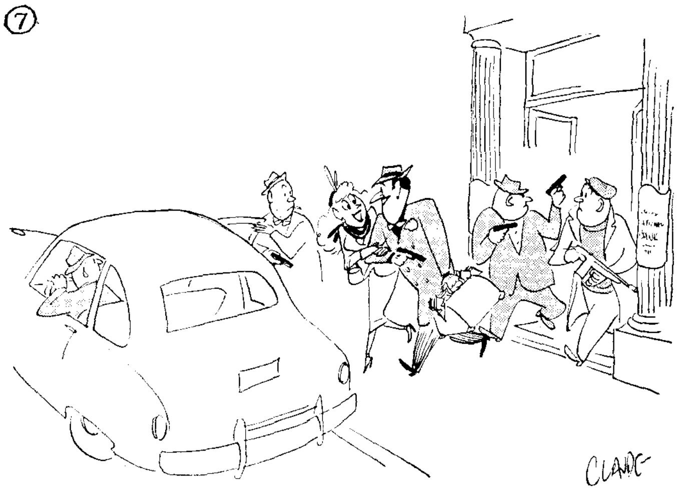

that had been moved—"bodily," Tompkins said—to the town of Amawalk. As we stood on the bridge, a lady came up and joined us. "I used to walk across this bridge on my way to Sunday school," she said. "That was forty years ago. I can remember when the water was so high that the spray blinded you when the wind blew."

Taking leave of Mr. Tompkins and the lady, we walked another mile or so to pay a call on Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Park, who, we had been informed, are the most ardent local archeologists produced by the drought. The Parks told us that early every morning they tramp around the reservoir, picking things up. They showed us a box filled with their gleanings, which include a horseshoe, a plowshare, a bent wrought-iron nail, and fragments of pottery. Their most startling find, an automatic of recent manufacture, has been turned over to the Mount Kisco police. Several old revolvers have been found by others, Mr. and Mrs. Park told us, but no one is much surprised by them, because a former Mount Kisco chief of police used to get rid of confiscated weapons by dropping them into the reservoir from Pines Bridge. The Parks have discovered a number of Indian artifacts, among them arrowheads, a tomahawk, and a cylindrical stone that they think may have been used for tanning hides. They have also found plenty of clamshells. "There *are* fresh-water clams," Mr. Park said, "but these shells look like salt-water ones. Our theory is that they're the remnants of some high old clambakes."

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Desperate

OUR Third Avenue correspondent reports the appearance of a new character on the scene over there, a Foxy Grandpa-ish old fellow who enters a bar and hands to likely prospects a printed card reading, "I am deaf and dumb and out of work. Please buy me a beer." Whenever anyone does, he downs it swiftly, beams, and remarks fervidly, "Great grief, I *needed* that one!"

UNCLES

I SHALL try to keep the great-uncles out of this. The plain uncles are enough. I was seventeen and had been away at college for three months. When I got off the train in St. Louis, my father and two of his brothers were there to meet me. It was Christmas time, and they were all three wearing gloves, overcoat, scarf, black shoes, and the fuzzy sort of fedora, with what Father called "the new nutria nap," that they always wore when the weather was extremely cold. My first thought upon seeing them there together was that you wouldn't have to be a member of the family to know they were manufacturers of men's hats. Had no one ever thought of calling them the mad hatters? Then, as the three of them came toward me, I remembered that there was absolutely nothing mad about the men in the hat-manufacturing Ferguson family.

My father and all four of his brothers were among the sanest men who ever lived. I say *were* not because my father or any of my uncles are dead now but because they are older, and as they get older, they become less resolutely sane. That is why my great-uncles can be kept out of this story. By the time I went away to college, they were old men. Only two of them—there had been seven altogether—were still active in the family business, and they kept irregular office hours. I did see those two great-uncles the morning I returned from college, but they had little to say to me; Great-Uncle Louis asked me what I was hoping to get for Christmas, as though I were still in knee breeches, and Great-Uncle Will, who was leaving the office as I came in, said only that Great-Aunt Marietta would want to see me.

With Father at the station were his two younger brothers, Uncle Sydney and Uncle Grover. I took hold of Father's gloved hand, gripping it firmly, and he put his other hand on my shoulder and looked me straight in the eye. Then I turned to my uncles. They didn't offer their hands.

"Hello, college boy," said Uncle Sydney.

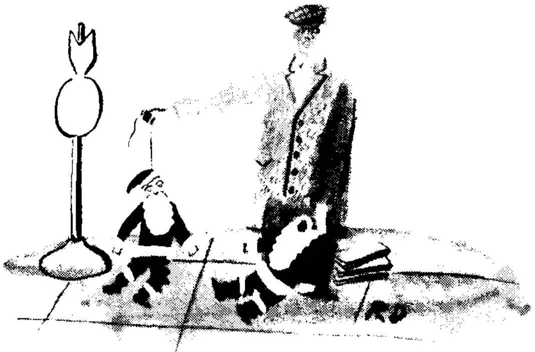
"Hello, freshman," Uncle Grover said.

I smiled at them, though they were not smiling, and said nothing. If they had said anything at all, I could have thought of some answer to make. But I had only a few hours before left Kenyon College, which is not coeducational, and where being a freshman, in the middle thirties, seemed a most degrading experience. A few minutes later, I wished that I had thought to say, "Hello, old grads!," because it was *only* freshmen who were more despised than old grads by Kenyon upperclassmen. But I said nothing.

Presently, Father said, "Where's your hat, son?"

"I don't wear a hat," I said, and I began looking for my two pieces of luggage.

WE were in the car and several blocks from the station before I had a chance to ask about my mother and my grandmother and my little sister, Nora. The thought of them and of our house, out in Parkview, filled me with sudden delight. I looked at my wristwatch and, seeing that it was nearly lunchtime, I knew that Mother would be downstairs reading the morning paper, which she always saved for that dull interval just before lunch. After breakfast, she had, I was sure, played the piano for an hour. Sometimes, forgetting time, she played right through the first two hours of her morning, and would have played all morning except that someone always called her on the telephone. But *this* morning she would not have forgotten time. I imagined that she had got up from the piano and gone for her morning's turn about the yard. (Even in winter, she went prying about the shrubbery and the bare flower beds every morning.) Then she had gone up to the sewing room and, if it was not a day when Mrs. Knox, the sewing woman, came, she had run up a few seams, which Mrs. Knox would undoubtedly have to take out and do over. After that, she had done her telephoning, and soon it had been time to go down and read the paper. "I don't know what becomes of my mornings," I had heard her say, "but I reckon it's not something I'll have to reckon for at Judgment."



"AND what was the score against you in the Lansford game?" Uncle Sydney asked me. It was the last of a series of questions about Kenyon's pathetic football record that year. I had been answering their questions with the Kenyon coach's own excuses, and this one was one of the easiest to answer: "Lansford has football scholarships—Kenyon has literary scholarships."

"This freshman knows all the answers," Uncle Grover said.

There was a pause, and I turned from my uncles, who were in the back seat of the car, to my father, who was driving the car and beside whom I was sitting. "How's Mother?" I asked casually. "Grandmother and Nora all right?"

"Your mother and your grandmother are all right," he said. "Nora's failed her algebra."

"She did!" I exclaimed. "The goose!"

"Oh, well . . ." Father began. He put his hand out the window as he turned in to the Olive Street traffic, and seemed to forget what he had been going to say.

"Nora's getting to be a little beauty," Uncle Grover said. "She looks right grown-up."

"Well, she's evidently not getting any smarter," I said, still looking at Father.

"She's smart *enough*," Uncle Grover said. "She's cuter than a barrel of monkeys." He and Uncle Sydney each had two little girls of their own, younger than Nora. My other two uncles also had daughters, older than I, and I had heard my parents laugh about how sensitive all my uncles were to any reflection upon little girls. Being of a big family of boys, they had expected sons for themselves, and they could not understand why it had turned out otherwise. As it was, I was the only boy in my generation of Fergusons. It would have pleased me to hear Uncle Grover praising Nora except that I knew it had nothing to do with his feelings about her and was only an echo of his defensiveness about little girls in general.

Father had now adjusted his driving to the heavy traffic, and he said, "She *ought* to have passed her algebra, of course."

"Now, Bert," Uncle Sydney said, "what *earthly* difference can it really make?" He was the youngest brother and more inclined to argument than the others. “There’s one thing I’ve never been able to see, and that’s a *smart* woman. A *smart* woman is not actually very smart—not as a woman. They tell me that this Gracie Allen is *really* one of the smartest women alive, and look how she talks. Look what she’s done, and she’s not even good-looking.”

“She has good-looking legs,” Uncle Grover said, grinning.

“You would know,” Uncle Sydney said, in parenthesis, and then continued, “And you take even this Gypsy Rose Lee, a strip-tease girl. They tell me that she’s an intellectual, in reality. She reads Shakespeare and Socrates and all such serious stuff because she really likes it. But she’s too smart to let anybody know about it.”

“At least she doesn’t bare her *soul*, eh?” Uncle Grover said. The two of them laughed, and Father smiled because he knew it was a joke.

“Your Uncle Grover’s keen today,” Uncle Sydney said. “But seriously, it’s true. Of course, *they’re* just show women, but the same principle applies. Now, for instance, who would want a Mrs. Roosevelt for a daughter, or a wife, either?”

“Who wants a Mrs. Roosevelt at *all?*” Uncle Grover said.

“Who wants a *Mr.* Roosevelt?” Father said, and they burst into laughter again.

“Have you ever seen this before?”

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I HADN’T quite realized that Father was not taking me home until he turned in to the parking lot next to the Ferguson Building. As soon as he began pulling the steering wheel to the right, I said, “Aren’t we going home?”

“No,” he said, looking at me in surprise. “We have to run by the House”—“the House,” to my father and his brothers, meant their place of business—“and then we thought you’d go with us to the University Club for lunch.”

“I’d rather go home,” I said. But the colored boy in the parking lot was already opening Father’s door. As I stepped out of the car, I somehow got a cinder in my shoe, and I used getting it out as an excuse to lag behind the others. I was really very angry at their not taking me right home, and even after I had removed the cinder, I hesitated a moment to be sure I wouldn’t have to walk to the side door of the building with them. When I started across the lot, they were already waiting for me at the door, standing very close together in their nearly identical hats and coats and light scarves. They looked for all the world like three big brown beavers huddling together to keep warm. Worse than walking to the door with them, I now had to traverse the distance of about thirty feet with their bright eyes watching me intently. I walked with my chin in the air, looking up toward the dirty brick building as though I were estimating its value while really I was observing a few scattered snowflakes that were falling.

When I came up to the three men, Uncle Grover took my hand and began shaking it. “Welcome to the House of Ferguson,” he said.

Uncle Sydney clapped me on the back as he ushered me through the doorway ahead of them and said, “Welcome home.”

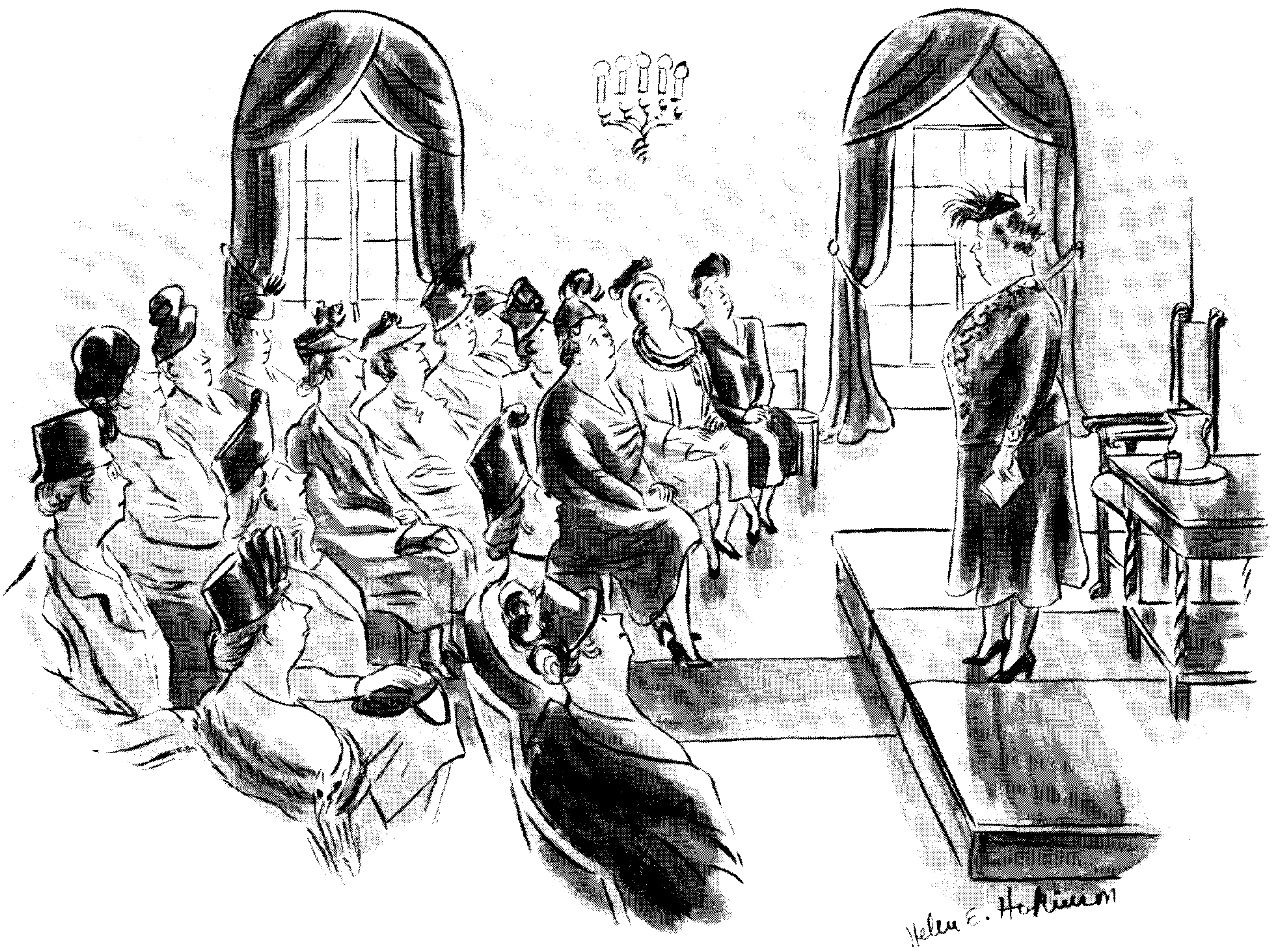
I felt that those were the first friendly words I had heard since I got off the train, but as I went up the metal steps to the main-floor level, I said to myself indignantly, “Home!”

They seemed different men once we were inside “the House.” They were all friendliness. At the head of the steps, Father began helping me off with my polo coat. “We keep it pretty stuffy in here,” he said.

“Old fellows like us have to be careful about our rheumatism,” Uncle Sydney said.

“I’ll bet you haven’t been in this joint more than a dozen times in your life,” Uncle Grover said. “Pretty soon we’ll have to begin showing you the ropes.”

I waited while they removed their coats and their scarves and their gloves (they kept their hats on until we were upstairs), and then we walked toward the elevator, between the long rows of showcases where the season’s hats were on display. As nearly always, the main floor was completely deserted except for the doorman at the front door and the old Negro who operated the elevator. For some reason, I couldn’t remember the old Negro’s name, but I shook hands with him and, on the way up, I asked him about his wife, whose name I did remember, because she had once cooked for us. He and his wife had come from my mother’s home, out in Columbia. “Cora’s gone back to Columbia,” he said. “She left me.” There was a silence. The elevator passed the floors where men and women were working, either standing over the long belts that brought out the carroted fur or tending



"The Holly Carollers Committee have asked me to announce that they're hunting for a husband who is a baritone."

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the big blowing machine. At the sixth floor, we could hear the steam escaping from the blocking machines. All at once, the three white men in the elevator began laughing, and then the old Negro was laughing, too. Just before we got to the top floor, where the offices were, he looked at me, still smiling, and said, "I got me another wife now, Mr. Ferguson."

"He means he's got him a young wife now, about your age, *Mr. Ferguson*," Uncle Sydney said. "And a new baby on the way."

Suddenly I remembered the man's name was Rudolph, but we were already getting out of the elevator, and there was Great-Uncle Will waiting to go down in the elevator and telling me that Great-Aunt Marietta would want to see me.

We went to Great-Uncle Louis's office, and from there we went first to see Uncle John and then Great-Uncle Will's namesake, who was president of the company and whom everybody in the family called Prez. As I went into Uncle Prez's office, I was still escorted by Father, Uncle Grover, and Uncle Sydney, and, of course, now by Uncle John as well.

Uncle John had had very little to say to me while we were in his office. "Hello, my boy, it is indeed good to have you with us again," he had said when I first came in, but the rest of the time he was flustering with papers on his desk, putting away a manila folder, opening and shutting drawers. He was the oldest brother, and right after my grandfather died, there had been a period of tension in the family because Uncle John so obviously expected to be made president. That was all forgotten now, but still they took me to see Uncle John before Uncle Prez. While Uncle John was ordering his papers, or whatever he was doing, Uncle Sydney commenced pointing out to me that Uncle John's office had been redecorated that fall, calling attention to the new monk's-cloth draperies. Uncle John didn't acknowledge the admiration that I expressed rather feebly. Father and Uncle Grover were silent, but Father looked warningly at Uncle Sydney.

The moment we entered Uncle Prez's office, Uncle John began talking a blue streak. "Here is the white hope of the Ferguson firm," he said. He put his arm about my shoulders. "Here is the young fellow we are all counting on, Mr. President. Here is the young man who is going to bring us the ideas of the new generation."

Uncle Prez got up from the roll-top desk that had been my grandfather's and shook my hand. His smile and his handshake were gentler than his brothers', but there was not the warmth in the expression about his eyes that the others had. He was plainly a man who would have been satisfied to work his whole life in the sixth-floor blocking room if that had been his lot. "Sit down," he said, addressing all of us. "As soon as Miss Hauser comes back from lunch, we can all go somewhere and get a bite ourselves. Wherever we go, I'm going to have some hot blackbean soup to start with." He turned toward the window. "Just looking out that window makes me cold," he said.

"We're going to the University Club," Uncle Grover said.

Uncle John cleared his throat thoughtfully. "Let's see, let's see, now. Why go all the way out there? How about the Statler?"

"The Club's on the way home, John," Father said decisively, and added, smiling, "This boy, here, seems to be in a sort of hurry to get home and see his mammy. The table service will be quicker out there," he said for my benefit, "and we'll just have a bite."

I had a good idea of how long that "bite" would take, and, suddenly spying Uncle Prez's telephone, I picked up the receiver and called our home number. When they heard the number I called, they began to laugh.

"I believe college has made him a mother's boy," Uncle Grover said. "I don't remember he ever was before. I understood he was quite a ladies' man at John Burroughs School last year."

Then Uncle John began talking about some business matter in a deafening voice.

IT took me a moment to realize that I was getting the busy signal. I put my finger on the receiver hook and looked at my watch. It was nearly twelve-thirty, long past the time when Mother did her telephoning. "The servants!" I said to myself angrily, but at once I began to wonder why I felt such a passion to get home and talk to Mother. Uncle Grover was right when he said that I had never been a mother's boy when I was growing up, and even as I got off the train that morning I had thought the person I most wanted to see was a certain girl who was a senior at John Burroughs School that year. "What has come over me?" I asked myself. My urgency somehow seemed to come from the impression that Father and my uncles had made on me when I stepped off the train—the impression that seeing them was only a continuation of dormitory life at Kenyon—and, as a matter of fact, nothing had happened since I arrived to alter that first impression.

While I sat determinedly not listening to the men's business talk and calling the number again every two minutes, I realized that all semester I had been yearning for some relief from what seemed the one-dimensional, exclusively masculine view of life held by college boys and college professors, and, I found now, by businessmen. Looking at my father and my uncles, I thought again of how my mother's morning must have been. While she was playing the piano, she had been making all sorts of decisions about the housekeeping; while she was making sure that the peony beds were covered, she had decided what was to be done about Nora's algebra troubles; in the sewing room, she had sung so loud that you could hardly have heard the noise of the sewing machine (what if the seams did have to be done over?); and while she was talking on the telephone, sometimes screaming with laughter at her friends' foolishness, she had been jotting down plans for meals or making her grocery list. Or perhaps she had let the decisions and the grocery list go. If she had enjoyed her morning sufficiently, she might have left the decisions to Grandmother and the servants, or if she had had to put in the orders herself, a grocery list could always be made on the spur of the moment, out of her head, after she had called the number of the grocery store.

"Quit being so fidgety," Father said, finally. "You know how long your mother talks on the telephone."

"She doesn't talk on the phone at this time of day."

"Well, anyhow, you must be driving that operator crazy," he said.

"If I were that operator," Uncle Sydney said, "I wouldn't give you the number at all. You're a college man now, and I'd make you wait till you got home to talk to your mother."

To myself, I said, "I know you would! You certainly would!" Actually, I knew that he meant not if he were the operator but if he were my father. And I could see that Father knew it, too, because he changed the subject at once.

But it was really a worse subject that Father changed to. "Before we leave and go to lunch, there is an important piece of business we must attend to," he said. Only Uncle John looked at him seriously. The others knew as well as I that it was going to be something that related to me.

"What is it, Herbert?" Uncle Prez asked.

"We've got to outfit this boy with a hat, the right sort of hat, one he'll like."

"You mean he doesn't have a hat?" Uncle Prez said.

"Not with him."

"I'll bet he has a closetful at home," said Uncle Sydney.

"He does," Father said.

"But you mean he travelled without a hat?"

"He certainly did."

"He came all the way from Kenyon without a hat?"

I listened to them. They were joking. I could tell how glad they all were to see me, but I couldn't joke with them. The thought of their selecting a hat for me and forcing me to wear it to the University Club made my wrists and ankles begin to sweat.

"He got off the train bareheaded," Uncle Grover said.

I lifted the telephone receiver. "And I'm going to get back on the train bareheaded," I said. Then I called the number again. It was still busy.

"Suppose you take him down to the first floor and find him something," Uncle Prez said. "And we'll be down as soon as Miss Hauser comes in." They had been joking, but now I could see they were all becoming quite serious.

"Uncle Prez," I said, "I'm not going to get a hat."

"Oh, leave the boy alone," Uncle John said. "Every one of you knows that college boys don't wear hats."

"Of course, it's really all right for college boys not to wear hats," Uncle Sydney said. "But, you know, seriously, there's something *about* most men who don't wear hats. Women can get away with it, but not men."

"Yes, it's the old story any merchandiser knows," Uncle Prez said. "You tell a man everybody in town's wearing this particular sort of thing and he buys it. You tell a woman that and she goes away without buying. She looks for something else."

"That's right," Uncle Grover said. "There's always something phony about men who dress flamboyantly, or even about those who go to the other extreme."

"I've never seen one come to much," Uncle Prez said. "They end up clerking for some haberdasher or—"

"Or they go off to New York or Hollywood," Uncle Grover said.

"Now, there *is* that exception," Father said. "People in California do dress differently."

"Actors and artists are the only men like that who make any sort of success of themselves," Uncle Sydney said, "and they're not really men. It's more than just the way such guys dress."

"Oh, yes, yes," Uncle John agreed. "They're usually just not very intelligent."

"They're not very intelligent as *men*," Uncle Sydney said. "I understand that almost any Hollywood actor has to have his father or his brother or somebody look after his money."

At that moment, Miss Hauser and two other stenographers came in, young women wrapped in fur coats and wearing galoshes. Uncle John introduced me to them, and the other men put on their hats and began gathering up their coats and scarves.

"I'm going to try to call once more," I said to Father. "She will think it's funny if I don't call."

"Ah, your mother will understand," he said impatiently. "Come along, son." I felt that he was embarrassed by my behavior.

I had called the number but was starting to put down the receiver when suddenly I heard Mother's voice. "Central!" she was saying.

And I burst out laughing. "Hello, Mother," I said eagerly, not realizing that, though I could hear her, she could not hear me.

"Central!" she said. Then, correcting herself, she said, "Op'rator! Op'rater!" Again I laughed aloud, thinking of how I had almost forgotten that special southern-Missouri accent of hers.

"Hello, Little Dixie!" I screamed into the telephone. Now she could hear me, but I could no longer hear her very distinctly. It sounded as though she had moved away from the telephone. "Try to talk louder, Mother," I said.

"I'm screaming my lungs out, darling. How are you?"

"Couldn't be better!" I shouted.

"You're bursting my eardrums. I can't *wait* to see you."

"I can barely hear you," I said. "Grandmother and Nora all right?"

She made some answer, but I couldn't understand it.

"What?" I asked.

"Let's hang up and try to get a better connection," she said. And simultaneously Father said, "You've got a bad connection. Hang up and call again."

"No!" I shouted angrily at Father.

Mother's distant voice wailed, "Oh-oh, my ears! Please, Op'rator," she said, jiggling the telephone hook, "can't you get us a better connection?"

The operator's pleasant voice said, "There you are." And then we had a normal connection.

"Darling," Mother was saying, "I guess Nora and I won't see you till night. We've *got* to do some shopping, and you're going to have lunch with the men, aren't you?"

"I guess I am," I said, "but I could meet you downtown."

"That would be grand," she said, "but our shopping would bore you to death. Nora's having a hayride out at the farm tonight. Did your father tell you? I'll bet you've been trying to get us—she's been on the phone inviting people ever since breakfast. This is to be her one last fling. She's going to tutor through the holidays. We're all topsy-turvy—that's why I didn't come down to meet you."

"Hello," came Nora's voice from the upstairs extension.

"Hello," I said. "Flunked your algebra, eh?"

The men in the office scowled at me.

"I'm in love," Nora crooned.

Then Grandmother's voice came from the extension on the landing. "Darling boy, we can't wait to see you. I just won't go shopping. Now, you hurry along home."

Nora began to stutter excitedly, "Gr-grandmother, you've *got* to come! I want you to see the material at Vandervoort's. Mother's already seen it."

"Then, I bid to stay home!" said Mother.

Nora began giggling and saying that *she* would stay. Then they were all laughing and talking at once. It was funny hearing them and I began to laugh.

Then I stopped laughing.

"Darling," Mother said. "Darling, are you still there?"

"Yes," I said affably, "but I'll see you three silly women tonight."

"We'll be home not a minute later than four-thirty."

"See you then," I said. "Father and them are waiting on me to go to lunch." All my resistance and my anger seemed futile and absurd to me now. "They're going to fetch me a new hat."

"Something mature and very masculine, I suppose," Mother said.

"Oh, yes," I said.

As I put down the receiver, it came over me that I would never again be able to talk to Mother or to Nora or to Grandmother except in the specific role of a man. It suddenly became clear that everything clever, gentle, and light belonged to women and the world they lived in. To men belonged only the more serious things in life, the deadly practical things—constructive ideas, profitable jobs, stories with morals, jokes with points. In my innocence, I felt that I was stupid not to have understood this before, and felt, or tried to feel, a new passion to adjust myself and assimilate these things that were to be mine. Yet all that afternoon, at the University Club and, afterward, when I went back to the office with Father to pick out a hat, I was waiting only for the proper moment to come to go home. It seemed almost that the time would never come. Looking back on it, it seems that until that day I had never known what it was to wait. It was like waiting for a furlough, or even like waiting for the war to be over. —PETER TAYLOR

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SUBVERSIVE REFLECTIONS

If wit engendered worthy deed
And only the good were gay,
Bad company would seldom lead
The innocent astray.
Toward primrose pastures few would stir
In search of light and color
Were virtuous people merrier
Or the naughty people duller.
—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

BUT OF COURSE

Mrs. Puget-Taylor had the habit of lying naked, stark naked, in hotel gardens. Oh, with reasonable discretion, that is—behind the hedge in back of the tennis court, or way off where the garden merged into the fourteenth hole of the golf course, in an area of long grass and stunted trees. She never did it in Buenos Aires, or, indeed, in any city—just on the quiet beaches south of Mar del Plata, or at resort hotels, where her stomach, gleaming like a misshapen pearl in the sun, could never draw a crowd or disturb the peace. Nowhere, absolutely nowhere, could it have corrupted morals. Mrs. Puget-Taylor was fifty-one, with brownish hair cut in bangs and milky bifocals that made her eyes seem enormous. Her body was short and had the appearance of an unfinished clay model, in which odd lumps had never been smoothed. Her mouth was large and wrinkled. When you came upon her in the grass, she was like some grotesque, expiring fish left stranded when the lily pond went dry.

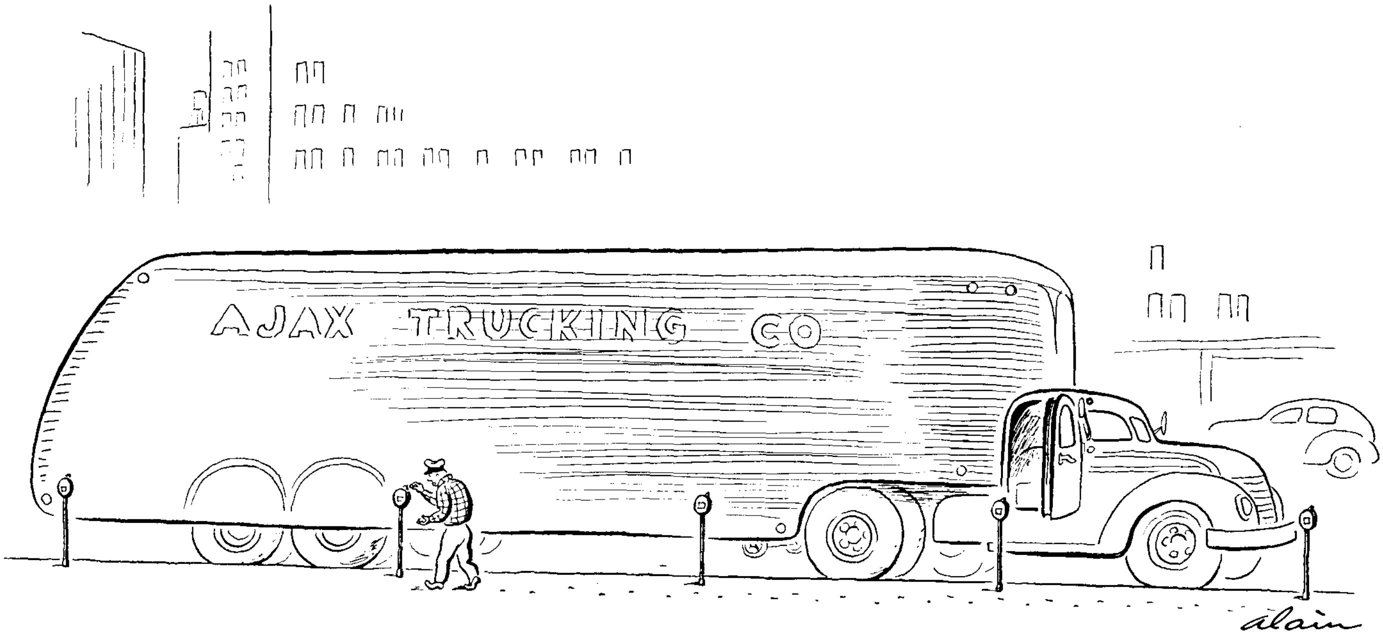
It was only the hardy who discovered her, those who ventured some distance beyond the hotel terraces, where the inevitable *señoras* sat in circles, fanning. There she would be, lying with a huge, frayed sombrero over her face, humming snatches of symphonies. When she heard footsteps, she would paw around, her face still under the hat, for a Spanish shawl she kept by her and drape one corner across her middle, hiding nothing. If you walked past quickly, she never came out from under the hat or stopped humming, but if you stood paralyzed, she would clutch the shawl, lift the hat, fix her great, clouded eyes on you, and say "Hello!" Then, if you were still transfixed, she would sit up, crying, "*Holà! Bonjour! Guten Morgen! Hyvää päivää!*," seemingly prepared to carry on gaily in anything from Old Norse to Urdu.

If you inquired, "What are you doing here?," she would answer, "Why, feeding the birds!," as if any fool would know that the only possible way to feed birds was to lie naked in the long grass, hum César Franck, and throw old crusts from a bag. She made it seem entirely reasonable, sitting there with the vast hat askew above the bifocals, talking on in her cultured voice. "They like me. They sense something in me, you know," she would say, winking at you, nodding wisely, stretching her arms toward the pigeons circling near, forgetting the shawl, which by this time had become unnecessary.

The hotels had a difficult time of it. She paid her bills and she tipped well. If she came down to dinner in elaborate and ancient draperies that were not quite saris and not quite dresses, either, but last-minute inspirations with a camisole and the shawl—well, that was no reason to eject her. Nevertheless, she always created a storm of opposition. The *señoras* who rocked on the hotel terraces complained bitterly. One by one, they would take the manager aside and, with heaving black crêpe bosoms, say that *la Señora de Puget-Taylor* gave them *ataques*—presumably of some obscure organ near the heart. They held handkerchiefs to their nostrils and hinted that they might not return the next year.

Managers everywhere began to refuse her rooms—reluctantly, for she paid cash and was usually followed by her friends, who also paid cash. But these friends, people given to reciting Shakespeare or fervently singing English madrigals on the terrace at sunrise, were quite as difficult as Mrs. Puget-Taylor herself. So, gradually, the beaches were closed to her, and the big Andean hotels in Mendoza, the golf houses in the Córdoba mountains. And it was because of this—for she lived all year in hotels and now had to look for odd ones, in far places—that she first came to the Hostería Perdida.

The Hostería Perdida is on the wrong side of the Córdoba mountains. The right side is a series of gentle eastern valleys full of macadam roads, English families, *pensiones*, tea, gay adolescents on horseback, and golf links. The wrong side is the vast western slope, grander, drier, emptier, and given over to armies of ants, maneuvering on a stunning scale. To get to the wrong side of the Córdobas from the railroad is a matter of ten hours in a small red bus with high, barred windows and a minute and hoodless engine. This vehicle races over the ten-thousand-foot Sierra Grandes crammed with live chickens tied by the feet, baskets of eggs, a goat or two, and always about fifty people, mostly Indians. About a third of these are swathed in the throat bandages of mumps, diphtheria, or tonsillitis, and



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all of them are unwashed. This collection has occasionally gone rattling right over a cliff, but when it does not go over a cliff, the bus finally deposits any guest bound for the Hostería beside a large algarroba tree at the beginning of a lane. After the bus has roared off in a cyclone of dust, the guest can make out in the settling miasma a sign leaning drunkenly and reading, "*Hostería Perdida—4 kilómetros.*" Eventually, a Model A Ford comes down the lane from the hotel to pick up the newcomer.

The Sunday afternoon Mrs. Puget-Taylor arrived at La Perdida, by Model A, things were about as usual. The Hostería, a two-hundred-year-old Jesuit mission house, built U-shaped around a grass patio, lay quiet at the end of a lane of poplars. The bare Sierras rose up behind it. It was very still in the long, sleeping afternoon. Two sheep grazed on the outer lawn, their bells tinkling faintly. A crumbling stone wall surrounded the house, and at intervals in it there were stiles, leading into bone-dry fields. A donkey poked his head over one of these into the garden. The clientele—a group of English, Dutch, and French ladies, all as bone-dry as the fields—sat knitting in the patio, under a giant willow tree. The proprietor, Mr. Evelyn Lingerman, was out playing golf on his ant-ridden and stony course. The proprietress, Mrs. Evelyn Lingerman, née Elsie Beaton Chadwick, of the Beaton Chadwicks of Stokes-Peasely on Ray, England, was in her bedroom, drunk.

Mrs. Puget-Taylor got out of the Model A and, completely enveloped in a protective coloration of dust, struck an attitude. For her, arrivals were always discoveries, and today's was something of an emotional crisis, after ten hours of sharing a seat with a goat. She dusted her bifocals with a large silk handkerchief. "Corking!" she breathed. She spoke loudly enough for the knitters under the willow tree to hear, and waved her hand in a great arc at the sheep, the solitary fields, the old house. "Don't you just adore it?"

The ladies were frozen, looking at their needles. "Hmm," said Mrs. Puget-Taylor. "I see. Well, now, tell me, where is the proprietress?"

"Ill," one of the English ladies said, after a pause.

"Ill? Alas, poor Yorick!" cried Mrs. Puget-Taylor. "I shall go to her at once!"

"No one does," said the Englishwoman.

"Most callous. I shall," said Mrs. Puget-Taylor.

ALL the rooms of the hotel opened onto the wide, tiled veranda bordering the patio. Each had a vast wooden door with a name carved on it: "Lope de Vega," "Castilla," "Galicia," "Madrid," "Barcelona." Mrs. Puget-Taylor tiptoed down the veranda, listening. At "Cervantes," she heard weeping. She knocked and went into a huge room with a beamed ceiling and an ancient, musty smell. "I am Varda Puget-Taylor," she said, in her little-girl, or nymph, voice, which made it impossible for anyone to take offense.

Elsie Lingerman was sitting on the edge of her bed trying to do up her long red hair. She was sobbing. She pawed among the ashtrays, glasses, and gin bottles on the night table for her hairpins. The tears splashed on her satin slip. "He's leaving tonight," she said. "Right after dinner."

"Who?" cried Mrs. Puget-Taylor. "Mr. Lingerman? The boor!"

"No, not Mr. Lingerman," sobbed Elsie. "The cook." She stood up shakily and made cultured gestures. "Howdydo? Do excuse me. I'm ill, quite ill. This sort of thing never happened in England—servant troubles, you know. It's my gall bladder, you know. But I meant to receive you. I have been so looking forward to meeting you. As soon as I saw the name—so distinguished—I reserved one of our best rooms. 'Mallorca,' actually. But I should have been dressed."

"*Pas de quoi,*" said Mrs. Puget-Taylor. "What part of England, may I ask?"

"Stokes-Peasely."

"Oxfordshire!" Mrs. Puget-Taylor clasped her hands. "Did you—could you possibly have lived in sight of the towers of *that* university?"

"All my family went to Oriel—the Beaton Chadwicks, you know. I have never been used, Mrs. Puget-Taylor, to this." She waved her hand vaguely. "I do assure you, you find me out of my element." She wept.

"Mortifying," said Mrs. Puget-Taylor. "What's the matter?"

"It's the people, I think," Elsie said, sitting down again. She swept her hand across the table, and a number of bottles rolled to the floor.

"*Viva!*" cried Mrs. Puget-Taylor gaily, eying the bottles. "The people are so bourgeois, aren't they? Goodbye! I shall dress for dinner."

"Oh, my dear, do sit with us at dinner! Such a pleasure!"

"*Enchantée!*" cried Mrs. Puget-Taylor, and ran out with swift steps.

DINNER at La Perdida was served at small tables on the veranda. The meal was intended as an apex, the cultural apex of the day, by Mrs. Lingerman, who appeared, each evening that she could get on her feet, in black sequins, with her hair done up high. On the evening of Mrs. Puget-Taylor's arrival, she seated herself graciously beside Mr. Lingerman and regarded her guests with a fixed, woman-in-an-opera-box smile. But the ravioli was leaden, the half-breed waitress was slow, because of having to pause continually, while serving, to brush the hair out of her eyes, and distant donkeys brayed insanely on the night air. And the real drawback—the absolute prohibition to the blaze of wit that Elsie each night intended dinner to be—was the group of English ladies in their flowered cottons, who insisted on calling to each other about gardening. The most, the very most, to be had from them was a brave sermon about potting begonias or watering African violets from the bottom. Their men sat silent, looking down or, when a new guest appeared, uttering a paragraph of welcome. "Dutch, eh?" one of them had said to Frau Moogterp the night she arrived and sat her majestic and motionless bosom down at a nearby table. "Well, the Dutch aren't a bad sort. Never cared for them myself, but they have a good reputation. Speak Dutch, I suppose? Never knew a word of it myself. How'd you come up? . . . Bus, eh? I say, that must have been a tight squeeze."

Culturally, dinner wasn't usually an apex, but Elsie was nice to all of them anyway, because they were guests, and the number of guests was dwindling. La Perdida was in a bad way, Evelyn said. He and Elsie had terrible battles in their bedroom about the state of affairs. The sounds leaked over the transom. He had been heard to shout that the guests left because of her drinking, and she had been heard to sob that she drank because of the guests. At the dinner table, however, they managed to preserve appearances. She sat smiling, toying. He sat rigid, handsome, eating prodigiously. His hands were gnarled and scarlet with work, his English was clipped and fine.

"But, mine host," exclaimed Mrs. Puget-Taylor when she saw him at dinner that night, "what are you doing here? You ought to be in India—in an officer's uniform!" And she and Elsie, who had had a quiet drink together in the bedroom, laughed enormously. A flight of swallows left the rafters. Two sheep who had been sleeping rose, dashed a few feet, and lay down again.

Mrs. Puget-Taylor wore her Spanish shawl as a sarong, over a long black petticoat, and in her hair were some bougainvillaea blossoms she had found climbing up the iron bars of her window. "Mr. Puget-Taylor," she said to Elsie, "was at one time an ambassador at large, without portfolio. He died on the Amazon."

"How lovely!" breathed Elsie, nodding the intricate confection of her hair and slowly closing her swollen eyelids. In the candlelight, her face was a white mask of powder, and, with her absent smile, she had the look of a dying clown.

"Elsie!" said Evelyn.

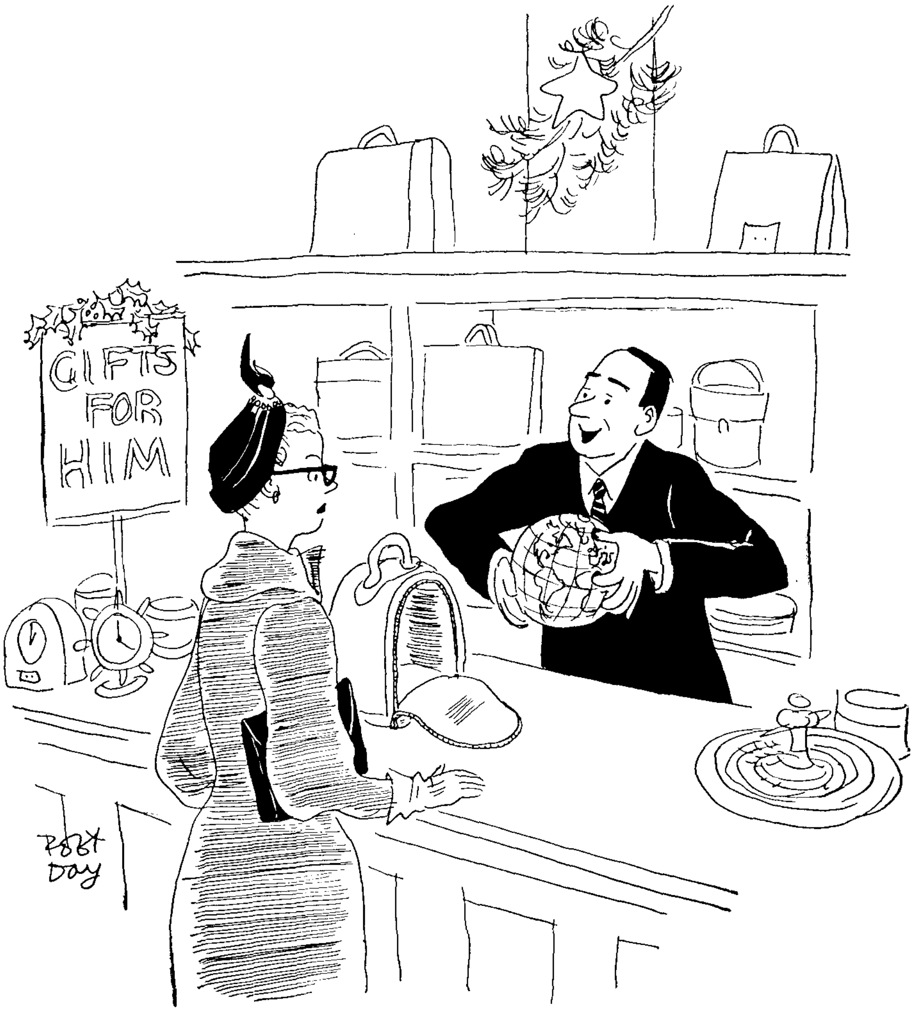
"Don't 'Elsie' me," she said. "It's lovely to be an ambassador and die on the Amazon."

"Of course!" cried Mrs. Puget-Taylor. "What a setting! Lurid sunsets, the charming brown water, the sway-backed old river boat! To die like that gives a meaning to life."

"Yes," Elsie said. "Oh, dear Mrs. Puget-Taylor!"

It was, at last, a superb dinner. Mrs. Lingerman got in a little Wordsworth, some Martin Fierro, and an opinion on Rhine wine. Mrs. Puget-Taylor cried that the cook could not leave such a paradise as La Perdida—a place so redolent of Jesuits, where the walls were a metre thick and the rooms so splendidly dim and cool, where there were such beams in the ceilings, and hand-forged latches. Her friends would adore it, she said.

Evelyn tried to contribute an account of the damage ants could do, but Mrs. Puget-Taylor said that ants were more civilized than people, and when a sheep bleated, she stood up and recited "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" in Swedish, and even the begonia-potters were still. They soared, Varda and Elsie. Afterward, Mrs. Puget-Taylor slipped into the kitchen, tipped the cook, whispered that he had a soul (the ravioli proved it),



"Here's something novel if he bowls and happens to be a World Federalist."

said she knew he would stay, knew it absolutely, and he smiled and did stay, after all.

IN the morning, which is rather yellow and tired in Córdoba, the English ladies and Frau Moogterp sat on the veranda having early breakfast. The half-breed waitress shuffled out with the toast. There was grumbling. Nothing is crisp at La Perdida—neither the toast nor the willow tree nor the morning air. All is limp and not quite fresh. This morning, there had been a cockroach fried in one of the curls of bacon. And everyone winced at an open can of kippers, looking somewhat blurred and violated in their bed of oil. The day had not started well. The ladies agreed that if that nice Mr. Lingerman had not reduced the price of the rooms once again, they would not be there at all.

At that moment, unfortunately, Mrs. Puget-Taylor came out of her room and ran naked down the veranda. Bathrooms at La Perdida do not connect with bedrooms. Like all the other rooms, they open off the veranda, and there is one every six doors or so. It appeared that Mrs. Puget-Taylor had got turned around in her directions and had expected to progress *up* the veranda, toward the ladies, for she had a towel clutched to her bosom. Though it hung straight down in front of her, it was at least a token, if she ran forward. However, once outside her door, she saw her mistake and ran the other way, and the ladies watched her gently gallop all the considerable distance from "Lope de Vega" to "Barcelona."

The guests, except for Frau Moogterp, went at once and packed their bags. They told Evelyn as they paid their bills that not even a further lowering would induce them to stay. Evelyn made futile conciliatory noises, and sadly watched them go. As always in moments of stress, he went out and played eighteen furious holes of golf without replacing divots, and then went home and had a row with Elsie. He said that there were only two guests left and that without the begonia-potters and their mates the place would fail.

"It's so nice without them," sobbed Elsie. "Don't let on to Mrs. Puget-Taylor how badly off we are. She does like things gay, you know."

"She's a fool. She's driven everyone away. I'm going to ask her to leave."

"No, Evelyn. Please."

"But, I say—running around stark naked, Elsie. I won't have it. It's indecent."

"It's Continental," Elsie cried, pouring some gin into the toothbrush glass.

IN the two weeks that followed, Mrs. Puget-Taylor expanded happily. Evelyn did not ask her to leave, and she had no idea anything was wrong at La Perdida. It seemed like her private ranch, and, except for the perpetual staring of Frau Moogterp, it couldn't have been nicer. She began to explore, and for exploring she had incredibly ample, knee-length corduroy pants. With these, she wore white cotton socks and high-heeled black shoes, and, of course, the mammoth straw hat, which kept blowing off, or over her eyes, as she went at her clumsy lope through the fields. She discovered the ants moving awesomely in all directions, in columns a foot wide, and crouched down, marvelling, weaving her head about and carrying on with them a sprightly conversation. She treated animals like people, passing a worldly and courtly time of day with the striped burros who hung their heads over the stiles. "My dear," she would say when she saw one, "but of course!"

In the evenings, she wrote letters—pages and pages in a large, heavy script sprinkled with exclamation points—and the outgoing mail every day was full of her somewhat crumpled envelopes. In the mornings, she observed a ritual. She dragged a deal table covered with odd papers, towels, skin cream, china dogs, and hairpins out onto the veranda. She sat before this table in a camisole and bloomers and went through a long and uncertain rummaging and shifting that seemed to combine a drying of the hair, a writing of a diary, a facial, and a spot of darning. Sometime during these exercises, she regularly ate a few dried figs, which she kept in a silk drawstring bag, and read a few pages in a book called "The Universal Mysteries," by L. Dorking, making copious marginal notes. Afternoons she spent in the reasonably private and overgrown orchard, where she could lie naked, and even get up and dance a bit of "Les Sylphides" to her own humming. And, finally, one day, as the complete proof of her feeling at home, of her full flowering, she brought her Yoga exercises outdoors, right under the willow tree.

Frau Moogterp was sitting there, stolidly embroidering a vast panorama of colored field flowers on a white muslin tablecloth. Mrs. Puget-Taylor came out in her corduroy knee breeches and a Paisley halter, and, after a cheery "Good morning!," sat down on the grass and opened Dorking's "Universal Mysteries." She placed her right heel at the root of her left thigh, and her left heel at the root of her right, crossed

GRAMMARIAN'S CHILD

When looking out I see a car
Of friends come calling from afar,
I cry to Mother right away,
"Oh, that is they! Oh, that is they!"

When in my room with girls and boys
I hear, "Who's making all that noise?"
I step outside and cheerfully
Call down, "It's we! It's only we!"

When Teacher asks, "Who has, pray speak,
A birthday in the coming week?"
And *I* have, then I'm mighty spry
To say, "Please, Ma'am, it will be I."

But pounding on a bolted door
With bears behind me, three or four,
If I should hear, "Who *could* that be?"
I'd scream, "It's me! It's me! It's me!"

—HUGHES MEARNS

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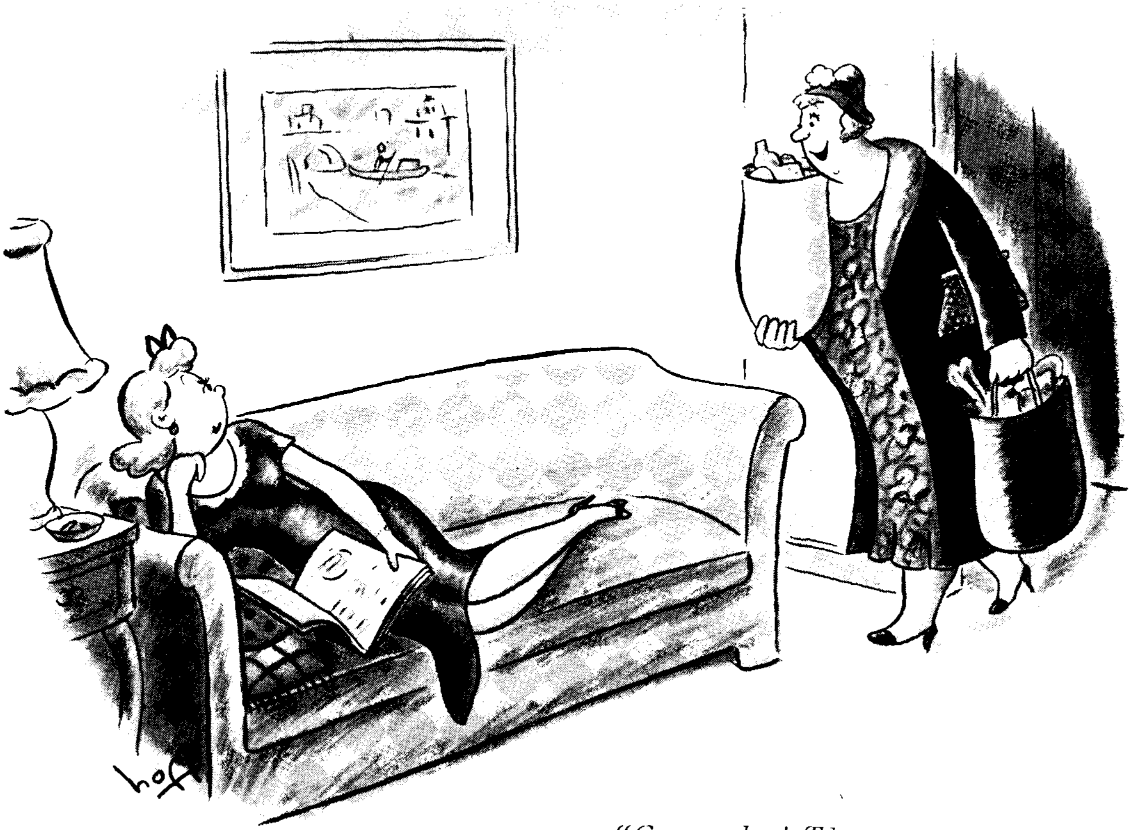


"Guess what! The owner of the new delicatessen shop has a son!"

her hands behind her back, and took hold of her toes.

"Vut are you doink?" asked Frau Moogterp, at last.

"Lotus seat. Destroys all diseases," Mrs. Puget-Taylor said. She placed the right sole under the left posterior and the left sole under the right posterior. "This position resembles the face of a cow," she said. She assumed a third position, and then, relaxing suddenly, drew a deep breath. "Dear Frau Moogterp," she said, "you get so little joy of life—so little joy! 'There are more things in heaven and earth,' Frau Moogterp, 'than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' "

"Zo?"

"I ache for you, Frau Moogterp. There are things in the world for you to see—the ant, the donkey, the birds, the world—and you sit embroidering its cheap imitation on a piece of muslin. Ah, Frau Moogterp, I ache for you, for all who died before they lived!"

"Vell," said Frau Moogterp, folding up the tablecloth, her round face very red, "and are you zo much liffing?"

"But of course!" cried Mrs. Puget-Taylor, assuming the swastika position.

Frau Moogterp's brusque departure was the last straw. Evelyn sat up late over the books and came to the conclusion that, lacking a miracle, La Perdida would have to close in a month. There was a deficit of six thousand pesos, which only a horde of visitors would wipe out. He wept bitterly to Elsie, in their room. He would be firm with her at last, though it came hard to him to be firm with her. He told her that Mrs. Puget-Taylor would have to leave. This time, he said, he would throw her out. The ensuing row lasted all night, and in the end all Elsie could wring from him was a promise to let her do the throwing.

That evening, Elsie had three quick gins, put on her sequins, did up her hair, and crept out to Mrs. Puget-Taylor, who was standing in the center of the patio looking upward. She wore an ancient black velvet dinner gown, long in back and short in front. She had lost the belt and had tied the red flannel sash of a bathrobe around her waist. "The night!" she said softly. "Smell it! I shall stay all summer here at La Perdida. I made that glorious decision today. Yes!"

"Oh, dear Mrs. Puget-Taylor, I must tell you—" Elsie began.

"I soak up the night in my pores. See, I—"

"Evelyn says—"

"Ah, yes, Evelyn. Mine host. The Indian officer. You will pardon me, but I always see him in dress uniform." Mrs. Puget-Taylor drew Elsie down to a bench and tilted her head and winked. "Now, what I think is that he charges too little. The prices should be doubled for my friends. Tell your Indian officer to—"

"Your friends?"

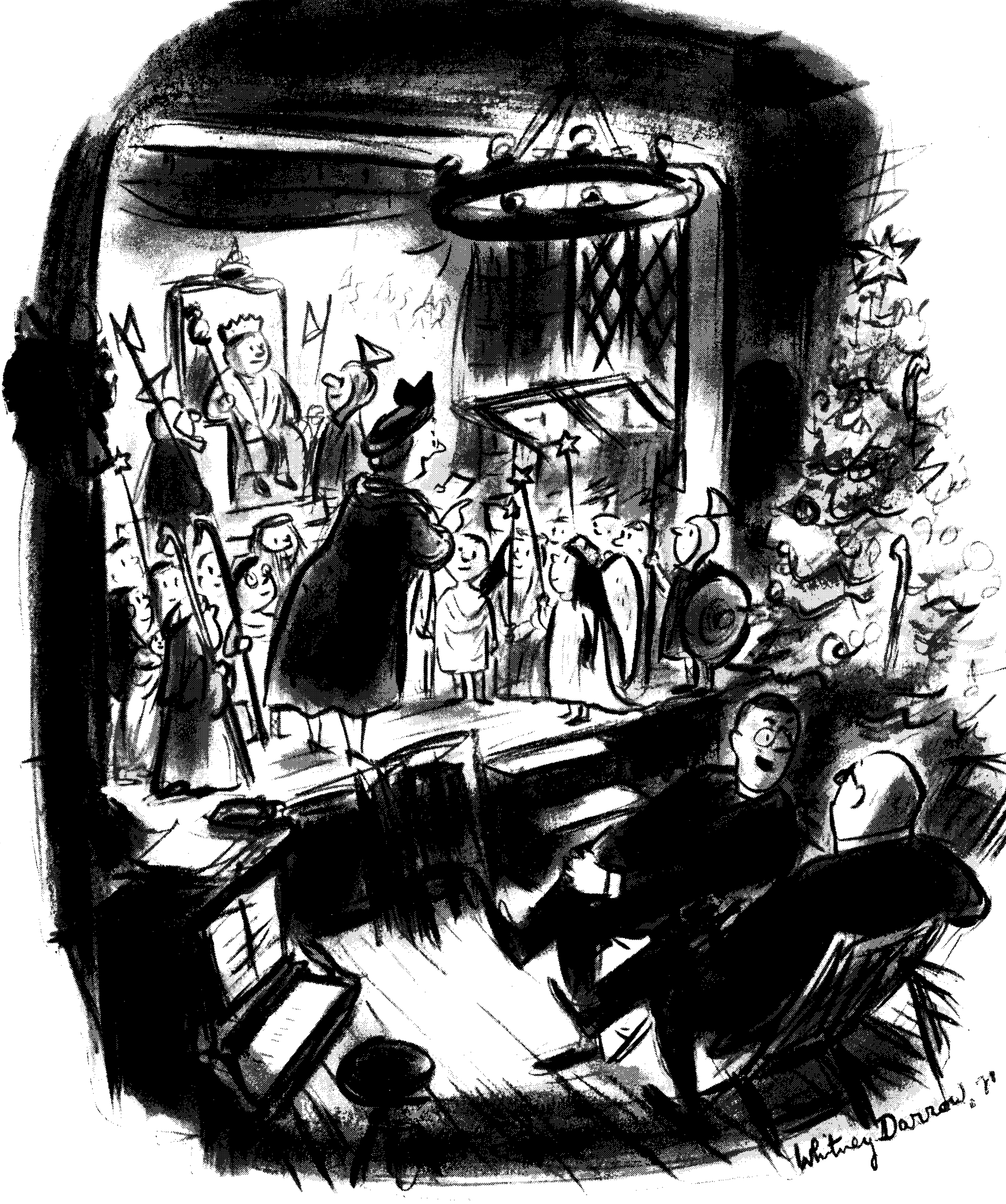
"Coming next week," said Mrs. Puget-Taylor. "Charming people. They'll adore you, Mrs. Lingerman. I've written to them all. But you must double your prices, my dear. Paradise must not come too cheap. People yearn to be overcharged."

"Oh, Mrs. Puget-Taylor!" Elsie cried. "And how many friends, if I may be so rude, are coming?"

"The whole group. We *are* fun, you know! We can't bear to be separated, you know. The others have been waiting for me to find a place— What? Weeping, Mrs. Lingerman? Ah, the wretched gall bladder again! Perhaps a drop of gin . . ."

So Mrs. Puget-Taylor stayed on at La Perdida, and all her friends arrived. La Perdida was once more full of people doing many things, though not exactly in the manner of their predecessors. The golf course was not used for golf but for a kind of cross-country dancing, invented by a male ballet star named Alistair Delios. The day Alistair arrived, he did a pirouette on the outer lawn and saw the sheep dash off in their short-coupled gallop and, in their fright, leap, soar right into the air. It was an inspiration straight from nature. Thereafter he wore a white leotard and took off frequently across the links, pursuing whole flocks and leaping in their wake.

The patio was used for group Yoga postures and for readings from "The Universal Mysteries." A tall, gaunt woman, greatly revered by all, often got up and talked in a low, throbbing voice about something called Horizontalism. No one could reach her intellectually, but she had a sincere following of flat-chested young women, who lay on their backs and tried. There was a bit of folk dancing, some reading of poetry, and living sculptures, done to terrific applause by a heroically boned



"It still has a few bugs in it."

• •

and sinewed man with long yellow hair.

All in all, life at La Perdida was nearly perfect at last. Every room was occupied, and bills were promptly paid. If Evelyn had his moments of exasperation, such as having to yell "Fore!" at Alistair Delios, soaring across the ninth fairway, or coming upon Mrs. Puget-Taylor in the orchard with only the shawl—well, on the whole he found himself getting used to it. And Elsie Lingerman was ecstatic. There was hardly time to get drunk any more, and when she was asked to play Cordelia in Mrs. Puget-Taylor's production of the highlights of "Lear," she gave up all but odd nips.

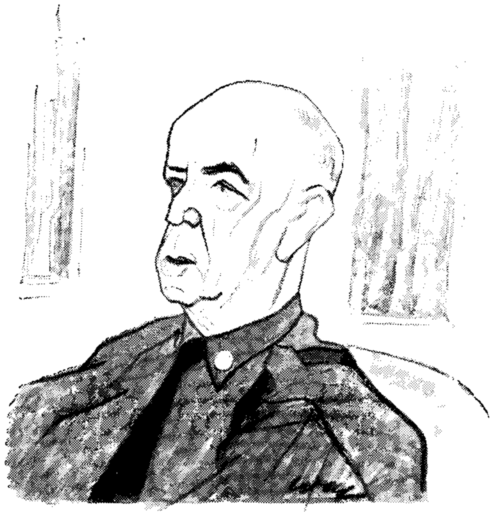
"Oh, my dear, dear friend!" she said one day to Mrs. Puget-Taylor, who at that moment was sitting under the willow tree in the position that resembles the face of a cow. "Since you came here, things have become so—so very—so entirely—"

"Why, yes, my dear," said Mrs. Puget-Taylor. "But of course!"

—Jean Boley

PROFILES

HAWKSHAW IN THE WOODS—II



Edward T. Townsend

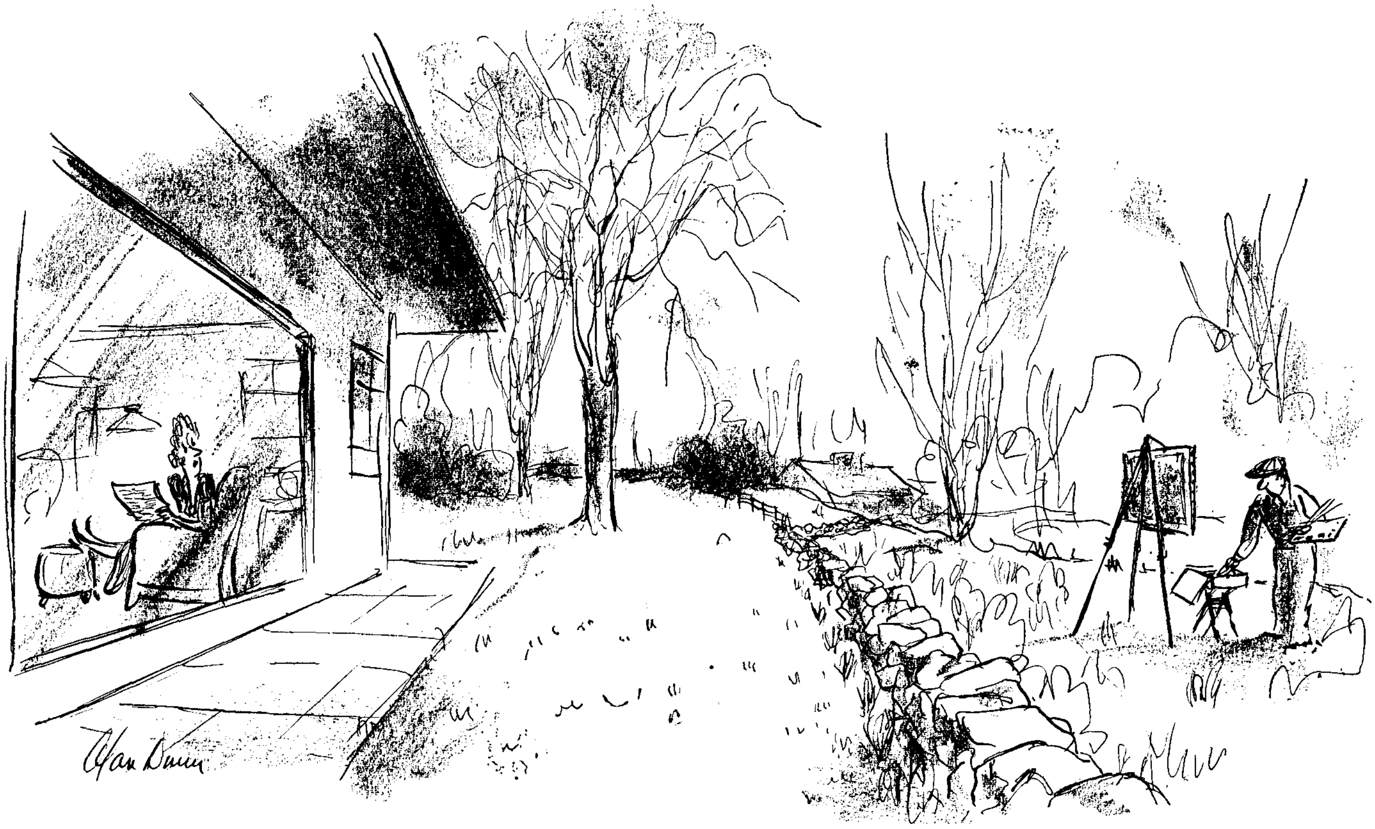
JOHN KIERAN, the natural-history authority, once said that he bounded New York City on the east by Long Island, on the south by the Atlantic Ocean, on the west by New Jersey, and on the north by Ted Townsend. He was referring to Edward T. Townsend, the New York State Conservation Department's senior game protector, or game warden, who lives in White Plains and is responsible for a large part of Westchester County. Townsend, a bulky, hot-tempered, big-voiced, opinionated man who, on the threshold of his seventies, is considered the nation's most eminent game warden by many people in and out of the profession, is in the peculiar position of being able to converse with animals in their own language. Those who should know say that he speaks fox, pheasant, deer, robin, and duck perfectly, and warbler with only a slight human accent. The thin, high notes of the warbler he finds a little troublesome. When he attempts them, a bird may light on a branch in his vicinity and reply, but it does so suspiciously. This is not Townsend's usual experience in faunal tête-à-têtes. Often on fishing expeditions, when the sport is slow, he calls around him, for the amusement of his companions, so thick a cloud of twittering catbirds, grackles, and robins that he practically vanishes from sight as he tells them one thing and another about grubs and worms. Then, with a clap of his hands and a curt "Tweet," he dismisses them.

Townsend's friends are occasionally treated to even more refined demonstrations of his linguistic powers. Some months ago, one of them asked him to call back a cock pheasant that had just run across the road in front of them. Townsend began to "kak-kak-kak" vigorously, whereupon the bird poked its head out of a roadside clump of grass and said, "Ka-*a-a*-ak." The friend was not particularly impressed. "Ka-*ak!*" said Townsend. The pheasant hustled right over to him. "What the hell did you say *then?*" the friend asked, sending the pheasant fluttering back to cover. " 'Come closer,' " Townsend told him.

The ability to speak the languages of animals has been of occasional use to Townsend in his work. Last July, the community of Ardsley was frightened for a week by weird nocturnal howls. Townsend, called in professionally, interviewed a committee of excited villagers, who rather incoherently gave him their impressions. After listening awhile, he held up his hand. "Was it like this?" he asked. He pursed his lips, extended his neck, and gave a long-drawn-out, eerie "Yah-*yahn-n-n!*" "That's it!" the villagers cried, backing away from him. Townsend assured them it was nothing to worry about. The noise, he said, was merely the lament of a fox mother whose cubs had grown up and left her; she would quiet down in due course. Once, in the distance, Townsend saw a hunter levelling a shotgun at an out-of-season male wood duck. Most wardens would have yelled a warning at the fellow, but Townsend, inflating his enormous lungs, sounded the wood duck's alarm, a rising "Who-eek, who-eek, chick, chick, chick," in a voice that carried a mile. He was gratified to see the startled bird arise, unharmed, as he strode forward to collar the hunter. The knack also comes in handy in the late spring, when people walking in the woods often pick up and bring to Townsend newborn fawns, under the impression that they have been deserted by their mothers. Actually, abandonment is not involved. Does leave their young in what they think is safe cover and return five or six times every twenty-four hours to feed them. At dusk, Townsend deposits the wobbly little creature as near as possible to where it was found, then moves off a bit, conceals himself, and starts blatting like a hungry fawn. Soon the mother deer, under the happy misapprehension that Townsend *is* a hungry fawn, turns up and leads her young to a new hideaway.

It is probably Townsend's ability to talk with animals that has made him one of the great anthropomorphic thinkers of all time. It requires no effort for him to imagine that a bird has most of the intellectual and emotional qualities of a human being. He enjoys telling, for instance, about the time he saw some cedar waxwings performing a fairly common trick of theirs. They were hovering, almost stationary, over a trout stream and devouring a hatch of May flies as casually as a man would pluck grapes from a vine and eat them. A grackle tried to imitate them. It got a claw tangled up with one wing and fell helpless into the water. "Funniest thing I ever saw," says Townsend. "I laughed till the tears came. But that grackle got out of the water hopping mad. When he saw me, he got even madder. He flew around me for five minutes, scolding, pecking, and acting like crazy, because he knew I was laughing at *him.*" Occasionally, in the line of duty, Townsend sets himself the task of catching colossal trout—wily cannibals who have resisted the efforts of other anglers to snare them and are eating the waters bare around them. "It is not a figment of my imagination that when I tighten up on a fish of this character, he seems to be in a furious rage," he says. "He *is* in a furious rage, because he knows he has made a *mistake.*"

Townsend's rapport with animals sometimes seems almost supernatural. He served as a cadet on a merchant-marine training ship in the Spanish-American War, and after it was over he was sent on a European cruise on the same vessel. Off the North African coast, a mysterious-looking bird, with a curved bill and a mottled brown crest, dropped exhausted on the deck. Townsend, who by then was famous as a naturalist among his tolerant shipmates, was summoned by the captain to identify it. He looked at it for some time. Then he seemed to be listening to something the bird was telling him. Nodding his head, he turned to the captain and said, "A hoopoe." He added that he had never encountered the species, either in life or in literature, but that he thought he had heard the name somewhere. "Check that name!" yelled the captain, and an officer was sent on the run to the dictionary in the captain's cabin. "By God, it *is* a hoopoe," said the officer when he returned. "That will be all, Townsend," said the captain shak-

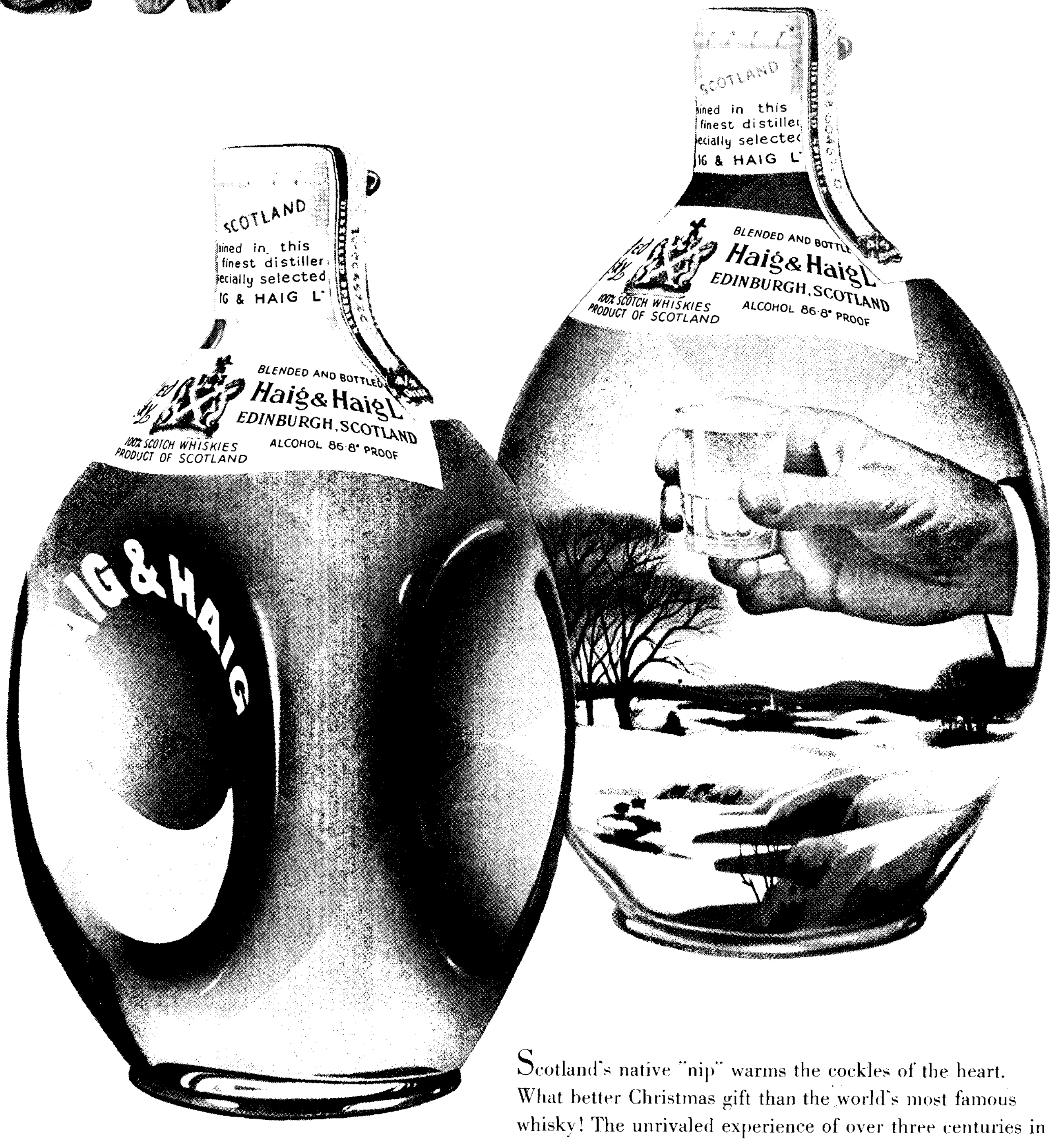


ily. "Mount your watch." More recently, in the summer of 1939, a small, brilliantly colored tropical-type bird dropped down to the feeding trough in Townsend's back yard. After some moments' consideration, Townsend decided that, contrary to all geographical logic, it was a Brazilian tanager, and told his wife about it. The identification was confirmed by a newspaper account that gave the bird's description, along with the information that it and a number of other birds had escaped from the World's Fair Brazilian Pavilion, whose aviary had been overturned that day by a strong south wind.

As a woodsman, Townsend is sharp-eyed and encyclopedic. He can often tell by the way game-bird eggshells are broken and by the position of the fragments whether the predator was a possum, a skunk, a fox, a crow, or a raccoon, and this enables him to take appropriate action. Early last summer, a radio commentator announced, in clear, oracular tones, that the drought would be hard on upland game. Townsend didn't think it would be. For one thing, the young of the rabbit are born in a shallow depression, over which the mother squats to nurse and hide them. Infant rabbits are therefore likely to drown in heavy rains. For another thing, rains frequently chill pheasant eggs so that they won't hatch, and also make pheasant chicks susceptible to fatal diseases. Many rabbits and pheasants would thus be spared in a drought, Townsend figured. He turned out to be right. The keenness of Townsend's eyesight is such that he notices things along the highway that are not apparent to motorists with mere 20-20 vision. One day, driving with a friend, he suddenly stopped his car, snatched a gunny sack and forked stick from the rear of the car, and ran back thirty yards along the road to where a copperhead was lying in the grass, about to make a crossing. Pinning the snake to the ground with the forked stick, he seized it just behind the head and flipped it into the gunny sack. He tied the top of the bag, took it back to the car, and tossed it beside him on the seat. His passenger, who was in the other half of the front seat, retreated moodily into his corner. Another time, driving down a little-travelled lane with another friend, he jammed on the brakes, grabbed a blanket that was in the car, ran a hundred yards through the tall grass of an adjoining field, and threw the blanket over a bald eagle that had been standing chin-high, motionless and forlorn and almost completely hidden, in the herbage. After a spirited ten-minute wrestle, he carried it tenderly to the car, safely wrapped in the blanket. "How Townsend ever saw it at that distance, I'll never be able to tell you," said the man who was riding with him. "But he said he knew it was hurt and needed attention, because no well eagle ever settles on the ground like that." After treating the wing wound that had grounded it, Townsend presented it to the Bronx Zoo.

Townsend thinks that he often has better luck communicating with other species than he has with his own. Game-law violators rarely seem to understand his violent remarks about the necessity of preserving protected game, and sentimentalists seem equally baffled by his pronouncements about the necessity of destroying predatory animals. Then, he feels, he suffers outrageously from the telephone. By his own computation, he has spent three per cent of his time, or almost twelve months of his thirty-three years on the job, talking on the phone to people with foolish animosities toward nature. He tries to keep his temper, but it's not easy. On one occasion, a man woke him after midnight and testily announced that he would like to regain the use of his living room, which he said had been taken over by a savage owl. Townsend suggested that he open a window and shoo it out. "I have no heavy equipment for that sort of work," said the man. "I need your help." Thinking that perhaps a great horned owl had somehow blundered into the room, Townsend crawled out of bed and went to the man's house. There he found a

When there's a *nip* in the Air!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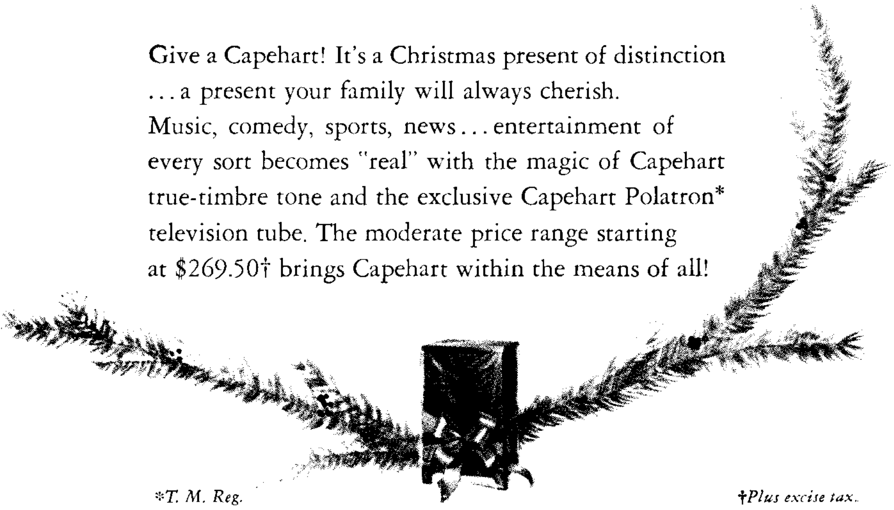

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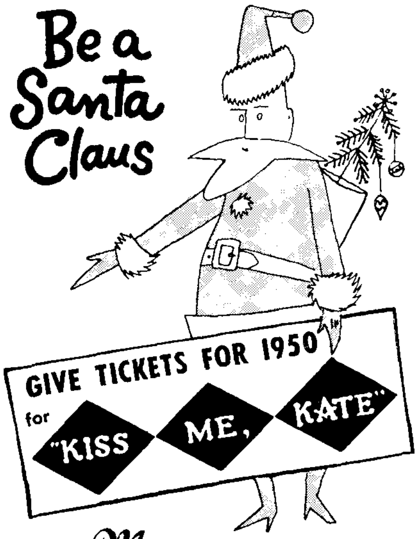
six-inch-high screech owl, a thoroughly peaceable and quite ingratiating bird, that had tumbled down the chimney. Picking it up in one hand, he took it into the woods and released it. Most calls of this type are made by newcomers to the countryside—people Townsend bitterly describes as rural tenderfeet.

THE greatest problem of Townsend's career was the crow invasion of the winter of 1920-21. These birds, classed with woodchucks, foxes, weasels, starlings, and certain hawks and owls as predators, may legally be shot on sight. Of all the interdicted species, the crow is the most maddening. His attacks on the eggs and the young of more admired creatures, in order to feed his own young and himself, infuriate a conscientious protector like Townsend. "The average citizen simply has no idea of the damage this damn miscreant is capable of," Townsend has said of what is literally his bête noire. "Take a seat near an old, overgrown orchard some morning late in May. Get there before daybreak. *Observe!* At this time of year, the crow's young are half grown and clamoring for food. As dawn comes, you'll see a crow slip into the branches of a tree at one end of the orchard. And he's different from any crow *you've* ever known. No cawing—not a sound. Branch by branch, twig by twig, he goes through that tree with a fine-tooth comb. Maybe he doesn't find a nest in that tree, or the next one, but pretty soon he does and you'll hear a chorus of frantic bird cries. All to no avail! Despite everything the parent birds can do, that nest is doomed. Eggs or fledglings, it doesn't matter. He eats them or flies off with them—the eggs impaled on his bill—and then goes on to the next tree. Without question, he's the greatest enemy of our better insectivorous and song birds."

In Townsend's opinion, the crow is also the wild duck's greatest enemy. "Of fifty-one black-duck nests I knew of around White Plains one season, forty-nine were destroyed by crows," Townsend says. Crows exhibit, in Townsend's anthropomorphic view, remarkable patience. He has seen a pair alternate at watching a duck's nest for six hours before the duck left it and they had a chance to rob it. Pheasant nests suffer equally, and the crow by no means limits his depredations to birds. He also devours baby squirrels and baby rabbits. The average crow has a wingspread of three feet and weighs a pound and a quarter. An ambitious pair of them can even kill a full-grown rabbit if they can corner him in a stone-walled pasture. One of them harries the quarry by constantly pecking at its back to make it turn around, and so confuses it that presently the other crow can dart in and deliver the coup de grâce, a stab of the bill through an eye to the brain. Townsend has a wry admiration for his opponent. When feeding in flocks, crows operate an efficient sentry system, and, according to Townsend, a crow knows a gun when he sees it, and, moreover, knows its range as well as any clerk at Abercrombie & Fitch. "The crow is our most intelligent common bird," he says. "Every man's hand is against him and still he thrives."

Today, crow-shooting is a year-round activity all over the country. Outdoor magazines publish articles on the best techniques, usually ones developed, at least in part, by Townsend thirty years ago. Early in his career, Townsend found that stalking crows through the woods with a gun was highly unprofitable. A sentry crow always spotted him and, he recalls, sneeringly gave the alarm. But the crow is not infallible. He has two important weaknesses. One is that he is extremely clubby, responding at once to the call of a colleague. Crows, Townsend says, have half a dozen calls—the casual greeting, the alert, the "God Almighty, here's a great horned owl!" call, and so on. The multilingual Townsend can, naturally, make them all without any mechanical aid; other human beings can, with plenty of practice, reproduce them with a mechanical crow call, an instrument like a kazoo. These calls will often bring a crow close enough to a blind for a shot. The crow's other weakness is its powerful fear of great horned owls. Let one utter the "God Almighty, here's a great horned owl!" call, and every crow in hearing distance will come barrelhousing in, gang up, and drive this most hated enemy from the neighborhood. Knowing that, Townsend worked out a system that is now in general use by crow-



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hunters. He built a portable blind, which he set up here and there in the Westchester woods. Near it he would mount a stuffed horned owl on a pole. The owl's wings, which were hinged, could be realistically flapped by a cord ending down in the blind. Tugging at the cord, Townsend issued at intervals the "God Almighty, here's a great horned owl!" call. By hard work, he managed to eliminate a considerable number of Westchester crows.

Then, in the fall of 1920, he was confronted with a crow invasion of epic proportions. Possibly never before in the course of natural history had one man faced so many crows. For years the large piggeries in Westchester had bought the garbage of the county's biggest hospitals. That fall, an epidemic of hog cholera wiped out nearly all the county's pigs, and immense quantities of garbage were hauled to public dumps. News of this concentrated supply of refuse got around the crow world, and soon long black columns of crows were streaming into Westchester from all over the East. They set up noisy winter quarters on the shore of Kensico Reservoir, three miles north of White Plains, on a tract of several hundred acres covered with a thick growth of evergreens that kept the chilly blasts out. It was estimated that a full ten million crows settled there. The birds would start cawing sometime before dawn. Townsend believes they were discussing plans for the day. "They always seemed to have some prearranged program," he says. "As the sky lit up, squadrons would take off. The big squadrons invariably went east and north, the small ones south and west. But the birds from the same section of the roost didn't always go the same directions." The racket was tremendous. Occasionally, in the pitch darkness of 5 A.M., Townsend would drive a naturalist or conservationist to within a couple of miles of the roost to let him listen to the sound. "None of them had any idea what they were hearing," he says. "All you heard was just a steady roar."

In the circumstances, Townsend realized that a brand-new method of crow-hunting had to be devised. The scheme he hit upon and his success with it led Ray Holland, long the editor of *Field & Stream*, to designate him "perhaps the world's foremost crow-shooter." Townsend's idea was to use live decoys. He captured a few dozen crows and tethered them to bricks in the back yard of his home. In a week or so they were so well tether-broken that they took to stalking around their bricks with

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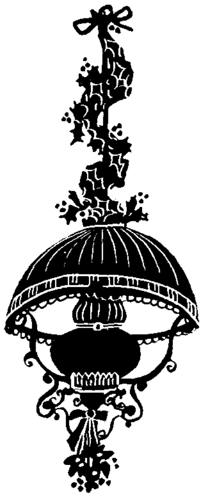
confidence and dignity, as though they had always lived in confinement near man. Townsend used a leather tether, because crows can chew through cord in a few minutes. "A crow can also undo almost any knot a human being can tie," Townsend says. "In the merchant marine, I learned a lot of knots. And the only knot I ever found to hold a crow is a slip noose of leather with a half hitch over it and a little tab sticking up. He pecks at that tab and gets nowhere." The birds, which were housed in a large wire enclosure, were fed corn and scraps, and given plenty of water, for, in the course of their enforced association, Townsend had discovered that crows are very clean and like to bathe every day, even in cold weather. Townsend then designed a portable blind big enough to hold two men. This was set up in a field near first one and then another of the public dumps, with Townsend and a friend sitting inside. Two dozen decoys walked around in front, eating suet. When the wild crows saw the decoys eating calmly, they would come sailing in to get at the suet. Townsend and his friend would then drop the hinged front section of the blind, stand up, and blaze away with double-barrelled shotguns.

Townsend carried the decoys around in his sedan, six or eight tied together in a feed bag, and they travelled surprisingly well, except for an occasional querulous caw. They didn't fight, as cats, say, would do in similar circumstances. They had to be handled warily, however. One day, Townsend toted a bag of crows from his car to the blind and then noticed that his companion hadn't followed him. In a moment, the car's horn started honking. Townsend returned to find that a crow, managing to escape from another bag, had charged the man and taken a firm grip on his lips with its beak. "He had enough sense not to try and pull the crow off, because he knew part of his lips would have come away, too," Townsend says. "Instead, he just tooted for me to come back. I had to take a knife and pry open that damnable crow's bill before he'd let the man loose."



The biggest bag Townsend and a friend ever got in a day was two hundred and eighty-one crows during a six-hour shoot, an average of almost a crow a minute—an amazing figure, considering the quarry's acumen and the fact that the men frequently had to stop to clear away the bodies. Crows are chary of approaching a place dotted with the corpses of their comrades. That night, Townsend and his friend dropped in at the White Plains Club, a gathering place of businessmen and sportsmen, and told about their hunt. The club members wouldn't believe them. "*No* two men ever shot two hundred and eighty-one crows in a day," said the most articulate skeptic. Later that night, in a flurry of occupational humor, Townsend drove back to the dump where he had deposited the bodies, collected the remains of the kill, and spread them over the skeptic's lawn. On the front porch he left a note reading, "Count 'em!"

That winter, Townsend gunned religiously for crows three or four times a week. In addition to seeing enough ordinary crows to last him a lifetime, he had the novel experience of running across a red crow and a light-blue one. By spring, he had shot thirty-eight hundred and sixty-four. While this barely scratched the surface, it is still believed to constitute a world's record for crows shot by one man in one season. His marksmanship, which was excellent to begin with, improved. The crow is tricky game to hit. Townsend knows of no other bird that falls away with the wind at such speed—a bewildering maneuver. In a high wind, it is necessary to aim well behind the retreating target in order to drop it. A crow-gunner is considered good if he averages four hits out of five tries. That winter, Townsend ran up one string of sixty-two hits. Some years later, when he was spending a few days duck-hunting on Long Island, his host, another game protector, told him to take first shot at all the birds they flushed. Townsend always shot his daily legal limit before his depressed host had a chance to pull a trigger, by which time the man was ready to call it a day. "How in hell did you learn to shoot ducks?" he finally asked. "Shooting crows at a garbage dump," Townsend replied.

A pair of crows require a domain of a couple of square miles during the breeding season, and in the spring of 1921 the Westchester legions dispersed to widely scattered nesting sites. Meanwhile, arrangements had been made to burn the garbage from the institutions,

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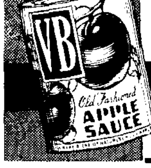

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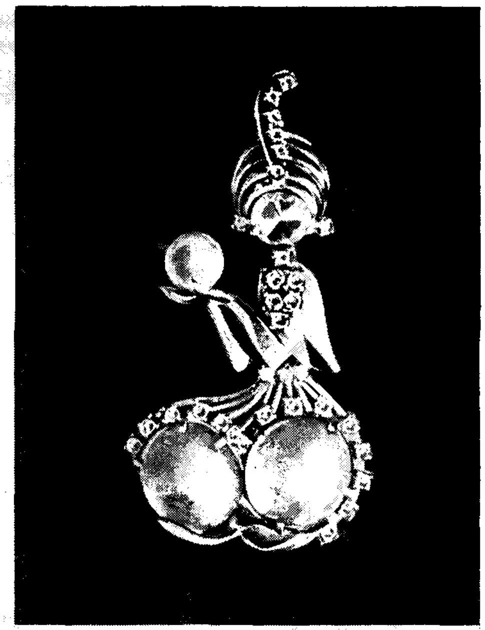

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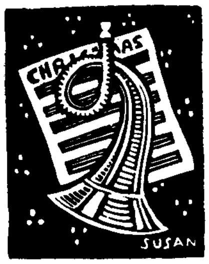
thus doing away with the crows' food supply. Never again did they return in such numbers. Now, Townsend figures, the county has less than one per cent of the crows it had that memorable winter. He still hunts them, however, whenever there is any unseemly concentration. In five hours one day last fall, he got a hundred and forty-two in a field of frost-nipped corn.

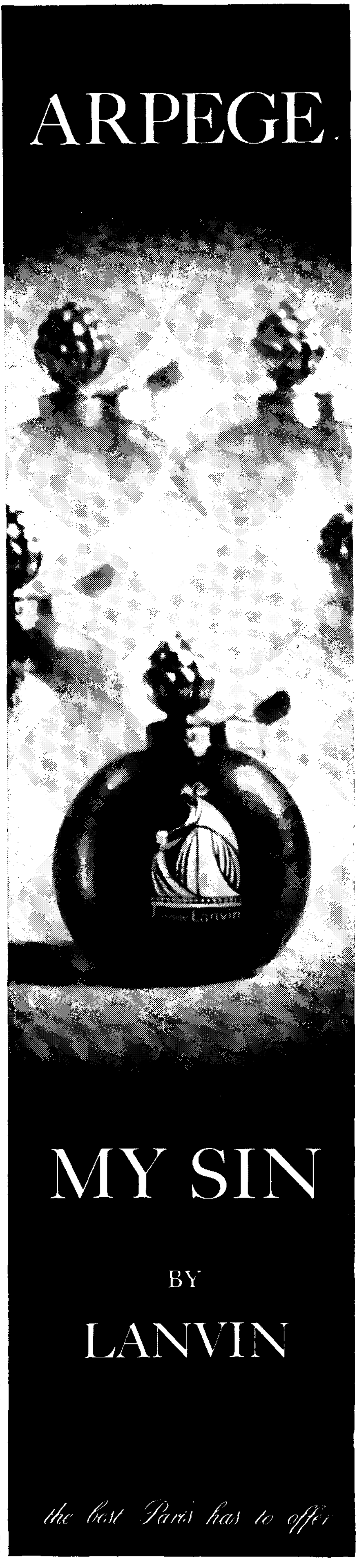
ONE enemy of wildlife that Townsend so far hasn't been able to do anything about is the automobile. He has never shot a Buick, but he has often been tempted. He thinks that of all the man-made agents of destruction, including the mowing machine and high-voltage wires, the motorcar is the most voracious predator. Last February, when the skunks started their annual roaming in search of mates, he counted nine dead skunks in a fifteen-minute drive. Just within the last two weeks, more than a dozen deer have been killed by cars in Westchester. An automobile was also indirectly responsible for the oddest bag in Townsend's long experience. One evening a few years ago, while he was attending a meeting of a game association in White Plains, he was called to the phone by a distraught resident of Rye who told him that lying in the street in front of his house was a large, furry, unfamiliar-looking creature uttering horrible cries. To make matters worse, said the gentleman, the thing had an almost human face. A crowd had gathered, but no one dared get within twenty yards of it. Hurrying over, Townsend found, beneath a street light, an animal five feet long, with heavy hair, large eyes, and, indeed, a face that was startlingly human. As announced, it was loosing unearthly yells. After a cautious reconnaissance, he saw that it had been severely injured by an automobile. He took his rifle out of his car and shot it, then identified it for the spectators as one of the larger lemurs, a species of night-roaming mammal allied to the monkeys and native to Africa, China, and Madagascar. Its presence in Rye has never been explained.

Townsend himself has bagged almost every major species of legal faunal target offered by Eastern North America, including wolf, bear, moose, caribou, alligator, and possibly the only three-hundred-pound wild boar ever shot from a duckblind. It was felled by two loads of No. 2 goose shot when it came nosing around Townsend's place of concealment along the reedy shore of a lonely sound in North Carolina. Its tusks now stand on his desk. Townsend shoots as a sportsman only during his annual four-week vacation. He is probably better known as a fisherman. He was one of the country's first dry-fly anglers, being a member of the select group of Americans who nearly fifty years ago adopted the then newly introduced English technique. In 1910, he was one of a hundred and seventy-three American dry-fly fishermen, according to a Californian who undertook to make a census of this avant-garde. "His method is quite unlike any other I've ever seen," Corey Ford, the author and one of his disciples, recently said. "On reaching a stream, he unfurls a butterfly net. Then he dashes about like an entomologist, catching the various winged insects of the vicinity. Over each he cogitates at length, scanning the prize searchingly and watching the antics of others of its kind over the stream. When he has at last made up his mind which bug is the trout's pièce de résistance that day, he lays aside his net and solemnly produces his sewing kit. This is a huge receptacle, built along the lines of an embroidery basket, that holds his fly-tying equipment. He extracts a small vise, silk, tinsel, and varicolored wool and feathers, sets a hook in the vise, and proceeds to build upon it a duplicate of the insect in question. Then, using this, he wipes the eye of every fisherman on the river—I don't care who it is." Ford, an authority on fishing himself, says that Townsend is the first man he ever saw use a leader stained to match the water he was fishing in, devise a knot that would keep a fly upright on the water, and employ a trout-spotter. This last bit of specialization is a devoted friend who, when the fishing is slow, walks up and down the river bank looking for rises.



In the interests of scientific fishing, Townsend has also become an expert on weather. Friends are struck by his ability to know at nine o'clock of a rainy morning that in a couple of hours they'll be casting under clear blue skies. Often his prophecies run counter to those of the United States Weather Bureau, an organization for which Townsend, in a spirit of noblesse oblige, has nevertheless a certain respect. In recent years, he has kept a comparative record. He figures that he is between fifteen and twenty per cent more accurate than the Bureau. Some of the factors he takes into consideration are wind direction, barometer readings, and cloud formations, but he keeps the fine points of his method a secret. As in the case of any serious fisherman, angling has penetrated his social life. Between the death of his first wife and his marriage to his second, Townsend was frequently seen in the company of a lady known for her luxuriantly feathered hats. One day, at a party, some friends discovered him furtively snipping feathers off one of them. He eventually explained that he'd been going around with her with a view not to marrying her but to picking up some trout lures. He had already taken four near-record fish with her feathers. "From a trout's point of view, she's America's best-dressed woman," he said.

Townsend owns a two-story shingled house on a placid street in White Plains. It is the most unusual house in the block. In the winter, its front porch is piled high with hundred-pound bags of bird feed, which he distributes around the county when snow covers the ground; in summer, sacks of snapping turtles or other wild fauna may temporarily be on deposit there. The fair-sized back yard has a three-car garage and a roomy wire enclosure he put up for one of the several pets he has around at the moment, a morose great horned owl that snaps its beak and hisses at the sight of human beings, including Townsend. Inside the house are other items not customary in the average Westchester home—a bevy of mounted pheasant, owls, turtles, and ducks, and a school of channel and smallmouthed bass and rainbow, brown, and lake trout. On the ground floor, where Townsend has his office, there are, in addition to his gunrack and a pine wall cabinet containing field gear and silver trophies won in trap-shooting contests by the present Mrs. Townsend, a number of ammunition boxes and a quantity of empty cartons in which to put injured animals. During the years, Townsend has retrieved examples of practically every faunal species resident in Westchester, some of them in an exceedingly bad state of disrepair. With the aid of his wife, he has been able to nurse almost all of them back to health. After they have recovered, he returns them to the woods or sends them to zoos or other appropriate spots. He has only once had trouble disposing of a recovered patient—a woodcock, whose diet is mainly earthworms. Townsend picked it up after it had hurt a wing in collision with a telephone wire during fall migration. Before its



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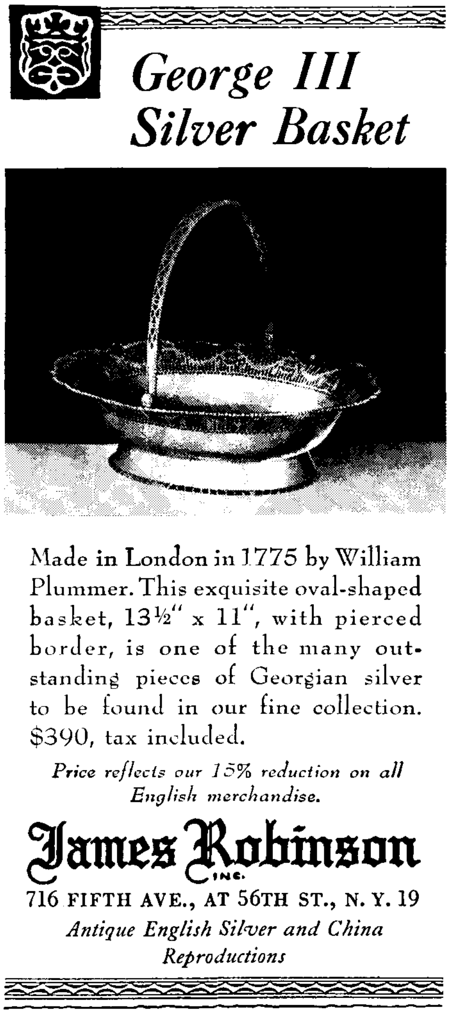
convalescence ended, the ground froze, embarrassing the earthworm supply. Zoos will not take birds that, like the woodcock, do poorly in captivity. Townsend kept hacking doggedly into the ground and kept thinking. At last, the solution came to him. He remembered a greenhouse on an estate in Armonk in whose balmy interior there are always plenty of earthworms. With the permission of the estate superintendent, he transferred the woodcock there. He made frequent checks to see how it was getting along and usually found the bird peering out at him from behind some greenery. "An adorable creature," he recalls. "So engaging. A mote of elusive beauty." One morning the following spring, Townsend carefully left the door of the greenhouse open, and the bird hopped out, mounted the roaring south wind, and flew away.

Many of the creatures that Townsend picks up are young, and he raises a large number of them as pets. On the roster are uncounted insectivorous and song birds, a pair of coons, and a jumble of squirrels, fawns, snakes, and rabbits. There have also been a blue jay that cawed like a crow, a fox that wagged his tail at Townsend's approach, and a dog-kicking rabbit. With the advent of puberty, the rabbit kicked his way out of the hutch Townsend had built for him and settled down under some nearby apple trees. Every evening, however, he came to the Townsend back porch when his name was called. He preferred bread spread with blackberry jam to any other food, and he persistently kicked a neighbor's large spaniel until the dog fled at the sight of him.

The present Townsend pets include a budgereegah parakeet and a squirrel named Skippy, who has malocclusion. From time to time, a dentist works on Skippy's teeth to prevent them from growing too far backward. Another of Skippy's peculiarities is that, for a squirrel, he gets an awful lot of fun out of television. A few months ago, a large group of sportsman friends gave Townsend a television set in commemoration of his many years of service. Whenever he turns it on, Skippy jumps up on his shoulder and watches the program. According to Townsend, he is especially interested in the wrestling matches. Still another peculiarity is that he has to be confined to his house, a box on the kitchen floor, whenever Mrs. Townsend presses her husband's trousers, or he will race around the room scolding frantically when the iron is applied to the trousers. Townsend's theory is that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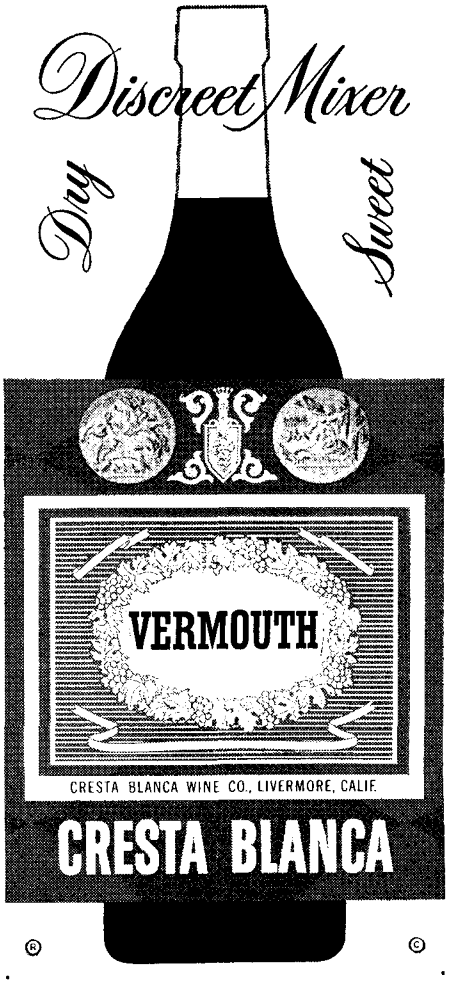
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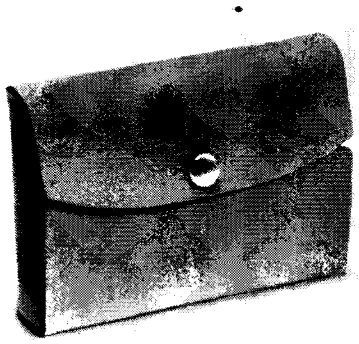

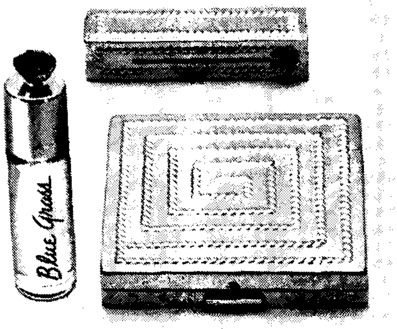

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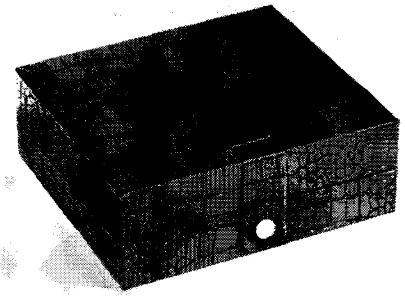
the squirrel has a protective attitude toward him and thinks that the trousers are part of his pelt.

TOWNSEND, an only child, was born in Tampa, Florida, where his parents used to spend the winter. His paternal grandfather, a New Yorker and one of the original partners in the Colgate soap business, had sold out for a million dollars, and Townsend's father, the eldest of four children, settled in Baltimore, where he invested his inheritance in a not too successful chain of restaurants. He was a tremendous man—six feet four and three hundred and sixty pounds, dimensions toward which Townsend himself has tended. He died when Townsend was eight, and the boy and his mother came here to live with Townsend's grandmother, on Grove Street. They made many trips to Oyster Bay, to visit an aunt of Townsend's who had married a wealthy insurance man. Townsend always spent considerable time in the woods there, as he had in the woods of Florida and Maryland, bringing home with him numerous specimens to study. Those that died he ardently skinned and dissected. At an age when most boys are starting to take dancing lessons, Townsend was concentrating on the nest of the great crested flycatcher, into which a shed snakeskin is often woven. In Oyster Bay, Townsend came upon three nests that seemed to have been built without a snakeskin, then discovered when he went back to them, twenty-four hours later, that a snakeskin had been added to each of them. He wrote a paper, which was published in an ornithological publication, suggesting that the snakeskin was used to scare off marauders, a theory now widely accepted.

Townsend was hard to discipline. When he was thirteen, he ran away to a Texas ranch owned by a man who had been a friend of his father's. His mother gladly let him stay there, hoping that the rough life would be good for him. Townsend learned how to rope and ride and suffered the customary hazing by the cowboys. He soon proved more than a match for his tormentors. He discovered that they were afraid of snakes, scorpions, and tarantulas, so he always carried a comfortable supply with him. After five months of this terrorism, the ranch foreman told the owner that either the boy went or he did. Townsend was shipped back to New York. Soon afterward, Townsend and his mother moved to White Plains, where she remarried. His stepfather be-



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came ill, and his mother spent most of her savings in a vain effort to save his life. During Townsend's high-school years, he and his mother had a difficult time financially. Shortly before the Spanish-American War started, Townsend, then eighteen, enlisted in the merchant marine. Not long before, on a visit to Long Island, he had caught in Mill Neck Stream what was believed by some authorities to be the world's largest known brook trout, a nine-pound-eight-and-a-half-ounce monster; it swallowed a smaller trout on his hook. It took the youth seventy minutes to land it. Townsend being the sort of young man he was, this achievement sustained his spirits magnificently through an uneventful war career.

After his discharge, Townsend spent a footloose two and a half years as a free-lance sportsman in the Adirondacks. Then, returning to Westchester, he married a wealthy White Plains girl, and they lived a life of practically uninterrupted hunting and fishing. *Forest & Stream*, the forerunner of *Field & Stream*, reported in 1910 that in September of that year, twelve miles off Asbury Park, Townsend caught the first two tuna—one fifty-two and a half pounds and the other twenty-five and a half—ever taken in the Atlantic Ocean with rod and reel. Twice during this halcyon period he briefly held orthodox clerical jobs, one with the American Woolen Company and the other with the General Electric Company, but both were abruptly ended by a renewal of his urge to go fishing. When an official of General Electric told Townsend he would do very well in business if he would only give up his sporting habits, Townsend had a good, brisk laugh and walked out of the office, determined that he would never again take an indoor job.

In 1905, Townsend had been appointed a Westchester County special-deputy game protector, and he served, like others in his category, without pay. After he left General Electric, he decided to make game-protecting his lifework and took the examination for a job in the State Conservation Department. On January 1, 1916, he became a game protector in Westchester, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, plus an expense allowance of nine hundred dollars. Twelve months later, he was in the Army; he had previously joined the National Guard, and his outfit was sworn in right before this country entered the war. Just before Townsend's division left for France, he was discharged with a broken kneecap, which he had got in combat maneuvers. He returned to game-protecting as soon as he could get up and about, which was in a couple of months, and the Germans were spared the embarrassment of facing an opponent who was high gun on his regimental rifle team.

Shortly after the war ended, Townsend's wife died. She left him an income of ten thousand dollars a year, and, during the next decade, he spent much of this on his job. He built up the largest and most stylish force of special game protectors in the state, the best dozen of whom he outfitted, at his own expense, with tailored uniforms. For a patrol car, he used a Cadillac or Lincoln phaeton, which he turned in every year for a new model. He no longer smokes, but at the time he was a chain smoker of Sweet Caporals. Urged by the Conservation Department to use a closed car, since he had to be on the prowl in midwinter, he said, reasonably, that he needed an open car so he wouldn't strangle on his own cigarette smoke.

The crash of 1929 wiped out Townsend's private income, a blow that reduced his scale of living to one more normal for a game warden. He took the blow gracefully, his mind being mainly on wildlife. In fact, he has refused to be separated from it, no matter what the inducement. Twice Conservation Commissioners have offered him a chance at the inspectorship of the southern New York district—a job paying more than what he now gets—and he has turned it down, because it would mean less time in the field. In 1931, Townsend married Miss Ruth E. Lacey, a handsome and adaptable woman some years younger than he is. On his salary, which is a bit above the twenty-five hundred dollars the average game protector earns, they manage to get by. She has adjusted herself to the rigors of living with a man on call twenty-four hours a day, welcomes unexpected guests, human and animal, and cheerfully caters to her husband's odd eating habits. Although Townsend has lost quite a few pounds in recent months, he has weighed as much as two hundred and fifty, and for years he has made a practice of eating only one real meal a day. He drinks two quarts of black coffee for breakfast, skips lunch, and eats a solid dinner, which has been known to consist of four thick slices of ham, a dozen scrambled eggs, a platterful of French-fried potatoes, half an apple pie, and two quarts of milk. Since her marriage, Mrs. Townsend has learned

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something gay
for gift or guest
on Christmas day!

For a welcome
holiday change
serve . . .
Puerto Rican Rum
e holiday
on the back
Tom & Jerry

YULE CHEER...EVERYONE WILL CHEER!

As served at the Christmas Tree Inn, Stockbridge, Mass.

For present-giving or party-giving, Puerto Rican rum makes a welcome holiday change! A traditional Christmas drink since colonial days, it's the happiest holiday drink today! Send it as a gift in the distinctive gay gift package above. Serve it to guests and hear them cheer its light, dry, *smoothness!* Sip a merry Christmas with America's most popular rum, Puerto Rican rum.

HOT BUTTERED RUM

1 jigger golden
Puerto Rican rum
Lump of sugar
Small chip butter
4 cloves

Fill with boiling water and stir. As Christmasy as holly . . . as smart and smooth as fine Puerto Rican rum itself.

RUM HIGHBALL

1 jigger golden
Puerto Rican rum
(So Smo-o-th!)
Add ice, soda,
ginger ale or water

You'll never know how really light and smooth a highball can be until you try one made with Puerto Rican rum.

TOM & JERRY

Beat white and yolk
of 1 egg separately
Blend. Add tsp. sugar
Stir and pour in
1 jigger
Puerto Rican rum

Top with hot milk or boiling water. Sprinkle with nutmeg. A Tom and Jerry that's distinctive, smart, satisfying.

There are many fine brands
—these words on every bottle

Puerto Rican Rum

Light *and* Dry—*not heavy and sweet*

PUERTO RICO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, SAN JUAN, P. R.

enough conservation law to answer telephone inquiries, when he isn't home, as knowledgeably as he would. Also, she has mastered the shotgun sufficiently to win the woman's state trapshooting championship, despite the fact that before meeting Townsend she had never had a gun in her hands.

In their own way, the Townsends lead a quiet life. Outside his profession, Townsend has only two interests. One of these developed late in life. A few years back, he started painting remarkably authentic sporting scenes on tiles—a stag running through a wood, mallards rising from a marsh at dawn—using waterproof lacquers made for tinting fishermen's lures, since no other paint happened to be around the house. A number of artists have told him that he is possibly the only painter operating in this medium. The other interest, which is of long standing, is bridge. He tries to devote one night a week to it, and dislikes interruptions. One evening last winter, a little after ten, he was engaged in a particularly absorbing rubber. There was a cozy fire in the grate, he was in his slippers, and tension was high. It was a bridge-player's dream. Townsend felt he had earned this relaxation; his working day had started at five that morning, with a telephoned complaint from a farmer about some illegal pheasant-hunting, and had ended only a couple of hours before. Then, just as Townsend was making a neat finesse, the phone rang. Over near the Rockefeller estate, at Pocantico Hills, a man reported, there was a badly injured deer. Swearing, Townsend asked to be excused and changed his clothes. As he left, he said he'd be back soon. The winter's heaviest snow lay on the ground. After getting as near to the spot as he could by road, Townsend parked the car and struggled for half a mile through deep drifts, up and down hills, across ravines and gullies, to where the crippled animal lay. He shot the deer and slung it over his shoulder. As is his custom, he was going to turn it over the next day to a charitable institution. Then he walked the half mile back to his car, falling in the snow many times. On the way home, he ran off the road into a ditch, and it took him forty-five minutes to get out. When at last he reached his house, it was after one o'clock. The chairs stood empty around the table, and the cardplayers had gone. Mrs. Townsend was waiting up for him and had a pot of coffee on the stove. Sitting down in his wet clothes before the ashes of the fire, he asked his wife, "Just what the hell am I doing in this business?" It was not a new question. He had frequently asked Mrs. Townsend, and himself, the same thing before at the end of a trying day. The answer, after a moment's reflection, was still more or less the same. "Oh, Lord!" he said. "It's just what I'd be doing anyhow, and I'm getting paid for it."

—Eugene Kinkead

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Townsend.)

• •

WINTER: AFTER FRANÇOIS BOUCHER

(In the Frick Collection)

Impossible and lovely she sits here,
Oblivious of the velvet cavalier
Behind her sleigh; its golden runners trace
Swan lines on winter's pearl-encrusted face.
Behind her, ice-locked, mill and mill wheel rise
Against the softly curled and powdered skies.
She is a two-dimensional figurine
From Sèvres or Dresden; nothing green
Inspires her white bosom bared for June
(Scarlatti might have written her a tune)—
Hands clasped within a fur-edged, velvet muff,
Feet on a cushion of the selfsame stuff
In Boucher's heavenliest blue. We'd find
Discomfort in the diamond edge of wind,
But she, the fragile thing, sits unconcerned,
As though, when once the music box is turned,
She'll rise, lift pastel skirts, and pirouette.
Transfixed, we stand before her and forget
The lusts and follies of an Old Regime,
How winter blew away this pretty dream.

—Dorothy Loder

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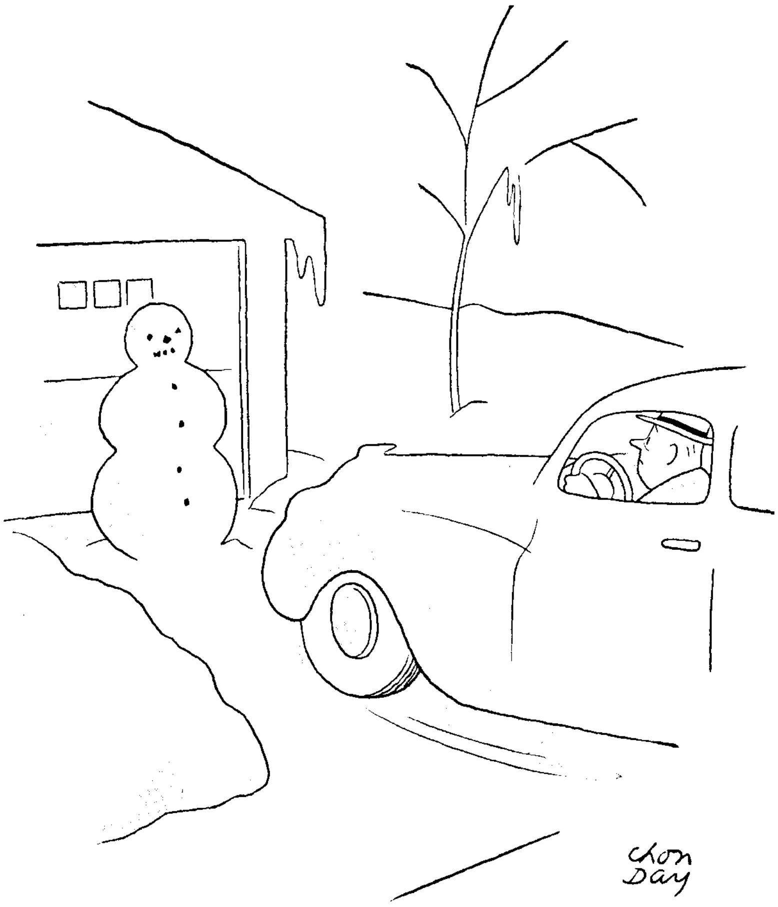
THE THEATRE

BUT NOT QUITE MY LORELEI

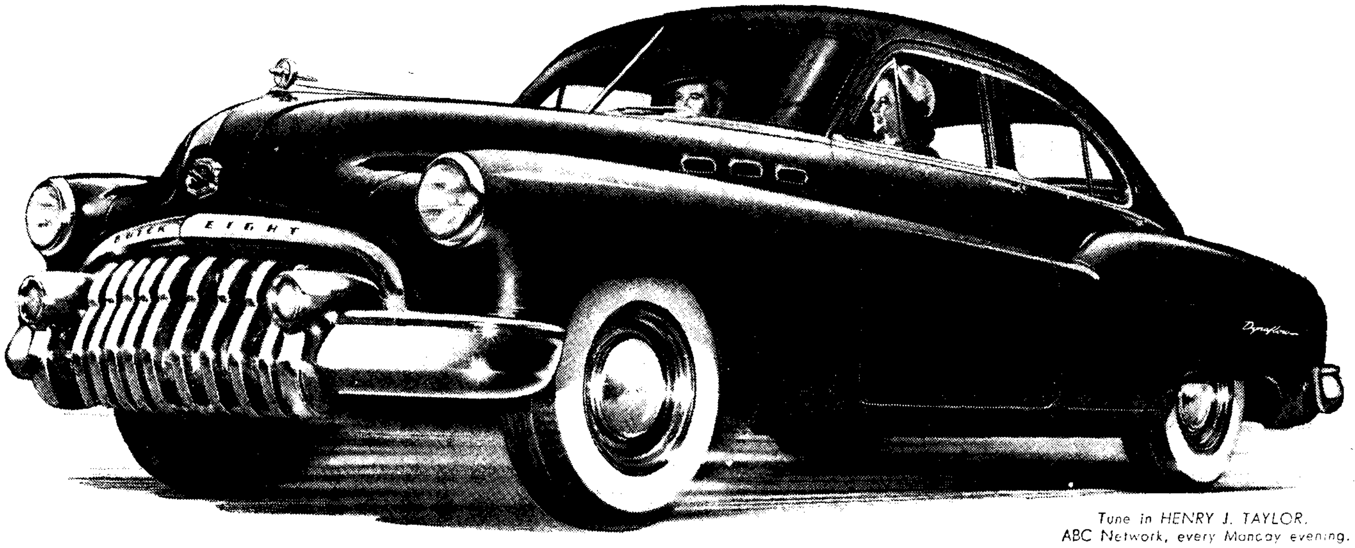
GUIDED by a memory that has frequently proved to be as fallible as the Gallup Poll, I should say that the version of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" presented by Herman Levin and Oliver Smith at the Ziegfeld bears only occasional resemblances to Miss Anita Loos's great social study of 1925. Lorelei Lee, of course, remains a blonde; she is still engaged, in a manner of speaking, to a gentleman in the button business; her best friend is still a brunette named Dorothy, who was described in the original, I think, as a terribly unrefined sort of girl and hasn't improved much in that respect; and both ladies still sail off to Europe, where they get tangled up with a variety of foreign types, including a Frenchman whose Christian name sounds to them like "Robber," which strikes them as remarkably appropriate. Beyond these traces of Miss Loos's first story, and a few lines like "A kiss on the hand may make you feel very good, but a diamond bracelet lasts forever," the new musical contains practically nothing I can identify from the lost and lovely past. There is a fairly elaborate subplot now, involving a man who has invented the zipper, thus, naturally, threatening the button industry; there is another, having something to do with Lorelei's grim resolve to snare a diamond tiara; and there is a third, centering on Dorothy's romance with a rather glacial Philadelphian, who has a tipsy old mother. There are all these, and several more, but the special quality that made the novel one of the delights of my life somehow seems to have vanished almost completely.



Perhaps it is really impossible to transplant Miss Loos's peculiar kind of comedy to the stage. She employed, as you surely remember, the diary form, and the humor of her performance was essentially literary. Lorelei, that is, habitually thought extremely bloodcurdling thoughts about life, jewelry, and gentlemen, but her style, weak though it might be in such matters as grammar and spelling, had both elegance and restraint. It was marred by no unsuitable words or even slang, and her references to her motives and activities were always chastely guarded. Though, for instance, her fiancé often called at her apartment quite late at night, the purpose of these visits was only to help her with her lessons. The great joke, I suppose, was that Lorelei had no idea of the fiercely acquisitive personality that crept out between her lines; she was simply giving what seemed to her a ladylike and decently edited version of the facts. Miss Loos accomplished this intricate feat with fine ingenuity and subtlety, and it made wonderfully satisfying reading. It was, however, designed primarily to be read, and it clearly presented serious difficulties in any other medium. This was demonstrated back in 1926, when a straight stage version proved not altogether as hilarious as everybody had hoped, and, the limitations of the musical form being considerably more acute, it was demonstrated much more conclusively last week at the Ziegfeld. I don't mean by this that there aren't a lot of funny things in the new piece or that I didn't enjoy myself fairly continuously at it. My only point is that antiques who go to it hoping to get the same terrifying glimpse into Lorelei's skull that they got from the book are in for something of a disappointment.

Taken purely as a musical comedy, free and clear of sentimental memories, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" seemed to me a lot like, though not quite as good as, "Billion Dollar Baby," which covered the same period and evidenced at least an equal disrespect for female virtue. The ladies again wear the cloches and low-slung dresses that so effectively murdered sex in the middle twenties; there are songs bringing in names like Jimmy Walker, Texas Guinan, and Calvin Coolidge, which have, I suppose, a guaranteed nostalgic magic, though there are times when I doubt it; there is a burlesque production number (tall girls prancing around in deliberately hideous costumes); there is a liberal administration of the dances of the time, especially the black bottom; there is some attempt to capture the idiom then current, though nothing, probably, that would interest a social historian; and there are a good many songs set to the nervous rhythms inspired by bathtub gin and the dream of never-ending prosperity. Some of this material is very entertaining; some, like the song concerning Miss Guinan, is too familiar to have much further impact, even on the most resolute dwellers in the past; and some, like a scene depicting the gay doings that once theoretically went on at the Central Park Casino, is far too foolish, even for broad burlesque. On the whole, I should say that I approved of the

THAT'S YOUR BUDGET NUDGING YOU



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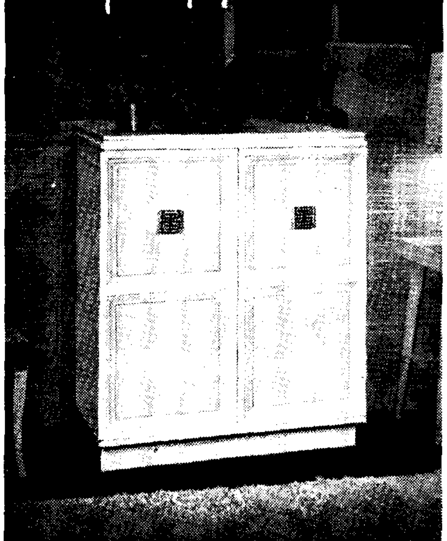

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proceedings about two-thirds of the time. This is easily a ninety-per-cent improvement over either "Miss Liberty" or "Texas, Li'l Darlin'," *but it is also* a long way from the nearly total perfection represented by "South Pacific" and "Kiss Me, Kate." I guess you'll just have to make up your own mind *about the darn thing.*

Joseph Fields is listed in the program as collaborating on the book with Miss Loos and, while it is obviously impossible to say who did what, I suspect that he is largely responsible for the superabundance of story mentioned above, while she has contented herself with inserting a quip here and there, such as, perhaps, Miss Lee's explanation of the derivation of her Christian name: "Lorelei was a girl who got famous by sitting on a rock in Germany." My admiration for Miss Loos remains unbounded. The music and lyrics, executed by Jule Styne and Leo Robin, respectively, are not memorable, though "A Little Girl from Little Rock," "Bye, Bye Baby," "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend," and "Sunshine" have their points. Of the other details of the production, I'd like to report that Miles White's costumes have a lot of wit, though necessarily the joke about those awful dresses has worn a little thin by now; that Oliver Smith's sets, ranging from Lorelei's suite on the Ile-de-France to a scene under the Eiffel Tower, have both humor and distinction; and that Agnes de Mille's dance ensembles, though interesting, often have a curious lack of connection with the rest of the goings on. Carol Channing, who heads the cast, has an astonishingly large face even for so large a girl, and this physical oddity, combined with a broadly comic approach to her part, made her a little difficult for me to accept as a girl I'd always thought of as quite small and almost gruesomely genteel. However, her vehement delivery has a comedy of its own and her voice is admirably suited to the songs she is given, and altogether I'm sure she was a happy choice. The accomplished cast supporting her includes Yvonne Adair, as Dorothy; Jack McCauley, as the button magnate; and Alice Pearce, Eric Brotherson, George S. Irving, Rex Evans, and Reta Shaw, as other members of her odd circle. The dances are mostly undertaken by Anita Alvarez and Peter Birch, who perform more than adequately, too.

"METROPOLE," by William Walden, which was visible for two performances last week at the Lyceum, was concerned with a feud between the

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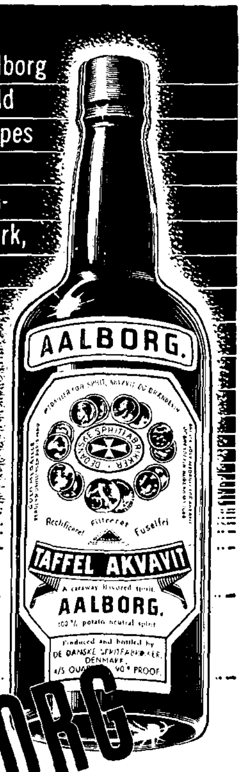

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editor and the publisher of a magazine that I took to be *Time*, though there were those in my vicinity who held out for *Popular Mechanics*. This point is now, of course, more or less academic, but I still think that my interpretation was the correct one, since the editor about whom the action swirled, or perhaps coagulated, was a profane, dishevelled man, terribly harassed by the incompetence of his subordinates, and afflicted with duodenal ulcers and no fewer than four ex-wives. If this queer, savage, but still strangely innocent figure was intended to be a portrait of anybody, it was obviously that of the typical or composite Luce man, who, as everybody knows, is perpetually embittered by the failure of an untidy world to conform to the decent standards of Yale, and whose digestion and marital relations presumably suffer accordingly. The plot had to do with a contest between editorial integrity (more money for writers) and business-office shenanigans (more money for businessmen), and though four handsome young women and any number of character actors were introduced to ginger things up, the fatally lopsided quality of this argument was always apparent, and what humor there was was fairly intramural at best. It is quite possible that a satisfactory comedy could be written about a magazine, but Mr. Walden and George S. Kaufman, who served as director, clearly failed in this instance to do so. Perhaps they should have chosen another publication, even conceivably this one.

In addition to the business office, the ulcers, and the visiting girls, the exasperations that beset Lee Tracy, as the editor, included an employee with a Southern accent who couldn't seem to get the casters to stay in his (Mr. Tracy's) chair, an intellectual book-reviewer who favored dispensing with all art work in the magazine, a female writer who objected to having her grammar combed out, and a couple of moving men who kept trying to shift his desk out from under him. Sometimes Mr. Tracy contrived to get some fun out of all this, but it was a triumph of technique over material, and I found it sad to watch so fine an actor wrestle with such primitive stuff. Among the others were Arlene Francis, Edith Atwater, Gavin Gordon, Jean Carson, Henry Jones, and Reed Brown, Jr. They all gave capable performances, if a little high-spirited for the corridors of a weekly magazine, where, generally speaking, the level of vitality is somewhat low. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

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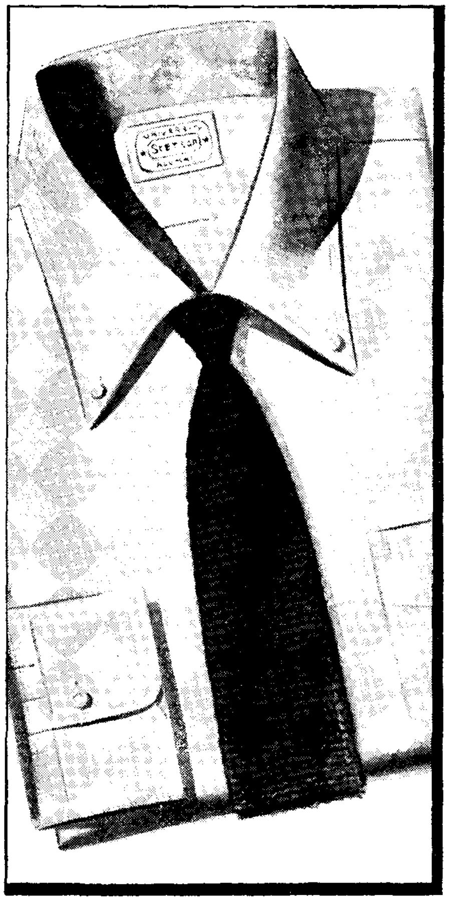

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THE RACE TRACK

Collector's Item

TO all racegoers interested in what the famous horses of a hundred years ago looked like, this department recommends "The American Sporting Gallery," a reprinting by the Harvard University Press of fourteen engravings that the *Spirit of the Times*, a New York weekly magazine, issued as supplements between 1839 and 1844. Carvel Collins, of the Harvard faculty, who prepared the portfolio, has written a commentary on each picture and a foreword. These amount to a fine sketch, in nontechnical terms, of racing's most spacious days.

The *Spirit of the Times* was founded in 1831 by William Trotter Porter, who was its editor for many years. It was quite a publication. Its first three pages—it had eight or ten—were devoted to the theatre, the English turf, literary miscellanies relating to hunting, fishing, and the chase, and an installment from the current best-seller—for one, "The Pickwick Papers." The rest of the magazine was given over to accounts of races sent in by its special correspondents, notices of events to come, announcements of horse sales, notes on trotting, and news from stock shows and county fairs. Leading horsemen discussed principles and theories of breeding, the latest importations of blood-stock, and the decline in stamina of the American thoroughbred and what to do about it. At its peak, around the time the "Sporting Gallery" supplements were issued, the *Spirit* had a circulation of forty thousand and was reaching every part of the United States.

Being selected for the "Sporting Gallery" must have been an honor comparable to being tapped nowadays for Horse of the Year. It's a good guess that straightway many of the pictures became pinups in racing stables and saloons and, in time, wound up on the dust heap. There are few complete sets in existence. The new volume includes portraits of Black Maria, John Bascombe, Leviathan, Shark, Hedgeford, Boston, Argyle, Wagner, Monarch, Monmouth Eclipse, Grey Eagle, Fashion, the trotters Ripton and Confidence, and Colonel William R. Johnson, the trainer who seems to have been the Hirsch Jacobs or the Ben Jones of his time. Most of the engravings were made from paintings by Edward Troye, who even then was regarded as one of the great painters of race horses. Troye's fee for a portrait, by the way, was $60. One of them would now probably bring up to $10,000.

RACING has travelled a long way since the *Spirit* first appeared. As a matter of fact, though, by that time racing had long been established in New York. As early as 1665, horses ran for a prize on Hempstead, or Salisbury, Plains, Long Island, and shortly after that the Newmarket Course was laid out, near what is now New Hyde Park. In the next hundred years, tracks sprang up all over the place.

In the early eighteen-hundreds, racing, which always had been more popular in the South than in the North, grew tremendously, spreading west to Kentucky and Tennessee. The meetings were all happy-go-lucky sporting affairs for which the clubs that put on the shows (jockey clubs, they called themselves) made up their own rules, usually as they went along. There was seldom more than one race a day, but since that was at heats of four miles, best two out of three, it took most of the afternoon. Betting—and it was higher than a cat's back, as the saying went—was between individuals, the way it is now at football and baseball games.

About this time, in New York, there came an innovation that profoundly affected racing in America. When the Union Course was built (until a few years ago, Union Course was a station on the Long Island Railroad), it had a dirt track. Prior to that, horses had run over turf courses, but somebody had the notion that runners would go faster over a specially prepared surface, so the experiment was made. The horses did run faster, and racegoers and horsemen have been speed-crazy ever since. The Union Course, too, was the scene of many of the great North-against-the-South races. The first, in 1823, was between American Eclipse and Henry, for a purse of $20,000. Henry, who carried the hopes of the South, won the first of the four-mile heats, but American Eclipse, ridden, after a change of jockeys, by Sam Purdy, won the two others and the race. Boston and Fashion, whose portraits appear in the "Gallery," figured in another North-South race, in the spring of 1842. Fashion, representing the North, won in straight heats before a crowd that Editor Porter estimated at between fifty and seventy thousand people. Aqueduct and Jamaica regulars will, I am sure, like this bit, quoted in the "Sporting Gallery," from the *Spirit's* account: "After eleven o'clock the Long Island Railroad company found it impossible to convey to the course the immense crowd which filled and surrounded the cars, though they continued to sell tickets after they were fully sensible of the fact! . . . Hundreds who had purchased tickets, despairing of reaching the course in the cars, started on foot and reached it before them. . . . Under these circumstances, it will not be very surprising to any one to hear that upon the return of the cars after the race, the indignant passengers rolled several of them off the track over the hill, and smashed others." (Maybe Professor Collins went to Aqueduct once on a Saturday.)

The North-South series ended in 1845, with the Fashion-Peytona match, which the *Spirit* considered the greatest of all. The South came through in this one, Peytona winning in straight heats. Peytona was a huge mare (originally she was named Glumdalditch, which seems to be a misspelling of the name of Gulliver's Brobdingnagian nurse, Glumdalclitch), sluggish and awkward when going at a slow gallop. But when she was extended, according to a contemporary admirer, "her majestic stride, as she came down the home stretch, created the same sensation on the mind as the sight of a great ship sailing into port." Her stride is said to have measured twenty-seven feet, while Fashion could not manage twenty-three. (Conniver, who, you will remember, had an exceptional stride and won all those races last year, covered twenty-five feet at a bound.)

MY favorite engraving in the "Sporting Gallery" is either the one of Wagner or the one of Grey Eagle; those two had a pretty famous race themselves, at Louisville, in 1839. Grey Eagle, because of his color, catches the eye quicker. But then Troye was always good at gray horses. The best painting of a horse I ever saw is the one he did of a gray mare named Reel, which hangs in the board room of the Jockey Club.

The pictures in the "Gallery," as I probably should have mentioned before this, are sixteen and a half by twelve and a quarter inches, and suitable, as we say, for framing. The edition is limited to five hundred copies. They cost twenty-five dollars apiece and would be hard to beat as Christmas presents.

—AUDAX MINOR

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BY LUCIUS BEEBE

Champagne hasn't always been the ranking wine in point of social prestige in the United States that it is today. In British Colonial times Madeira was considered by persons of means and taste to be the top-notch wine of ceremony. The rise of champagne in popularity began just before the Civil War and careened to splendid heights on the wave of prosperity after that struggle. In the fraternization which followed the close of hostilities in the Mexican War in the middle forties, Army records show that, at a ball for American and Mexican officers in Chihuahua, 3,392 bottles of champagne were emptied. By the seventies the service of champagne became a hallmark at once of means and social position. From that time to this its status has never declined.

As for champagne names that have retained their fame from the seventies to this day, one immediately thinks of Pol Roger. Founded in 1849, this great French house has given to the world more than one famous vintage. Currently popular is Pol Roger Brut Special 1934, a noble vintage that has developed beautifully. —Lucius Beebe

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TELEVISION

Those Syracuse Boys Again

ABOUT one-fourth of the way through the Kraft Television Theatre's presentation, last week, of William Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors," there was a pause for a commercial. Matters had already got pretty well out of hand. I, for one, had only the barest notion which fellow was Antipholus of Syracuse and which fellow was Antipholus of Ephesus, and when it came to distinguishing between Dromio (Ephesus) and Dromio (Syracuse)—well, both the Bard and the cheese people had me there. As for the sisters Luciana and Adriana (one was married to an Antipholus), for all I knew, one of them was Nurse Edith Cavell and the other was Gypsy Rose Lee, brother-in-law to Howdy Doody, a peasant. To add to the general misery, there were a goldsmith, trying to collect on a gold chain sold to an Antipholus (the goldsmith was having my trouble finding out which Antipholus was which), and two clowns who kicked up their heels and indulged in humor of the "Nay, then, thus!" and "Away, sirrah, away!" variety. Then came the commercial. I had never believed it possible that a commercial could quiet jangled nerves. This was a simple commercial, simply presented, and its simplicity has made me a lifelong chum of Philadelphia Cream Cheese. The announcer, who spoke while a picture of a bowl of mashed-up Philadelphia Cream Cheese was flashed on the screen, had the voice of an old family doctor, soothing, understanding, all-wise. He urged his listeners to put Philadelphia Cream Cheese in *their* bowls, add a bit of lemon juice and a dash of Worcestershire, and then toss in some minced clams. "Stir it up," he said as though he were prescribing a month in the Adirondacks for a very tired patient. "Stir it up well, and—oh, it's delicious!" I believed every word the man said. Then the audience was returned to the Antipholi and the Dromii. By this time, the situation had become hazardous. A host of ancient Greek types—a duke, a courtesan, policemen, and the like—put in an appearance on my tiny screen to express their bewilderment, and to mirror mine, at what was going on. Finally, after several welcome interruptions to reveal additional cheese surprises, "The Comedy of Errors" drew to a close, precisely one hour after it had begun.

Later, while admiring a Philadelphia Cream Cheese in the kitchen, I tried to figure out what had gone wrong, and concluded that time, the enemy of all things, had whipped this particular production to a pulp. "The Comedy of Errors" is difficult enough to grasp when presented, God forbid, full length. Try to squeeze it into one hour, to the minute, and you end up with something less than comedy and more than error. The actors did quite well, I guess, and I have no complaint to make about the Antipholi, the Dromii, Adriana, or Luciana. The goldsmith, Vaughn Taylor, was especially effective (for one thing, he was the only goldsmith), and the camerawork was stunning. There was an intimacy about the production that was appealing, and I kept regretting that so much effort and skill had gone into so utterly hopeless a case of mistaken identities.

SEVERAL nights before, television drama took a big step backward when Basil Rathbone, sleek, sinister, and blowing swift, genteel gusts of smoke from a cigarette, turned up in a playlet entitled "At Night All Cats Are Gray." Robert Garland, the author, was evidently attempting a satire involving a pair of fashionable London jewel thieves. One thief, a girl called Drusilla, intrudes upon the Honourable Philip Worthingham in his quarters. The Honourable Philip is the owner of a celebrated gem collection. Drusilla flirts with the Honourable Philip. He is both attracted and repelled. He is, of course, a man, but he is first and foremost a gentleman, and he says to Drusilla, at one tense point, "I am afraid that I must send you home." "Oh, you wouldn't do *that!*" cries Drusilla. "But," says the Honourable Philip, blowing smoke in her face, "you—er—know you cahn't stay on heah. This is absolutely absuhd." Drusilla flirts a while longer, tells him about some trouble she is having with her husband, and brings him in from offstage. The Honourable Philip leaves them alone for a moment, ostensibly so they can work out their domestic difficulties, and they make for the jewel collection. Naturally, the Honourable Philip turns out to be one of Scotland Yard's most astute operatives. He has not been fooled for an instant, but he permits Drusilla and her husband to get away, something in Drusilla's eyes or voice having touched his constabulary heart. As I say, Mr. Garland apparently meant all this to be satire. I am not willing to concede that any man wrote "At Night All Cats Are Gray" expecting it to be taken seriously. Taking it as satire, and as satire alone, I'll be damned if I know what he was satirizing.

MUCH of the chill terror of the original "Kind Lady" came through in the recent television version of the Edward Chodorov drama, starring Fay Bainter and Joseph Schildkraut. The story, you may recall, is concerned with a generous, warm-hearted lady who befriends a young man posing as a poverty-stricken artist. She takes him and his family into her home, and suddenly finds herself the prisoner of a gang of demons, who isolate her from the world, attempt to drive her mad, and force her to sign a paper relinquishing her fortune. "Kind Lady" was bloodcurdling on the stage, and it was bloodcurdling the other night on television. Miss Bainter was superb as the kind lady, even if at times she appeared to be inhibited by the limited range of the cameras. When actors of Miss Bainter's calibre—that is to say, of the highest calibre—appear on television, it is evident that they do not have sufficient room in which to work. The cameras have a tendency to concentrate upon their facial expressions, neglecting those gestures of hands and movements of the body that are essential to fine acting. Mind you, there is nothing wrong with Miss Bainter's face, but she would be the first to urge, I am certain, that a director present more of her to the audience. Closeups are fine, especially in a psychological drama such as "Kind Lady," but if television is to achieve some of the illusion of the theatre, it will have to back its cameras away from its actors. Television directors cannot give us the perspective of real theatre without turning their characters into Tom Thumbs, but some compromise, I feel, can be reached between closeups and distance shots. Mr. Schildkraut, although also suffering from too many closeups, was uncannily evil and persuasive, and his pack of associate psychopaths were equally forbidding.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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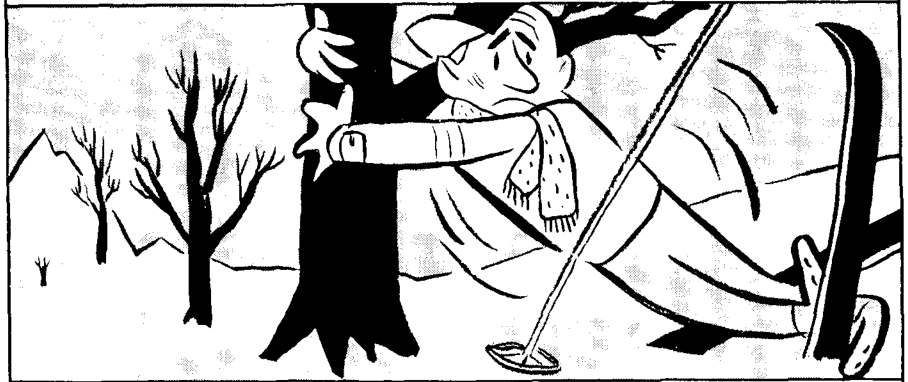

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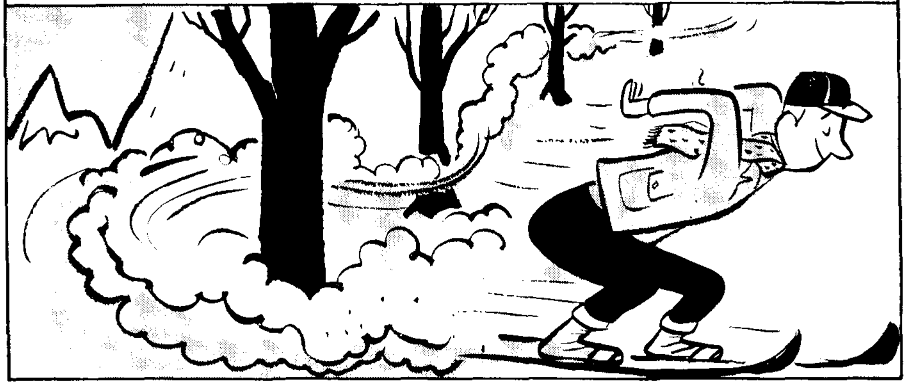

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LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 8

IT was hard enough for French Parliamentarians to know what to do about a postwar Germany in the old days, when there was only one Germany to worry about. Now there are two. The National Assembly deputies recently spent two days and a night debating France's foreign policy in relation to the fractional West Germany, though much of the talk seemed rather like letting the hounds out to run and bay after the fox had been disposed of, for the Chamber discussion began two weeks after the Big Three reached their secret decisions in Paris on the new German agreement, and it ended three dawns after the Bonn Agreement was signed. Minister of Foreign Affairs Schuman had, no doubt wisely, ordered that the Assembly's list of foreign-policy orators "be allowed to exhaust itself," which it did. A deputy from Toulouse was so worn out that he fell into a syncope and had to be sent back home.

Toward the windup of the final, all-night debate, the classic scarlet, ill-lighted hemicycle looked lacklustre and inanimate. The visitors' galleries were empty except for some tired wives, there to hear their husbands' speeches, no matter how late or unimportant. Fewer than a third of the deputies were present, even though a vote on the most significant foreign-policy decision of the last four years was to be cast. (By Assembly rule, a party secretary, poor fellow, may cast the votes for all his clan, including those who have gone off to bed.) The all-night session opened on a Friday evening at nine, with the Popular Republican (M.R.P.) Deputy André Monteil asking whether, in case of another war, West Germany would be defended and, if so, by whom—since every French party is vociferously opposed to a Germany capable of defending itself. The Socialist Deputy Pierre Lapie gave half an hour to the moderates' view that a new Germany must indeed be allowed to stand up in a new Europe but that it should certainly be counterbalanced by England, a slap at the persistent British coolness toward the Western Union, which is increasingly looked upon here as Europe's last hope. All the deputies present during the hour before midnight listened attentively to the main speech of the evening, which was made by Pierre Cot, formerly Blum's Air Minister in the Front Populaire and now a member of the Progressistes, a small Communist-front group. He spoke on Europe's intricate economic problems without notes and with forensic brilliance, offering less the regular Muscovite line than his own theory that Germany's morbid talent for expansionism can be checked only by Eastern Europe, not by Western Europe. One thing leading to another, Communist Deputy Jacques Duclos then shouted at Socialist Deputy Guy Mollet, "You are a valet of the Americans!," and a Socialist shouted right back, "And you are a straw mattress for the Russians!" There was a one-o'clock breather for coffee, brandy, and cigarettes in the Parliamentary bar, and hours afterward the Communists were voted down on their opposition resolution condemning everything Schuman's policy favored, including Marshall Plan aid, the Atlantic Pact, and in general "being bossed by American billionaires preparing a new war against our Soviet ally." But the government's resolution, which was carried, was very cautious about American influence. No matter what Dean Acheson may have just said, to most of the French we sound like General Dawes after the First World War. They fear we will again build up Germany, or at least West Germany, and this time will even rearm it ourselves, to serve as our cat's-paw. And the non-Communist two-thirds of France is even more afraid of what Russia is building up in East Germany, in Eastern Europe, and in China, and will be building up tomorrow, perhaps, in India.

The Friday-night session ended at six on Saturday morning, when what was left of Parliament and the press staggered out into a drizzle and France's twenty-four-hour general strike.

PARIS has no bobby-soxers. Its popular *chansonniers* have to satisfy people who demand a more mature version of life and love than crooning and mooning. Yves Montand, who was trained by Edith Piaf, has now retrained himself and has been delighting adult crowds at the old vaudeville house L'Etoile, where he follows the acrobats and constitutes the entire last half of the bill. A former factory hand, he wears a kind of overalls on the stage. He has learned to make, in the best sense, a perfect show of himself—of his virile, suburban personality, his gift for miming and deftly timed gestures, his carefully clumsy dancing, and his happy hedonist's voice. His songs are short stories of sentiment and character. The favorites are "Clémentine," which is about a best girl; "Paris," about a lonely country boy newly arrived in the city; and "Les Feuilles Mortes," about lovers whose spring has changed to dead leaves.

With rare exceptions, last year's theatre season featured great unpleasantness—hunchbacks tragically in love with each other, a father picking up his own bastard son in the Métro, and so on. So far, this year's successes have gone to the other extreme. They are funny and frivolously immoral. The best example is the Bouffes-Parisiens' "Nina," starring elderly, valiant Elvire Popesco, not too improbably playing (when she can remember her lines) the stout, wise mistress of a young lady-killer. To his flat comes her husband, a hard-working office bee bent on murdering this idle honey-stealer. Instead, the husband becomes so entranced by the lovers' complicated life of sensual intrigue, of a sort the husband himself has always desired but never had time for, that all three settle down in a beautiful friendship. The wittiest lines are Shavian without being in any way vegetarian. But it is the superbly subtle acting of Robert Vattier, as the concupiscent husband, that gives the play style. Alice Cocéa, also a vintage actress but still thin and chic, is starring in "Sincèrement," by Michel Duran. This is a triangle sex comedy whose humor lies in a wife's unexpected fidelity. At the Comédie des Champs-Elysées, the astute Marcel Achard's new piece, "La Demoiselle de Petite Vertu," is a curious melodrama within a comedy, like a wasp inside a peach. It deals with a heroine in an 1890 New Orleans brothel who falls in love with two brothers, one of whom kills himself. The corsets, embroidered drawers, and sultry settings are titillating, the idea is technically an interesting one, and it is a pity the play just doesn't work. Achard is the author of the recent pleasant Yvonne Printemps-Pierre Fresnay success, "Auprès de Ma Blonde," a mild comedy of domestic felicity, which in New York, in an S. N. Behrman adaptation, has become the Lunts' "I Know My Love," and apparently contains conjugal excitements Paris missed. So heaven knows what will happen to Fresnay's definitely unpleasant comedy success of last year, "Les Œufs d'Autruche," which is reported also to have been acquired for New York use. It was written by a young Marseillais, André

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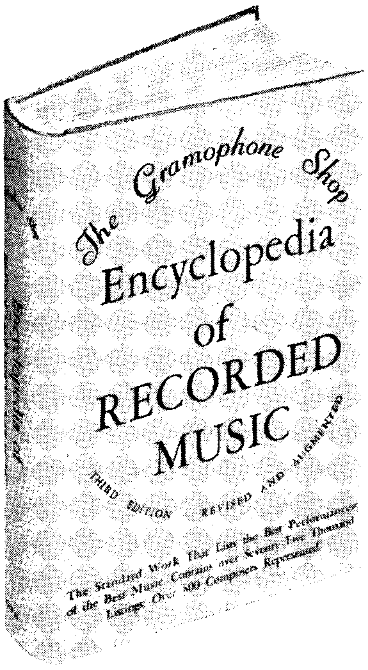
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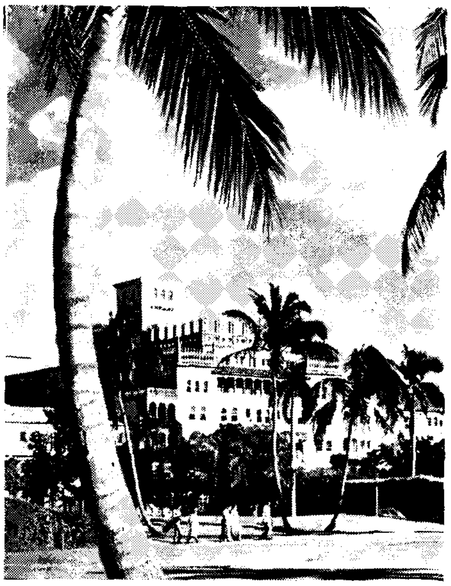
Roussin, author of "Nina" and four other boulevard hits in the last four years, and certainly a new playwright to reckon with. The ostrich in question is a vulgar and conceited, a disparaging and avaricious, an unloved and ridiculous little French father who refuses to see what his two eggs, or sons, have turned into—one a well-paid young gigolo, the other a lovesick pederast. Once Papa gets his head out of the sand and sees both of them clearly, he also sees that the boys can make money through their peculiar friends, so he forgives them both. With magnificent acting by Fresnay, it was a play remarkable for its mixture of humor and shock. One wonders how the ostrich eggs can be scrambled for New York.

An exhibit of birthday gifts, from admirers all over France, to be sent to Premier Josef Stalin, who will be seventy on December 21st, has just been unveiled by the French Communist Party in a metalworkers' hall in the Belleville workmen's quarter. The official evening opening was attended by or with Communist chiefs, floodlights, Party photographers, a musical blend of the "Marseillaise" and the "Internationale," and a decorative blend of hammer-and-sickle and French tricolor. Though Simone Téry, sob-sister columnist on *L'Humanité*, suggested, with a womanly touch, that consumer goods would make nice presents, most of the ones being displayed are useless, sentimental, touching, and patriotic. Each gift is ticketed with the donor's name and address. What has been given most often is a relic or a likeness of a son, daughter, or husband killed by the Nazis in the Resistance—huge oil portraits specially painted for Stalin, or snapshots, or last letters written from prison, or posthumous Croix de guerre. One mother's gift is a bloody ten-franc note found on her son's body. Another's is a small wooden box of earth from the execution grounds at Mont Valérien, a fortress near Paris that the Germans used for wholesale shootings. Stalin is also being given a good supply of French wines, some cherry preserves, and a pair of sabots with his portrait carved on one and Lenin's on the other, as well as dozens of pipes, a sheer white handkerchief with his initials embroidered in red and blue, and a pair of fur-lined gloves. An old vintner in the Loire sent what looks like a rabbit hutch covered with wire netting; inside is a bottle of wine of his own making and a pot containing a growing shoot from one of his own grapevines, the whole em-



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bedded in moss, so that it resembles a landscape. Intellectual presents are few. Stalin's Montmartre devotees offer a deluxe, hand-printed book of a poem by Eluard. The most valuable present is a copy of the first French edition of Marx's "Le Capital," given by the constituents of Mme. Claude Vaillant-Couturier, who is the Communist deputy from St. Denis.

The propaganda value of Stalin's birthday gifts is very important to the French Communist Party right now. David Rousset, the outstanding writer on German concentration camps, in several of which he was confined, and a leading figure in French deportee organizations, has recently demanded publicly that a committee of French deportees of all political faiths be allowed to go to Russia to see if conditions in Soviet labor camps are as appalling as sometimes reported. Rousset's demand has stirred all political circles in Paris. His project has been shrilly denounced as Fascist by Communist leaders and press but is known to have caused worry and questioning in the rank and file. A half-dozen Communists or sympathizers, including the witty cartoonist Jean Effel, have just returned from a junket to Russia and are now spreading their reports in Party papers—and elsewhere, when possible. Effel is drawing a series of funny pictures gaily called "The Man with the Harmonica Between His Teeth," which, as do the reports of the others, attributes to Russia sights right out of midtown New York—fur coats, luxury foods, dancing young folk, automobiles, and so forth. The birthday-gifts exhibition also has a graph showing the growth of American and Russian production since 1913. Ours has gone up three hundred per cent and theirs nearly seventeen thousand per cent—or so the graph says. The biggest banner in the birthday show states, "Homage to Stalin, Champion of Peace, Liberty, and Human Happiness." The official brochure of the show is entitled "Stalin, the Man We Love the Most." Certainly the Communist Party here is doing its best to make its sentiments clear.

—GENÊT

•

Don Juan Tenorio	ROBERT FLETCHER
Dona Ana de Ulloa	CLAIRE LUCE
The Statue (Dona Ana's father)	JERRY KILTY
The Devil	DONALD STEVENS

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—*Cambridge, Mass., theatre program.*

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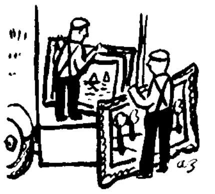

THE uneasy marriage of industry and art that was celebrated with so much pomp a few years ago by the Encyclopædia Britannica, La Tausca Pearls, the Pepsi-Cola Company, and others seems to have lost some of its fervor. The annual prize contests still go on, or some of them do, and a few big concerns, such as the Miller Company and the Abbott Laboratories, continue to buy paintings and sculptures for their collections. But possibly because their advertising departments have come to feel that the publicity value of such doings has been milked fairly dry, their activities are now conducted in quieter fashion, and the latest and, in both scope and prize money, the biggest of all the contests, sponsored by the makers of Hallmark Christmas cards, has just opened at the Wildenstein Gallery with practically no fanfare. Time was when nothing less than the largest suite of showrooms in Rockefeller Center and enough publicity to founder an ocean liner was considered adequate to get one of these events under way.

The Hallmark enterprise, which involved twenty-eight thousand dollars in awards, was a double-barrelled affair, one section for French and the other for American artists. More than ten thousand paintings were submitted, and of these the top fifty in each department were selected for the exhibition. I can't quarrel much with the disposition of the money. There was a Grand International Prize of thirty-five hundred dollars, which was split between the French and American first-prize winners—Edouard Goerg and Fred Conway, respectively—and it is possible that the Jury of Awards was moved more by diplomatic than by other considerations in arriving at this happy conclusion, for Conway's "Mother and Child," dense in design and rich in color, seems far superior to the rather fuzzy-textured Goerg "Nativité aux Oiseaux."

Otherwise, though, the judges' decisions seem equitable (I liked particularly Christian Caillard's "Noël dans le Midi de la France," third-prize winner among the French, with its icy grove of willows, as well as Edmund D. Lewandowski's solidly formalized "Three Kings," third among the Americans), and they had plenty of excellent material to choose from. I was most interested in comparing the two sections, and pleased, too, in a mildly chauvinistic way, to see how well our men stood up against their overseas counterparts. The French collection, in which I recognized the names of only a half dozen of the artists, may have more of the real standouts of the exhibition. It would be hard, for instance, to equal Jules Cavaille's glowing, rosy interior called "Les Présents de Noël," Antoni Clavé's sombre, simplified "Sainte Famille," or Pierre Brocard's boldly Expressionist study of a peasant family called "Le Rêve de Noël." But Philip Evergood's sprightly "Everybody's Christmas," Anton Refregier's lovely lavender "The White Dove," and Laurence P. Sisson's adroitly lighted village scene called "How Still She Lies" come close, and the American group, I think, strikes a higher average of value than its opposite. Again, the French group has a broader range, going from the crisp, hard immaculateness of Georges Rohner's "Adoration de l'Enfant" to such violently individualistic items as Yves Alix's "Adoration des Bergers" and Maurice Savin's "Nativité." Yet a number of the pieces seemed to me to be insufficiently realized, while the Americans, if less daring on the whole, showed a remarkable competence and an authority in the development of their concepts and in their execution. One odd thing, for which I still seek an explanation: Though the general subject was Christmas, when the French bore down heavily on the theme, as a good many of them did, they still managed to make their pictures look like pictures; when the Americans did the same thing, they made them look deplorably like Christmas cards.

THERE are a couple of exhibitions by artists new to the local scene that are worth attention. William H. Calfee, at the Weyhe, is showing paintings in oil and tempera in a style best described by a term that some purists sneer at—"semi-abstract," which in this case means that it has implications of Lurçat and Picasso, among others, plus a rhythmic quality that is Calfee's own. He paints thinly, and his touch is a little dry for oils, so only a few of his works in this medium—among them the large, sparsely patterned "Duet" and the smaller, more sombre "The Three Kings"—really come off. But his skill in tempera is commanding, and in such pieces as "Forest," "Fates," and the lively "Dialogue" he gets a depth and resonance that are quite unusual. . . . At the Niveau Gallery, there is a group of oils by Sidney Simon, a young artist whose principal interest—a worthy one, too, for a painter—seems to be the portrayal of the varying effects of light, and, despite certain awkwardnesses in other regards, he has made signal progress in his main aim. Compositionally, his work is a bit weak and unimaginative. Yet in such canvases as "Cabine I," in which a woman is seen undressing in the dimness of a bath pavilion but which still somehow suggests the reverberative light of the beach outside; "Trio I," in which the effort is to convey the chill luminosity of a skylighted studio; and "Morning II," in which a study of two sunbathers on a roof is made the occasion for a veritable explosion of sunlight, he performs minor miracles of atmospheric suggestion.

THERE are three new shows in which spontaneity and wit, mixed with extraordinary finesse, are the attractions. Alexander Calder's mobiles have always been known for their grace and buoyancy, and in his show, on through this Saturday at the Buchholz, there are a number of pieces—for instance, the lazily moving "Blue Crescent," the small but stately "Blue Feather," and the shivery "Aspen"—in which he just about surpasses himself. . . . The Kootz Gallery is presenting a set of new sculptures by David Hare. These may be somewhat "difficult," since Hare has his own private and sometimes cryptic system of symbolism. Once penetrate that, however, and you can wander in a delightful world of baroque fantasy, in which the intricate "Woman in Chair" and the whirling, pivoting "Dancers" are the highlights. . . . Joan Miró, at the Pierre Matisse, is at least partially the artistic father of both the men just mentioned. His new exhibit contains work dated as far back as 1933, and though no really top-notch pieces are included, they are all alive with his peculiar bright whimsicality and charm. I liked especially his "Women in the Night," with its dotted yellow moon, and "Circus."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Richard E. Pille, director of agencies for Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co., will pick at the luncheon.—*Newark Sunday News.*

Hyperacidity?

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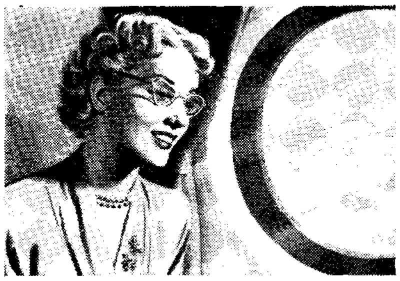

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OF ALL THINGS

THE fourth session of the United Nations General Assembly has adjourned, and the Soviet delegates are justifiably disgusted with its record. In not a single case did the tail succeed in wagging the dog.

●

The Eastern seaboard may be turning into a dust bowl, but Christmas trade is pretty brisk. It seems probable that people are spending the money they *had thoughtfully saved for a rainy day.*

●

Mao has told his four million victorious Chinese Red troops that they must now get down to hard work. The boys might have known that there would be a catch in it somewhere.

●

The American Medical Association has voted annual dues of twenty-five dollars per member to carry on the fight against compulsory health insurance. Their patients are feeling pretty well, but the doctors are running quite a temperature.

●

The G.O.P. National Committee has chosen R. Douglas Stuart, Chicago industrialist, as the new treasurer of the Party. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Stuart can sell meals at a hundred dollars apiece, the way the Democrats do.

●

There is a general impression that the charges made by ex-Major G. Racey Jordan against Henry Wallace and the late Harry Hopkins have fallen rather flat. Mr. Jordan seems to be in a bad spot unless he can sell that diary of his to the movies.

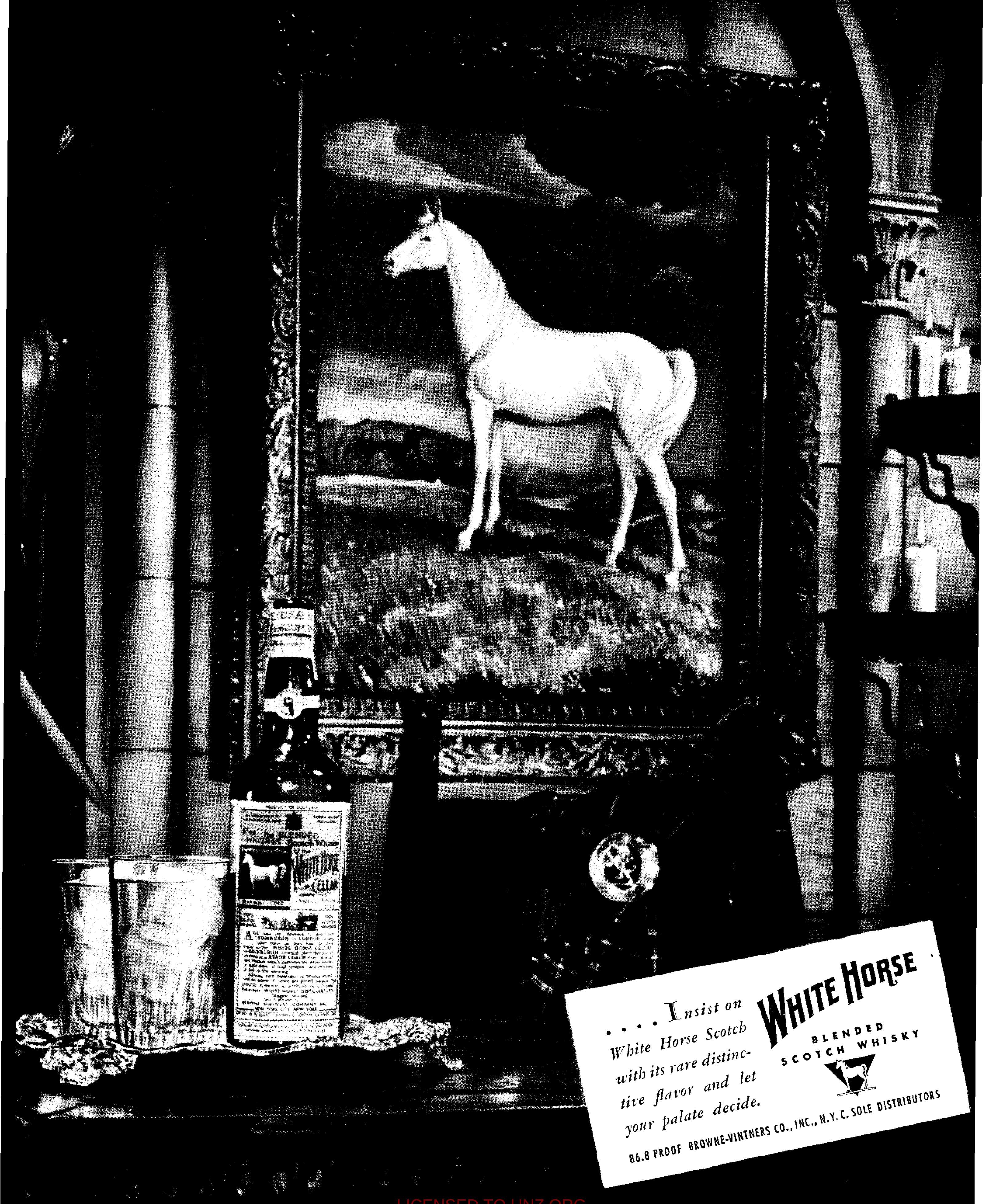
●

A majority of the sophomores at Princeton are demanding that the eating clubs there be open to any member of the class who wants to join. In a democracy like ours, they say, all Princeton sophomores are created equal.

●

The British Conservative Party has lost still another Parliamentary by-election, but the hearts of its adherents are cheered by the defeat of the Labourites in New Zealand and Australia. If all else fails, the Tories can go out and live with the young folks.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER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Dubonnet MANHATTAN
One-half Dubonnet
one-half rye or bourbon
dash Angostura bitters
stir with ice, strain

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND JAI HIND!

I READ an Army press release, recently, stating that the customary yuletide programs were being prepared this year to ease the pangs of homesickness among American troops overseas. The announcement said there would be Christmas Masses, parties, dances, and stage shows, and individual gift packages for the occupation forces in Germany and Japan. It did not, however, mention India, and I found myself wondering whether there *are* any American troops in India now and, if there are, how the Army is planning to make their Christmas a merry one.

My concern with the problem of spreading Christmas joy among American soldiers in the subcontinent dates back to 1945, when I was manager of the United Press bureau in Calcutta. Together with the officer in charge of public relations and special events on the Calcutta staff of the American Red Cross, whom I shall fictitiously call Sam, I became intimately involved in such an effort. Even now, the recollection is capable of making me uneasy about Christmas, about India, and—most definitely—about fruitcake.

I FIRST met Sam one sweltering afternoon late in September when he bustled into my office to make sure I appreciated the significance of a press release he had issued about a forthcoming amateur night at the Red Cross.

He showed up every couple of days after that, always flourishing an interminable release about a bridge or ping-pong tournament or something equally sensational, and he clearly intimated that if I didn't cable it "urgent press" to the States, I was a pretty poor excuse for a newspaperman.

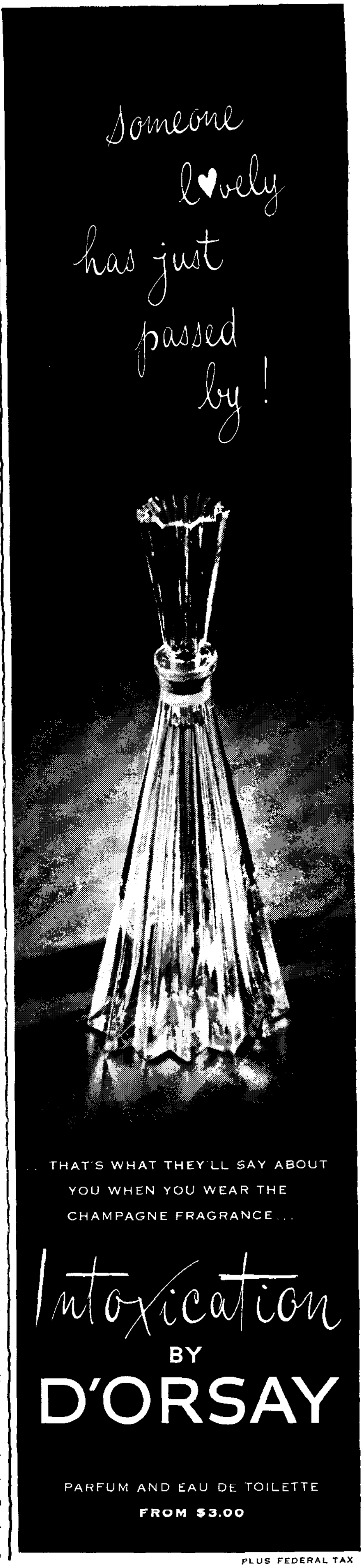
It turned out that Sam had been the owner of a small haberdashery shop in a Middle Western city for many years. I don't know what prompted him to turn his shop over to his brother in the closing months of the war and apply to the Red Cross for an overseas assignment, but he did, and he became, without doubt, the most determined and vociferous participant in the war effort I met. He had more uniforms and trappings than an Air Force colonel—an Eisenhower jacket, a bush coat, pinks, forest greens, and several sets of suntans—none of which lent the slightest military bearing to his short, plump figure. He managed, though, to create the impression that his office in the Red Cross Club was G.H.Q. for the Allied forces in the India-Burma theatre.

At first, Sam struck me as rather absurd, and a pest into the bargain. But in those anticlimactic weeks following the Japanese surrender it was hard to resist his enthusiasm, his energy, and the obviously deep conviction with which he composed his outrageously corny press releases, strung with phrases like "the mysterious East," "exotic India," and "the fabulous Orient."

Sam considered "bringing the Indians and the Americans closer together" one of his chief tasks. This was a difficult role for him, because his own feelings about India and the Indians were in a perpetual state of conflict. At times, he would grow warmly indignant over the failure of the boys—he always referred to the troops as "the boys" or as "our boys"—"to capitalize on the unforgettable experience" of being in India. During these moods, he would arrange tours to villages, schedule Indian dances, concerts, and lectures at the Red Cross Club, and torture himself and his friends about the "plight of the Indian masses." At other times, when his energetic plans had been balked by some typical bit of Indian inefficiency or red tape, he would growl about the "damn wogs"—"wog" was the American soldiers' almost universal designation for the Indian—and brood about the "backwardness of the East" as if it were a plot specifically designed to hamper his activities.

Contact with Sam was nerve-racking and exhausting, but as time went by I developed a great affection for him and even managed to get a few useful news stories out of him.

AROUND December 1st, Sam marched into my office bearing a three-page press release about a fruitcake. The release was headed "Operation Santa Claus" and contained a long preamble explaining that for some twenty-five hundred troops still stationed at many virtually inaccessible points along the pipeline in Assam, "somewhere in Burma," in O.S.S. detachments, and at isolated weather stations of the Hump airlift—"far from their loved ones"—the American Red Cross, in coöperation with the Air Transport Command, was planning a large-scale Christmas air-drop operation to get to each soldier a gift parcel containing candy, cigarettes, playing cards,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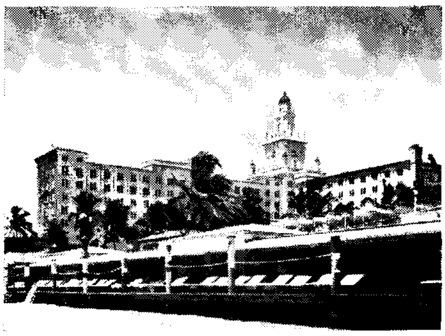

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chess and checker sets, and—a two-pound fruitcake. The fruitcake, the press release went on to say, was being donated by the All India Bakeries, Ltd., as a tribute to American war aid to India. One of the women Red Cross workers (name, age, and home town included) had dug up an "old-fashioned American recipe" for the cake. This was "yet another example" of Indo-American wartime and postwar coöperation, the release said.

Sam told me he had wangled the free fruitcake and got the Army to agree to air-drop it after he had spent considerable time pondering over what one item that would serve as a "heart-warming symbol of American Christmas" could be mass-produced and air-dropped, and would keep in the jungles until Christmas. He said he hoped I would give the story "a good ride." I told him I would be glad to include the essential facts in a roundup my New York office had requested on how American troops in the area were planning to spend Christmas.

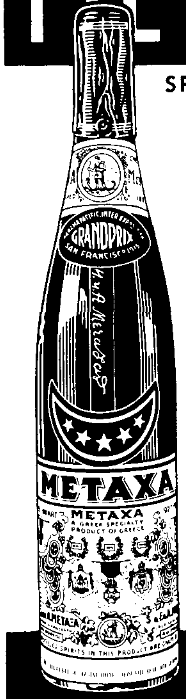
Every day or so after that, Sam gave me a bulletin on the progress of Operation Santa Claus. So many hundred parcels had been parachuted to a detachment of American Rangers north of Mandalay; a C-47, despite a bad oil leak in its starboard engine, had carried out its mission and dropped a hundred and fifty parcels to a unit of engineers along the Ledo Road. He told me he had put up a map in his office and that he studded it with pins each time another batch of fruitcakes fluttered down into the Asian jungles. He even brought in one of the packages, all done up in Christmassy paper, sealed with a big red label—"Do not open until Xmas." He seemed disappointed that I didn't immediately rush out to get a photographer.

EARLY one morning a couple of days before Christmas, when Operation Santa Claus was all but completed, Sam stalked into my office obviously burdened with news of great import. Without speaking, he handed me a small blue envelope. It was addressed to him at the Red Cross Club. It bore a Calcutta postmark but no return address. Inside was a slip of paper with an ink scrawl saying, "The cake is poisoned. *Jai Hind!*" *Jai Hind!* (Victory to India!) was the rallying cry of the Congress Party in its independence struggle.

"What's this all about?" I asked.

"It came in the mail a few minutes ago," he said. "Those no-good bas-

METAXA



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tards! No wonder they gave it free."

"It's probably some crank," I said. "Did you tell the bakery about it?"

"Not till we get to the bottom of this," he said. "The first thing to do was to protect those boys out there. I flashed this." He handed me another slip of paper, a carbon copy of an official Army blank, marked "Attention all stations," followed by some code letters and then the message "Do not repeat not eat the fruitcake." It was signed with the code word for the U.S. Army Calcutta headquarters.

"Did Colonel Hadley clear this?" I asked. Hadley was the Army signal officer in Calcutta.

"Hadley's not even in his office yet," Sam said irritably. "I got one of the noncoms to send it. You gotta move fast at a time like this. I'm putting the C.I.C. [Counter Intelligence Corps] on the case." Sam shook his head and paced back and forth. "Boy! What a story for you, huh?"

I told him I didn't think the story had quite jelled yet, and I suggested that maybe he was moving a bit too fast. I pointed out that anyone trying to poison American troops would hardly send out an announcement, and I repeated that the message was probably nothing more than the work of some crank.

"Too coincidental," Sam muttered darkly, with a logic that escaped me.

"Have you got any of the cake left, Sam?" I asked.

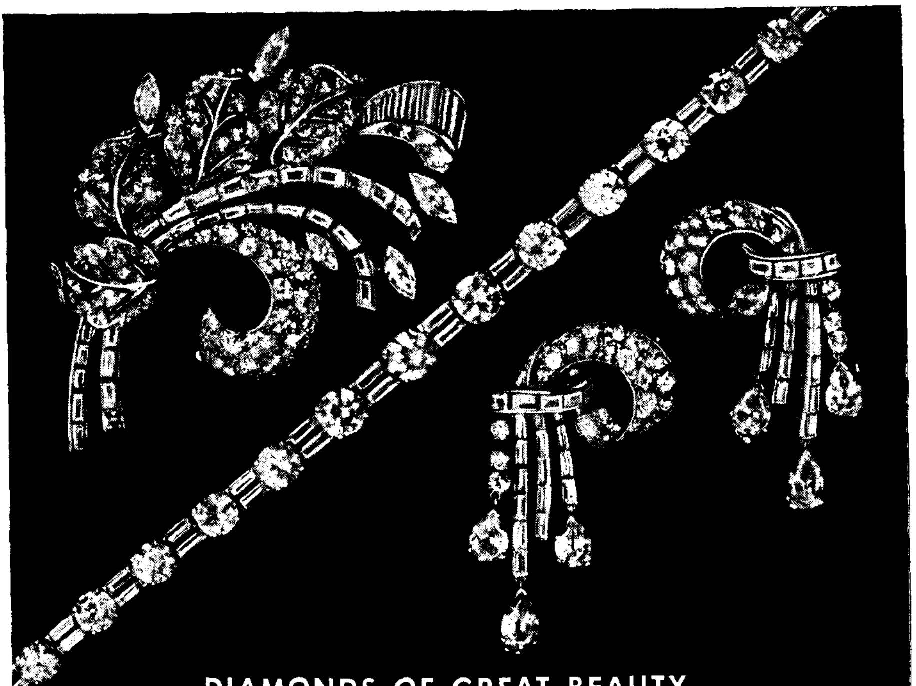
"There's some out at Dum-Dum Airport. I've sent a truck to pick it up." Sam was staring at the blank in his hand and frowning. "You know," he said after a moment, "this message may be confusing to the boys out there."

I told him I didn't think there was much doubt about that.

"No, I mean those packages are all marked 'Don't open until Christmas,' " Sam said, "and if they don't know there's fruitcake in them, they won't know what we're talking about."

I could see the familiar symptoms of an idea forming in Sam's mind, and I knew that unless he was restrained, it would materialize in a moment and be followed by precipitant action. I again suggested he take it easy and told him I thought he ought to get in touch with the bakery before doing anything further. Sam was halfway out the door by the time I had finished speaking. "I'll keep you informed," he called back as he clattered down the stairs.

ABOUT an hour later, Colonel Hadley phoned me. "Is that crazy Red Cross bastard in your office?" he



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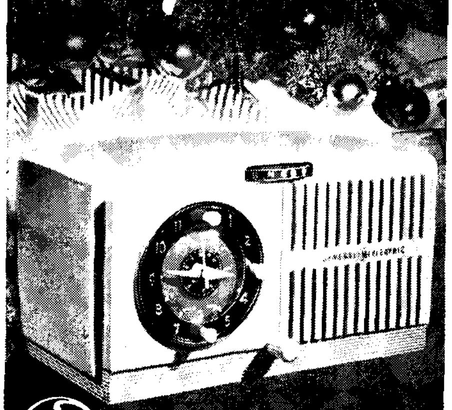

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shouted. "That nitwit parades in here in his general's uniform and gets my lame-brained corporal to burn up the wires with priority messages about some God-damned fruitcake! Then he goes stomping around down at C.I.C. demanding an immediate investigation into Christ knows what or he'll speak to the commanding general! Who the hell does he think he is?"

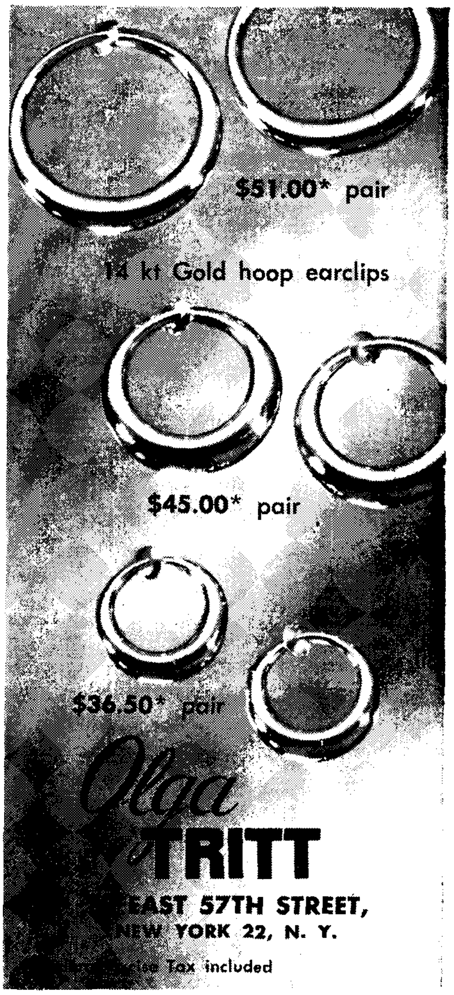
When I managed to calm Hadley down a bit, I learned that Sam, after leaving my office, had rushed back to Army Headquarters, in the Hindustan Building, and got the same noncom to send a second, "clarifying" message to all stations, saying, "The packages you have received marked 'Do not open until Xmas' contain fruitcake. Do not repeat not eat it."

I told Hadley the facts insofar as I knew them, but he seemed neither interested nor impressed. He said the C.I.C. got a dozen crank notes every week, and before he slammed down the receiver, he muttered something about "court-martialling that nincompoop" if Sam ever showed up in his office again.

I decided that, like it or not, I had better get into this thing before Sam got himself locked up. I phoned the bakery and spoke to Gopalaswami, its Hindu director. I told him about the note, trying to make light of it, but suggested that it might be a good idea for him to come down to my office and talk it over with Sam. Gopalaswami seemed bewildered, but said he would come right over. After several unsuccessful phone calls, I finally located Sam at the Red Cross warehouse. He announced, in the tone of a company commander reporting his progress from an embattled beachhead, that the truck had arrived from Dum-Dum with two hundred of the cakes and they were being brought in now. Sam was upset, at first, when he heard that I had tipped off Gopalaswami, but by this time he was also in a lather over his failure to galvanize the "pigheaded" Army into action. He said he would come right over and "get to the bottom of this."

Gopalaswami, a large, regal gentleman, swept into my office shortly after I had finished talking to Sam. He held one end of his white dhoti (the traditional Hindu garment) in his hand and was followed by a spindly, professorial-looking Hindu, whom he introduced as Mr. Menon, and a bearer. Gopalaswami was very grave. We exchanged uneasy pleasantries until Sam arrived, carrying two of the Christmas packages in each hand.

Sam dropped the packages on my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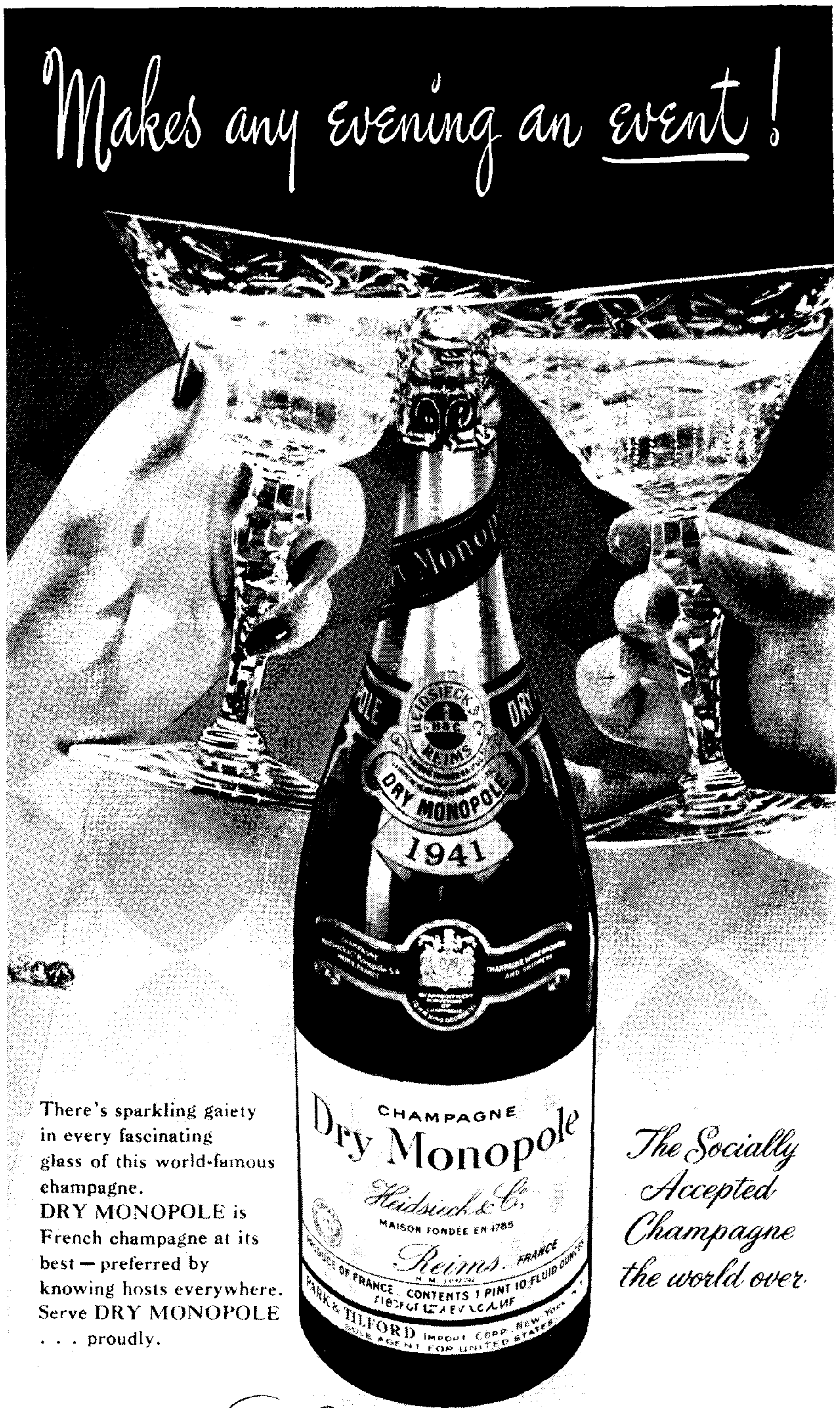
desk, thrust the anonymous note at Gopalaswami, told him that he had radioed a warning to the troops against eating the fruitcake, and then stepped back and eyed Gopalaswami as if he expected him to sink to his knees and plead for mercy.

Gopalaswami studied the note disdainfully for a moment, then reached for one of the packages. He unwrapped it and silently handed the fruitcake to Mr. Menon. Mr. Menon took a tentative bite from one corner and gazed at the ceiling as he chewed it delicately. Then he waggled his head with that rubber-jointed Indian motion that to a Westerner looks like a negative headshake but actually indicates a sort of sympathetic approval. Gopalaswami opened another package, and Mr. Menon sampled a second cake. Sam stood tensely at one side, his eyes fixed on Mr. Menon's waggling head like a scientist studying the indicator on a sensitive instrument; he was visibly disappointed that Mr. Menon had not become stiff with rigor mortis at the first swallow. Gopalaswami broke open the third and fourth packages and fed pieces of the fruitcake to Mr. Menon.

There was a long silence when the demonstration was over. Finally, Sam turned to Gopalaswami. "This proves nothing," he said. "We've got to subject every cake we can lay our hands on to an exhaustive chemical and physical analysis and get an official report. The welfare of our boys is at stake, Mr. Gopalaswami." During Sam's anti-Indian moods, he liked to emphasize to the "wogs," with all the hauteur he could command, that *we* did things in a scientific and official manner and that *we* had a higher regard for human life than they had.

Gopalaswami glared at Sam, gathered up the ends of his dhoti, and marched out of the office. Mr. Menon and the bearer followed.

SAM's exhaustive chemical and physical analysis turned out to be a laborious process of feeding fruitcake to half a dozen white mice down at the Army hospital. One of the staff doctors there was a close friend of Sam's, and together they began taking samplings of all two hundred of the cakes that Sam had got back from Dum-Dum. The whole business lasted ten days. Sam reported to me daily on the condition of the mice. One day, he announced excitedly that one of the mice was "acting very queer," but it turned out to be a false alarm. The mouse was his old, chipper self the following morning. Gopalaswami, who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clearly regarded me as equally responsible with Sam for maligning his fruitcake, also got in touch with me daily to find out when we were going to exonerate it. *I* tried to persuade Sam to hurry up the tests, but he insisted they had to be carried out on all two hundred cakes for the "official report" to be valid.

On January 7th, Sam asked me to arrange for Gopalaswami and his entourage to come to my office to get the "official report." It turned out to be an Army laboratory blank, signed by Sam's friend, containing only the words "Specimen 2173 (Red Cross cake)—negative." Sam handed it to Gopalaswami with the air of a college president conferring an honorary degree.

Gopalaswami didn't even look at it. "Will you please ask the Army to inform the troops that the cake may be eaten?" he said acidly.

"Right," Sam said, reaching for the phone.

"Wait a minute, Sam," I said. "Maybe I'd better talk to Hadley." I wasn't at all confident I could persuade Hadley to send the message, but there wasn't any doubt whatever in my mind about what would happen if Sam tried to. The conversation with Hadley turned out to be even worse than I had feared, and I kept the receiver jammed against my ear to prevent Gopalaswami from overhearing the violent spluttering on the other end of the wire.

I muttered some vague nonsense to Gopalaswami about the Army wires' being too crowded to transmit anything but official messages at this particular time, that perhaps in a few days . . .

"Is there no other way to get a message to those troops?" Gopalaswami asked.

"I'm afraid not," I said.

He stared at me coldly for a moment, then wheeled and strode out of the office. Mr. Menon and the bearer trooped behind.

Gopalaswami returned early the next morning, accompanied by Mr. Menon and the bearer. He had prepared a press statement, in flowing longhand, that he wanted the Red Cross to issue and the United Press to disseminate. It began by saying that the Red Cross "wishes to state its gratitude profoundly to the All India Bakeries, Ltd., for preparing five thousand pounds of fruitcake for the exclusive use of American troops without remuneration." Then it went into some detail about the "sincere spirit" in which the bakery had undertaken this huge task, and ended with the statement "Any reports that there were anomalies in the All India cake or that it was with-

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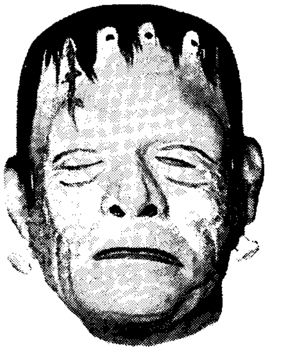
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out perfect health, purity, and goodness, is the work of *agents provocateurs*."

I got Gopalaswami to substitute "utterly without foundation" for "the work of *agents provocateurs*," and then phoned Sam and read the statement to him. He happily agreed to it and told me I should assure Gopalaswami that he and his bakery were "absolutely in the clear on this thing." Sam added that he was "putting the screws on Hadley" to get him to send a message clearing the cake.

I included the statement, after cleaning up the English a bit, in the regular afternoon packet of news for our Calcutta clients. Neither of the two English papers ran it, but most of the Indian press did, without comment, in more or less accurate translation.

WE never succeeded in persuading Hadley to send out a message clearing the cake. I made several attempts to get him to coöperate, but Sam, despite my warnings, continued to "put the screws" on the Colonel, and this queered things permanently. At the end of January, Sam was notified that he was to be transferred to Rangoon to help open a new Red Cross club, and in the excitement of preparing for the move he seemed to forget about the cake.

I didn't see him again until I bumped into him in Singapore, about a year and a half later, when he was on his way home. He told me that in Rangoon he'd met a lot of the boys who'd been "out there" when the fruitcake was air-dropped.

"Funny thing," he told me. "Everyone said all the boys ate the cake the first day they got it. They didn't pay attention to the 'Don't open until Christmas' labels, and afterward, when they got those messages saying 'Don't eat the cake,' they just figured G.H.Q. had gone off its nut, as usual, and was trying to make sure they saved the cake for Christmas."

—ROBERT CLURMAN

•

Messrs. Davis and Hitch state that there are a number of implications in the frequently advanced proposition that money wages should move in relation to changes in labor productivity. One is that over the long run as productivity increases, a rising level of money income with a stable price level is preferable to a stable level of money income with a stable price level is preferable to a stable level of money income with a falling price level.—*The Times.*

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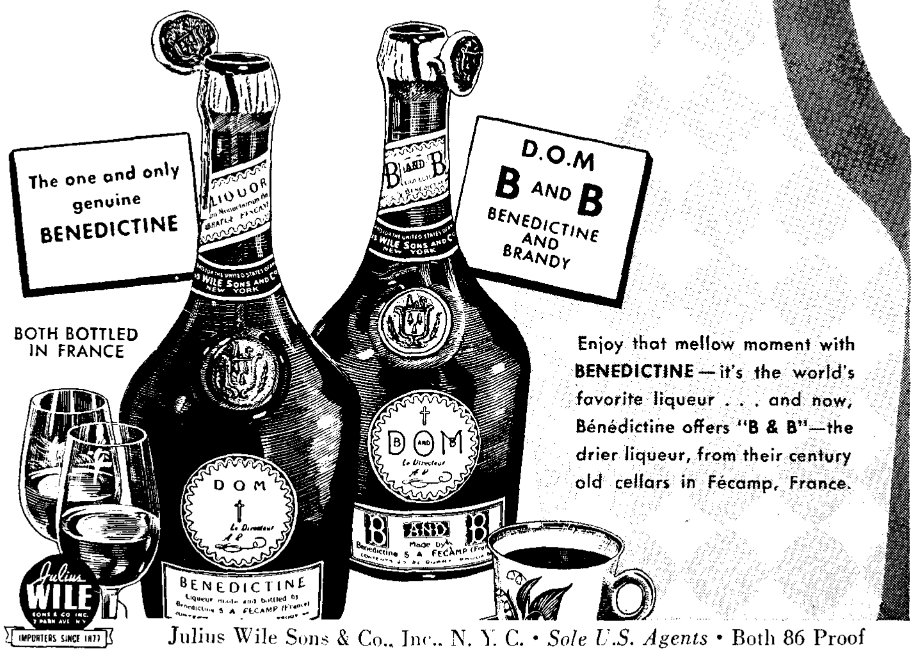

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THIS time next week, if you've been as diligent in your Christmas shopping as we hope you have—and, Lord knows, we've *tried* to help—you can sit back comfortably under the mistletoe and see what comes *your* way. In this final compendium of yuletide suggestions, we've dealt with the problem of gifts for men. We've also prepared a report on luggage and rounded up a batch of last-minute ideas, mostly toys. And on page 95 you will find a short survey of the situation in phonograph records for children. As for the ground we've covered in previous issues, there's been a lot of it:

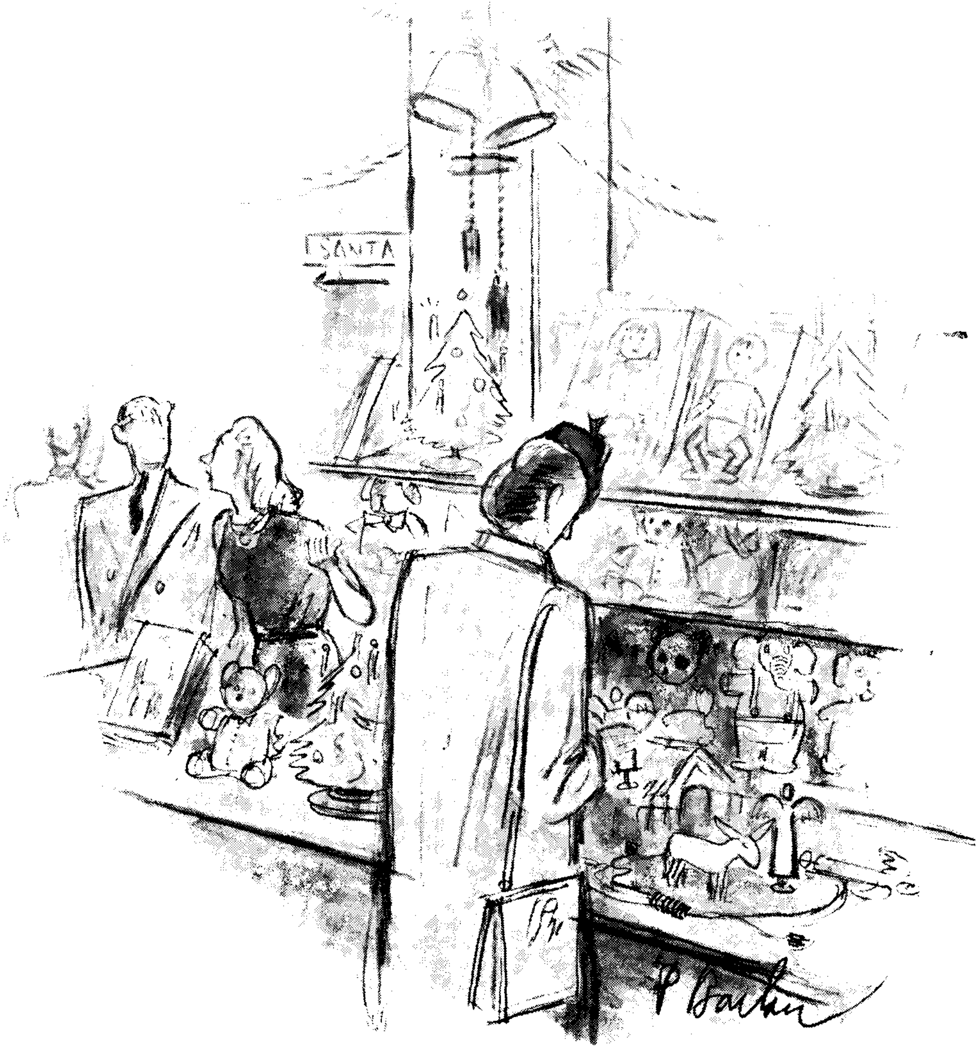
November 19. . . . Christmas cards, and wrappings and trimmings.
November 26. . . . Gifts for the house.
December 3. . . . Toys, and books for children.
December 10. . . . Gifts for women, including jewelry and perfume.

And next week—why, a merry, merry Christmas! And now we're off, pausing only to note that the prices we mention include federal taxes, as usual.

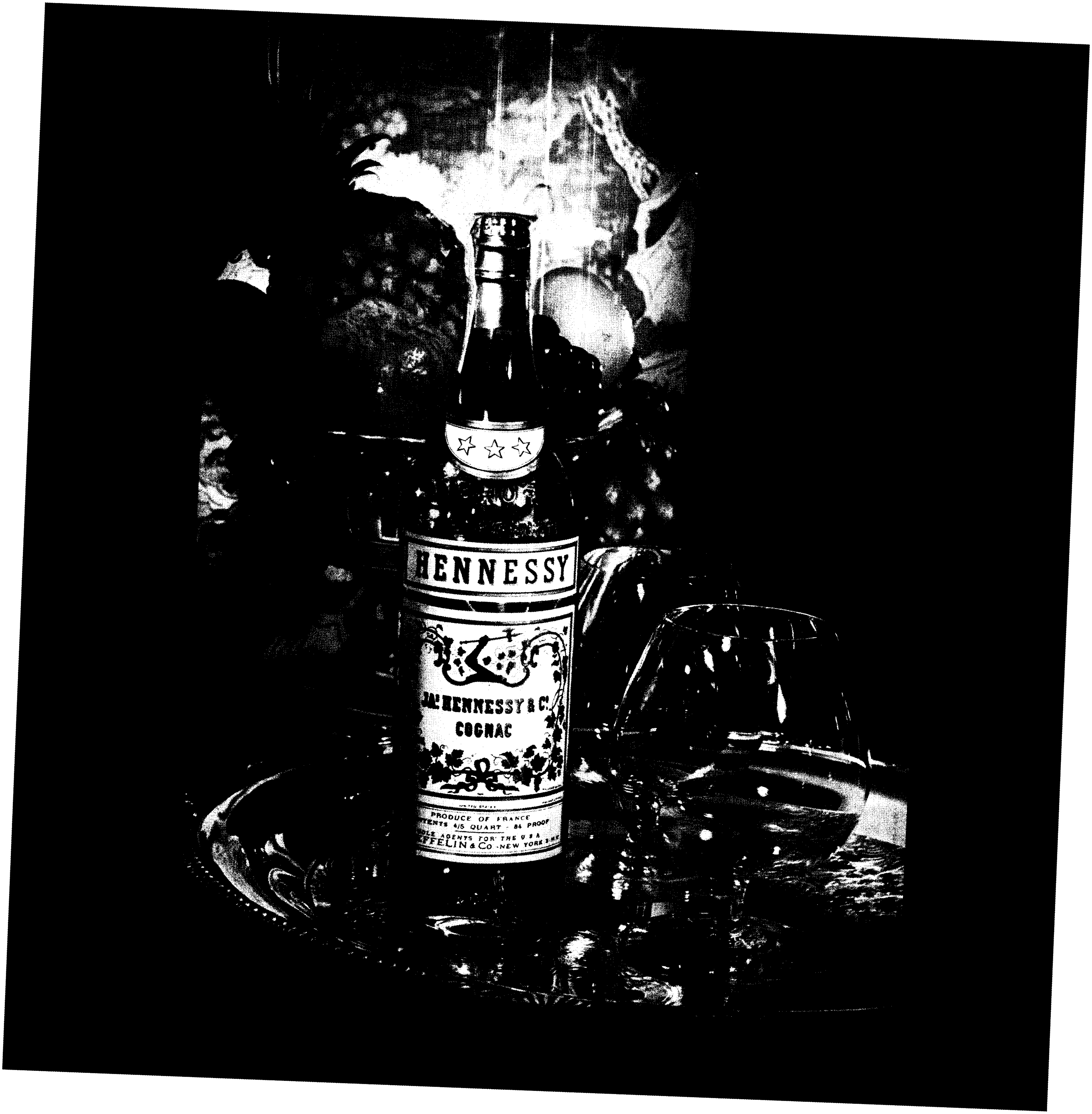
Gifts for Men

IT would be nice if this year we could have nailed down a couple of significant masculine trends that would make things easier for you when you come face to face with the enormous assortment of stuff the merchants have put forward as Christmas presents for men. There weren't any trends that we could discern, though—men just don't lend themselves to trends, it seems—and about all we have to report before we turn you loose in the stores is that the fabrics in men's shops are the finest we have seen in years. Wonderful silks are here from France and Italy, handsome woollens are in from Britain at prices that reflect the devaluation of the pound, and linens and cottons from Western Europe are more plentiful than they have been since before the war. To work!

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: This house has a wristwatch, called the Solunar, *that keeps not only solar time but* lunar time as well, on a small inset dial. This lunar dial is set not by the time signal from Greenwich but by the tide tables, preferably when the moon is full (no kidding), and the dial will then keep track of future high and low tides. This information is valuable, in case you were wondering, to surf and deep-sea fishermen. The lunar dial can also be set to synchronize with the Solunar tables worked out by John Alden Knight, the literary sportsman who propounded the theory that game and fish regulate their activities by moon time. You can buy Knight's Solunar tables for 1950 at Abercrombie for fifty cents; by consulting them and the watch, a hunter will have a good idea of what the birds and beasts are doing at any given moment. (Or you can buy your woodsman a hunting dog and let the dog do the work.) The watch is made in Switzerland, has a seventeen-jewel movement and a stainless-steel case, and costs $71.50; the moon belongs to everyone. About the best arrangement for taking care of a fisherman's flies that has come along since the invention of the hatband is a plastic box, a bit under four inches square and about an inch deep, containing a magnetic disc that has slots for two dozen flies; the magnet, naturally, holds on to the hooks. The box has a hinged lid and can be carried in a hip pocket; $6. Nylon shows up here in a stout, lightweight golf bag with separate tubular compartments for fourteen clubs. It's reinforced with leather where it will do the most good (at the bottom, for instance), and has two side pockets, as well as a hood to cover the clubs; $35. Pocket hand-warmers, fine for stadium-sitters, or duck hunters in a blind, are about the size of a cigarette case; they glow all day at an even



"Can we promise to deliver an electrified musical Nativity to Larchmont in time for Christmas?"



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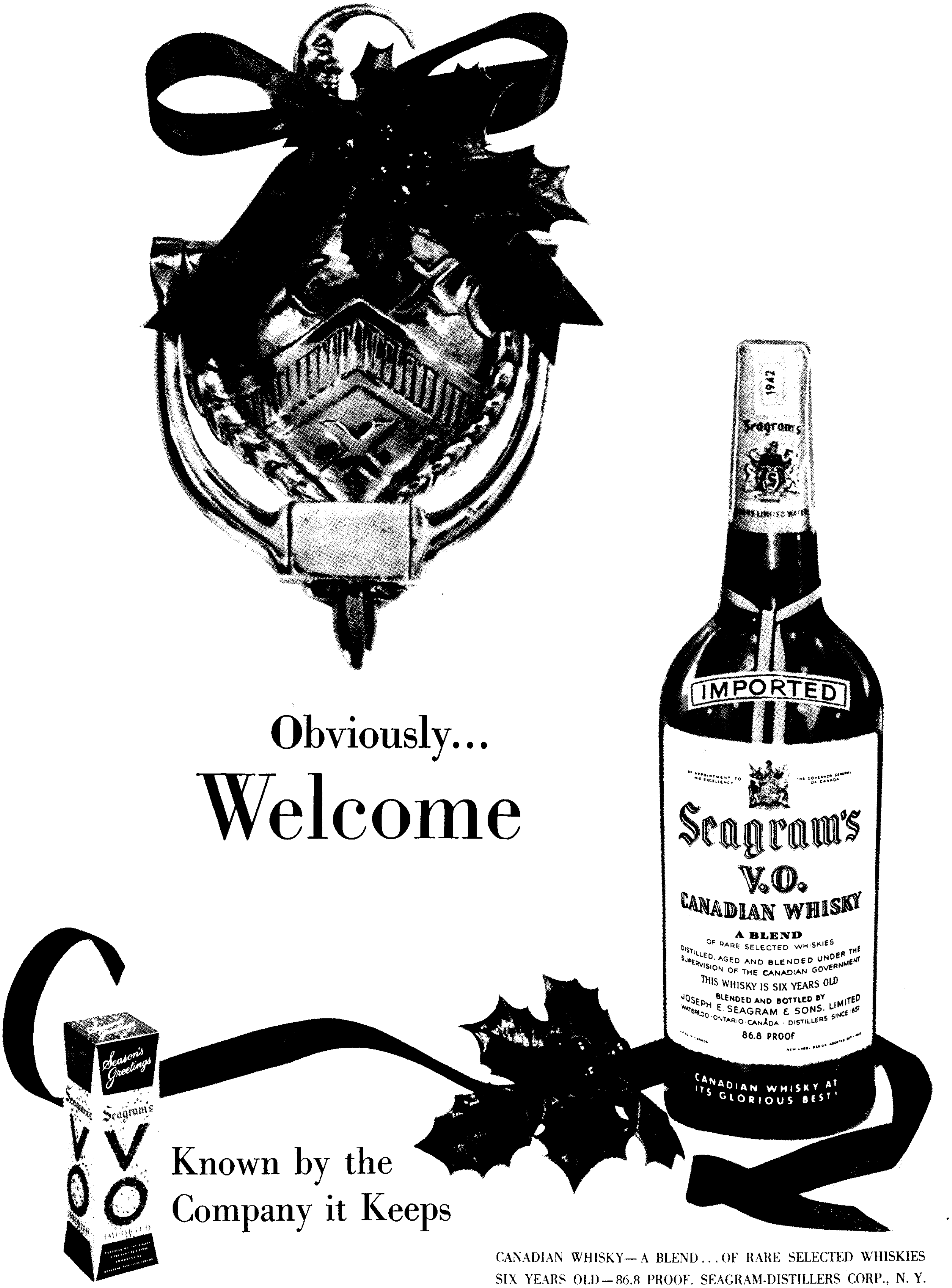
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hundred and twenty degrees, on only two tablespoons of lighter fluid, and there's no danger of setting yourself on fire; $3.50.

Altman: A windbreaker made of nylon twill lined with nylon fleece will protect its wearer in a driving rain or a blizzard, or even on a golf course in a drizzle. It stays practically unwrinkled no matter how it's tossed around, and it dries in a flash; $22.50. Stout shoe trees of unpolished maple come in every size from 6A to 13E and cost $3.25; lighter models, for travel, are $2.75. Italian silk handkerchiefs in plain colors with hand-rolled edges are $2 each.

Andre Ski Shop, 49 East 47th Street: This shop, which has no interest other than the skier and his equipment, has designed a boot that has almost everything except a built-in ski jump. One of its outstanding features is a soft inside collar that fastens firmly about the ankle, supporting it and keeping out the snow, too. The boots are made in France, by hand, and cost $55 a pair. Attenhofer racing skis of laminated hickory with serrated steel edges carry a season's guarantee and a price tag of $75.

Black, Starr & Gorham: A thin, stainless-steel wristwatch that looks like platinum has a round dial and clear numerals; $71.50, on a pigskin strap. Cuff links that employ small gold state maps to hold a shirtsleeve together cost $90, and while they were probably designed with the Texas trade in mind, you can get any state you want. Other gold cuff links draw their inspiration from sports; one pair has a baseball on one end and—you're right—a bat on the other; $45.

Bronzini, 5 East 52nd Street: Superlative wool socks knit by hand by knitters of the British Women's Home Industries. Ribbed socks with narrow cable-knit clocks or socks in a diamond pattern with ribbed heels are $8, in gray, tan, navy, or maroon. This shop also has hand-knit sleeveless cashmere pullovers from the doughty Home Industries; $38.50. They come in gray, navy, tan, or yellow. Beautifully carved leaping tuna, rainbow and speckled trout, bobwhites, pheasant, and so on, made of such woods as ebony, holly, and mahogany, show up on cuff links (the links are silver); $18.

Brooks Brothers: Any hunter in your circle will be gratified to receive one of this firm's shooting jackets, made of a close-woven iridescent cotton

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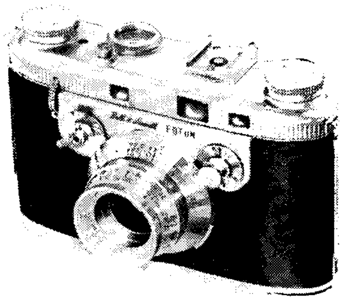

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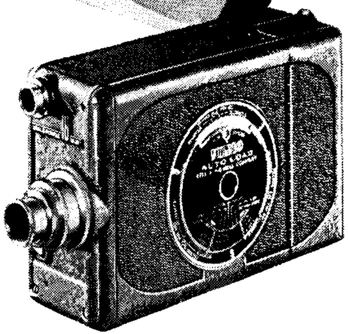

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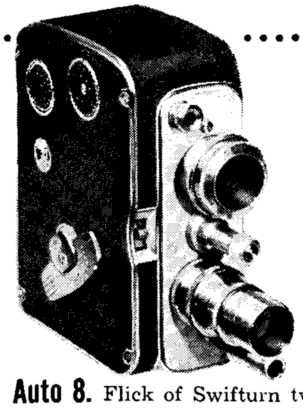

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twill that is water-repellent and windproof and has all the pockets a huntsman needs. There's a pocket at the shoulder for a hunting license; ammunition pockets, reinforced with leather, at the waist; and a waterproof pocket in the skirt for game; $42. For another type of outdoor activity—walking down Madison Avenue, say—there's a Harris-tweed overcoat with a lining of heavy alpaca pile that does *not* zip out. In heather or gray, $110. A stainless-steel Swiss watch called the Golden Fleece—the Brooks trademark, you know—is self-winding and dust-, water-, and shock-resistant. It is a seventeen-jewel job, and it has clear numerals, in gold, and a pigskin wristband; $45. In the Benson & Hedges shop, a walnut box filled with eight packs of Virginia Rounds or B. & H.'s Own Blend of cigarettes is $6.20. Cigarette holders made of cork, with quill bits, are $3 a hundred.

Cartier: Let's start with some cuff links to wear with a soft dinner shirt (or any shirt with French cuffs). They are made of circles of cable-twisted strands of gold and cost $115. In a set of severely formal gold evening jewelry with facings of white linen (that's right—and washable, too), cuff links are $115, and three studs are $65. Platinum dress jewelry, set with cat's-eyes, costs something more; $1,975 for cuff links, $900 for three studs, and $1,700 for four waistcoat buttons. Evening wallets of black moiré silk are handsomely ornamented with eight gold nails at each end and have space for theatre tickets, hat checks, and money; $40.

Charvet, 18 East 53rd Street: The things they think of to print on silk neckties! Sabots, three modest flowers clustered together, a top and a string, corrugated paper, sharp little fox masks, and blocks, bolts, and screws, for instance, in colors as subdued as you'll ever find in this shop, which has just one price for ties—$7.50. English cashmere-and-wool travel rugs, plaid on one side and plain (usually navy) on the other, are $55. French hand-loomed wool mufflers in broad stripes (black and red or black and white), or decorated with medallions in the form of French traffic signs, are $14.50.

Chipp, 14 East 44th Street: Those old-fashioned six-foot tubular woollen skating scarves crop up here, in plain colors or in brightly striped school or college colors; $6.50. This establishment also has some brilliantly colored ties made of some sort of silk cloth from India; $4. The plaids of seven Scottish clans have been made into belts with cinch-ring fastenings; $5. Soft rayon dinner shirts with pleated bosoms, five pleats to a side, have long tails, for a good tuck-in, and tidy small collars; $9.50.

Dobbs: Hats, of course. Stitched tweed hats for country wear are always in stock. They cost $7.50. Another hat to be worn with tweeds is made of felt with a suèdelike finish; it is especially sharp in a gray-green called willow, or in tan, and has a mildly tapered crown and a brim that rolls up a little in the back; $15. This shop has laid in a fine supply of balmacaans, made by Burberry of hand-woven Irish tweeds, for $95. Heavy pigskin gloves for driving are hand-stitched with heavy black waxed thread; $10.

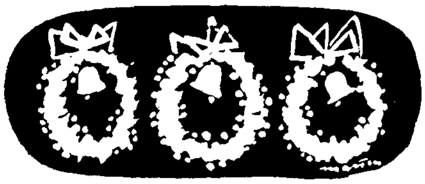
Dunhill: Enough humidors, in all sorts of shapes, to see you through any Christmas list, no matter how many senior partners and bachelor uncles are on it. One beauty, of burled walnut or mahogany, holds a hundred cigars and costs $90; a table cabinet model, for three hundred cigars, of plain walnut or mahogany, is $145; and one of a majestic burled walnut, arrestingly marked, holds five hundred cigars and costs $325. Airtight caddies big enough for a pound of tobacco are made of mahogany or walnut and have aluminum liners; $22.50. Humidors for a hundred and twenty cigarettes are also airtight and turn up in a number of woods besides the conventional mahogany and walnut—rosewood and cocobolo, for instance. Any of them for $50. And an old Dunhill favorite, the jumbo (three-inch) lighter for desks, is covered with leather and decorated with an English tavern scene; $40.

Dudley G. Eldridge, 11 West 50th Street: English braces of buck cloth in modest colors, such as tan, brown, and blue, in addition to an assortment of much livelier ones. They have catgut fittings and leather ends; $5. Belts of the same stuff, also with leather ends, are $2.50. Scotch sleeveless wool pullovers, in a two-tone diamond design of tan or blue, are a specialty here. They're well made and full-fashioned, and they cost $12. Socks to match are $4. Pajamas of English broadcloth, run up in the Eldridge workrooms, are roomily cut, have drawstrings on both the coats and the pants, and in no way depart from the pattern this house has used for years; they are $16, in blue, tan, yellow, or green.

S. J. Feron, 55 East 44th Street: A waterproof canvas carryall tennis bag has a fleece lining and a zipper closing, and will protect two rackets from the damp. It will also hold a pair of shoes, and the other gear a tennis player needs; $9. Something new in tennis shorts is a pair that adjusts at the waist by means of two buttoned tabs, plus an elastic band inside the belt. They are made of cotton twill and have two side pockets and a big hip pocket with a flap on it; $5.50 in medium length, $5.95 for a pair that will fit a tall man. A new windbreaker for golfers is made of one thickness of tightly woven cotton poplin, with a double thickness across the chest. It has unusually deep gussets at the shoulders and under the arms, and a piece of elastic inside pulls the gussets back into trim after a swing—makes for neatness; $13.95.

Albert Leonard George, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): Tailors keep turning out suits without waistcoats because men don't want them, and men keep changing their minds and buying fancy ones later. One such waistcoat here, of handsomely knit cashmere in a tan checkerboard design, is long in the back, for warmth, and is supposed to go with tweed jackets. It is meant to fit as neatly as a cloth vest, and the store makes any adjustments necessary to insure that it does; $37.50. The fellows here have thought up a waterproof coat especially for town wear; it's cut like a topcoat and made of a cotton poplin that can be cleaned without all that bother of rewaterproofing; $65. British-made gloves of black Arabian Mocha, for formal wear, are hand-sewn; $13.50.

Hammacher Schlemmer: If any friend of yours has been grousing lately about the lack of versatility in gavels, he's a good bet this Christmas for a wooden gavel with a shapely handle that doubles as a magnifying glass; $3.75. Another practical magnifier is one that attaches to a typewriter so that a forgetful typist can



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Imported for your pleasure
Canada's finest ale
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DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY
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MONTREAL, CANADA

BLACK HORSE ALE, INC., New York 17, N. Y.

see what he's written; $6.95. A small portable spotlight that throws a half-mile beam works on a battery that can be recharged by plugging it into the cigarette-lighter socket on a car; $29.95. An English coat hanger (with a trouser holder) for a man with wide shoulders (twenty-one inches), is $3.50; the same thing seventeen inches wide is $2.95.

KEEP, 5 East 44th Street: This house maintains a stock of imported hand-blocked challis neckties in about seven hundred patterns, and if none of these suit your Christmas needs, the management will bring out a comprehensive array of ties in solid colors. Four-in-hands are $2.50 and bow ties are $2. Wool ties of Scottish tartan are also $2.50, and ties in handsome hand-blocked madder silk twills are $3.50 and $4.50. Keep's English broadcloth shirts are made with one style of collar for men with long necks, and another style for men with short necks; $8.50 for any neck, with buttoned or French cuffs.

KNIZE, 24 East 56th Street: English umbrellas with crook handles of natural hazel or cherry wood are covered with silk and roll up into the proper Foreign Office slimness; $37. Yard-square mufflers of heavy silk twill are found here in patterns involving either hand-blocked geometric shapes or fine, wavy lines of contrasting colors; $16. Thick wool turtleneck sweaters, for rugged sports in the dead of winter, come in navy, black, and white; $18.50.

KNOX, 452 Fifth Avenue (40th): A man who admires the Anthony Eden-like formality of the Homburg might go for a Homburg here in black or midnight blue, with a ribbon binding. Mercifully, it comes in a number of widths and crown heights, so that he can have a hat that fits his face as well as his head; $20. Knox also produces wallets of the same felt used in its hats. In tan or brown, and initialled just like a hat (while you wait), breast-pocket wallets are $7.50, and hip wallets are $5. Burberry coats of the wide-skirted balmacaan persuasion show up here in gabardine of excellent quality; $95.

LEWIS & CONGER: No end of contrivances, large and small, all of them meant to simplify life, even if they sometimes seem to go about it in a complicated way. A chair of tubular steel that adjusts to any waking or sleeping position at the touch of a lever and folds up for storage with no trouble at all is $35. A sunlamp that is about the size of a camera and weighs only two and a half pounds works on either A.C. or D.C. It can be set up on a table or hung on a wall; $11.95. Gifts for car owners include a key chain tagged with a colored enamel medallion in the form of practically any automobile trademark emblem you can name ($3), and a portable air-storage tank, called Ready Air, that carries enough pressure to inflate a tire and can be refilled with free air at any service station ($8.95). For storing wine, honeycomb units of steel with space for fourteen, twenty-eight, and thirty-nine bottles are $7, $11.50, and $15.50, respectively.

LORD & TAYLOR: A handsome cashmere sports jacket in a basketweave pattern, in tan, brown, or maroon, is $85. Dinner coats and trousers in a blue-black currently called sapphire are made of a comfortably lightweight material and cost $100. Black calf oxfords for formal day wear, perfectly plain except for stitched toecaps, are $18.95. Natural cordovan oxfords are $22.50.

MACY: About fifty different kinds of lighter in the Tobacco Shop, if a lighter is what you have in mind. The Zippo, plain and popular as ever, is $3 in chrome or $7.50 decorated with the head of a hound, a horse, a pheasant, or a mallard duck in enamel. A slim, exceptionally lightweight chrome pocket-size lighter, called the Colby, has a little trapdoor that flies up to protect the flame from the wind; $4.95. A desk lighter, made mostly of plastic, has a visible fuel well; $7.50. A tin box of fifty Balmoral Corona Reales, imported from Holland, is $13.49; Karel I Dutch Regalias are $7.79 for twenty-five.

MEYROWITZ, 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd): A treasure house of all that intricate and fascinating hardware that stamp collectors and similar specialists like to own. A Spencer six-power magnifier in a folding metal case, small enough to carry in a vest pocket, is $12. A real, honest-to-Sherlock four-and-a-half-power fingerprint magnifier, made by Spencer and useful for examining insects, microfilm, minerals, and other such objects, as well as fingerprints, is set in a focussing mount on a small base; $13. Very thin, folding French opera glasses have two-and-a-half-power magnification and take up only as much room as a cigarette case; $32.50. Sportsmen, aviators, fishermen, photographers, farmers, ice

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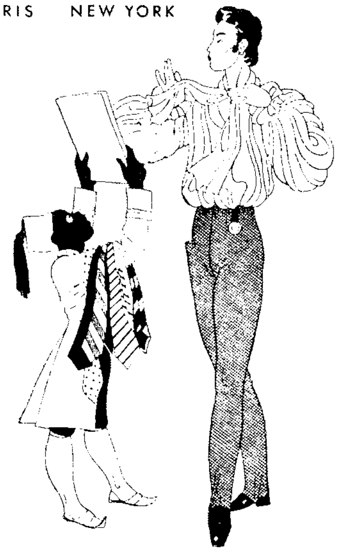
PARIS NEW YORK



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Classic Cashmere Sweaters—
soft-and-lovely and very smart in pretty pastels and dark autumn colors.
Short-sleeved pull-over **$12.95.**
Cardigan **$15.95.** Sizes 34-40.

VACATION IN BERMUDA AND VISIT THE BERMUDA SHOP IN HAMILTON

The Bermuda Shop
Madison Ave. at 55th St.
New York City

skaters, and others whose lives are chronically affected by the state of the weather will be interested in a dial instrument called a Weather Guide, which gives presumably accurate weather forecasts a day ahead; $12.50. It was invented by Irving P. Krick, who was Chief of the Weather Information Section, United States Strategic Air Forces, in the E.T.O., and *he* certainly didn't predict weather by holding his finger to the wind.

NEWELL, 290 Park Avenue (49th): There is great enthusiasm here for nylon shirts, sewn with nylon thread, that are dry an hour after they've been washed, and don't need ironing. In the conventional blue or white, with French cuffs, they are $14.50. Dressing gowns of English challis in Paisleys or small tie prints, cut to order (one week) in a full but tidy fashion, are $79.50. In thirty-ounce foulard, known as gum twill, they cost $100. Swiss voile handkerchiefs, so fine and light that they fold into almost nothing, are twenty-four and twenty-seven inches square, and $2 and $2.75, respectively.

J. PRESS, 341 Madison Avenue (44th): Raincoats from England, the most notable one made of Ventile, a poplin developed by British textile experts during the war for use by fliers. Ventile expands just enough to seal out dampness the minute the rain hits it. This raincoat has a military collar, raglan sleeves, deep slash pockets, and a fly front; $35. Here, too, is the famous Burberry officer's trench coat, of heavy cotton twill; $90, and a separate wool lining is $30 more. Wool waistcoats in Tattersall checks or in solid yellow, buff, or hunting pink are $12.50. Striped narrow four-in-hand ties of silk rep, fifty-two inches long, are $2.50.

JOHN PRINGLE, 40 East 51st Street: Rough-hewn luxury is provided by cuff links of raw gold nuggets; $85. Long shoehorns, made of horn (what else?), for men who don't like to bend over, are $10. Handkerchiefs of thinnest French linen, in white or plain colors, with hand-rolled edges, are $30 a dozen. Pullovers in a heathery blue-green Shetland wool cost $13.50.

ROGERS PEET, 479 Fifth Avenue (41st): A good collection of plaid and checked flannels, woven in Scotland by the redoubtable firm of D. & J. Anderson. Made up into excellently cut sports shirts, with two pockets, they are $14.95. Waistcoats are

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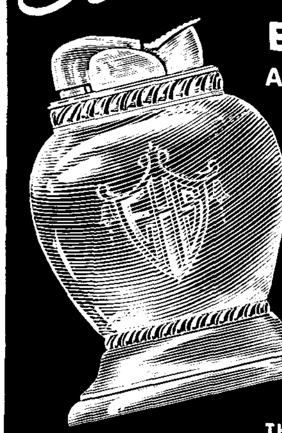

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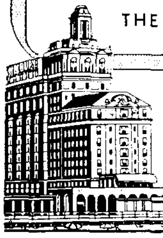

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$16.50, ties are $2, and dressing gowns are $35. Striped broadcloth shirts, in tan or blue, are $12, and soft, pleated dress shirts, of white broadcloth, are $6.95. Lightweight Borsalino felt hats, with cords that attach to a lapel to anchor them against the wind, are $20.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: Sleeveless pullover cashmere sweaters with V necks are handsomely and cleverly knit in patterns of navy-and-light-blue triangles that fade off into a white background; $25. Socks to match can be had for $7.50. Another sweater, in a combination of cashmere and wool, which is said to return to its shape after washing without blocking or stretching, costs $12.95, in blue, maroon, or gray. In the tobacco department here, we find a cedar cigar chest stuffed with fifty double-claro Havana coronas; $30. Another cedar chest contains fifty Havana cigars in five sizes and shapes; $30. Sturdy oiled-leather pac-boots that will keep feet warm and dry in a duckblind or thaw them out after skiing are made of sheepskin with fleece lining; $10.50.

A. G. SPALDING, 518 Fifth Avenue (43rd): Thick hand-loomed ski sweaters in black, gray, or red, with crew necks, are $11.75. Ski gauntlets in white, black, or blue cotton poplin with buckskin palms cost $4.25. Well-cut, washable shirts of a half-wool, half-cotton mixture cost $12.50. A lightweight cotton poplin pullover windbreaker for golfers has cuffs and a close-fitting collar of heavy ribbed wool; $8.50.

SULKA: Along with the dignified moiré silk ties that are a staple here are some woven silk ties in quiet herringbones and pinpoint checks ($7.50), and a group of English silk foulards in small patterns ($5.50). Bow ties of black silk with a design of almost invisible silvery-gray lines, to wear with a dinner coat, are $4.50. Handsome dress socks from France, of black ribbed silk, are $6 a pair, and fine hand-sewn Mocha gloves from England are $12.50.

TIFFANY: A gold bill clip embellished with a clover leaf that holds three dimes—for the dressy subway traveller—is $68. There's another dimeholder, with a capacity of seven dimes, at one end of a gold key blank; $28.90. Dimes to fill it are ten cents apiece. Topaz-colored quartz combined with real pearls is a new note in men's evening jewelry; waistcoat buttons so trimmed are $35 each, shirt studs are three for $89, and cuff links are $130 a set. Plain gold harness buckles for plain leather belts are $48.

TRIPLER: There's a startling gift here for your favorite fisherman. Ties of cashmere challis come with four or five real trout flies—a silver doctor, a royal coachman, a bluebottle, a Jock Scott, or some such—fastened to them; $5 each, flies and all. Medium-thin alpaca wool sweaters from England, with high, round necklines and plenty of shoulder room, come in tan, brown, light gray, burgundy, yellow, light blue, or navy; $32.50. Dress shirts of starched piqué are $7.50. A dressing gown made in England of soft wool in a brown or wine hound's-tooth check on white is $40. Knit wool gloves from France, in white, tan, yellow, or navy, are $3.50.

JOHN WANAMAKER'S LONDON SHOP, 59 Liberty Street: A comfortable dressing gown of natural camel's hair, the type that men have clung to for generations, has a shawl collar, three patch pockets, and a cord to tie about the waist; $50. Well-cut jackets of American tweeds, with natural shoulders, notched lapels, and three buttons, are $45. Clocked socks of fine French lisle in black or colors are $3.50. English Daks (slacks) come in wool gabardine and plaids and checks; $27.50. Ties of Atkinson's Irish silk-and-wool poplin, in solid colors as well as stripes and plaids, appear here in a narrow width and an ample length; $3.50.

WHITEHOUSE & HARDY, 695 Fifth Avenue (55th): A nice thought for a travelling man is a nylon foulard-print dressing gown, lightweight and wrinkleproof, that folds up inside a small, flat case of the same material; $25. Jackets of imported hand-woven Shetland wool, in black or brown hound's-tooth checks, are $65.

Very light English raincoats, of Egyptian-cotton poplin, cost $25.

SCATTERED RETURNS: Brunswick-Balke-Collender, 109 Fifth Avenue (18th), advise that their Mineralite bowling balls can be drilled to suit any grip; the man who gets a gift certificate for one for Christmas can take his hand to this firm and have it fitted to a bowling ball. The drilling takes twenty-four hours. Black balls are $21.95, brown ones are $22.95, and green ones are $25.95. Carrying cases vary in price, from $3.95, for canvas, to $29.95, for saddle leather, and include space for a pair of bowling shoes. . . . A bridge-playing commuter would certainly appreciate a billfold that includes a compartment for a deck of cards; such a wallet costs $9 in pin seal, and $18 in alligator at the Hoffritz shops at 331 Madison Avenue (43rd) and 551 Fifth Avenue (45th). . . . An English Sunbeam bicycle in a light model, with hand brakes for both wheels and a three-speed gear, costs $61.50, at the New York Cycle Center, 94 Madison Avenue (29th), complete with tire pump and a saddle bag fitted with a couple of wrenches. At the Modern Supply Company, 206 Fulton Street, you will discover the Compax folding bicycle, which was designed for Marine paratroopers. It is light enough to carry by hand and can easily be stowed away in a closet; $52. . . . The Wilke Pipe Shop, 400 Madison Avenue (48th), offers, in addition to its collection of orthodox straight-grain briar pipes, pipe-tobacco humidors of brown-and-white English pottery. They hold eight ounces and are airtight; $6. Flaminaire lighters, which operate on butane gas and don't require a wick, produce three thousand lights on one tank of gas; $17, in stainless steel. . . . Men who do a lot of sailing would probably enjoy a rigging knife that has a rope-cutting blade, a marlinspike, and a bail at the end to hitch to a lanyard or fasten to a belt; $5, at Patterson Brothers, 292 Madison Avenue (41st). . . . Alfred Orlik, 680 Fifth Avenue (53rd), has handsome whiskey and brandy decanters of fluted English glass ($25), and heavy, bell-bottomed ship's decanters ($45). . . . Hammond, 1 East 43rd Street, is where map-hunters enter their own particular kingdom. This year, they'll be gathering in force around the new Hammond de-luxe World Atlas. It contains endless data and two hundred and seventy-nine maps, all of them up to date, at least as of last Tuesday or Wednesday. It

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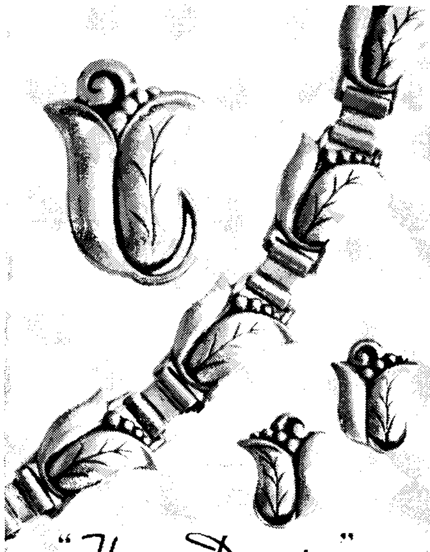
Miami Beach

AN OFFICIAL MESSAGE FROM THE CITY GOVERNMENT OF MIAMI BEACH



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Jensen's exclusive and exquisite pattern, "Fleur Danoise", gives unusual elegance to a matched set of silver jewelry.

Bracelet, 30.00
Brooch, small, 1¾ inches, 12.00; large, 2½ inches, 15.00. Earrings, pair 7.50
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GEORG JENSEN INC.
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Exclusively Ours!

Pure silk peignoir with demure yoke and collar of appliqued net.

Matching gown. Sizes 32-36
Flesh, blue, yellow and white 35.

Hattie Carnegie
42 East 49th Street

comes in a slipcase and costs $17.50. Another idea here is the brand-new Webster's Geographical Dictionary, with a hundred and seventy-nine maps, which lists more than forty thousand place names and gives their pronunciations; $8.50. . . . Alban Conway, 19 East 62nd Street, has great big ashtrays that can also serve as paperweights, for pipe or cigar smokers. They're made on the island of Murano, near Venice, of Venino glass, which is clear and enormously heavy stuff, encasing a lamination of vivid red, green, or blue glass. Equipped with a pestle for squashing butts that won't give up, they're $15. . . . The Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (20th), has really dependable corkscrews that were especially designed to uncork still wines without getting a lot of cork crumbs in the bottle; $2.45. . . . Any man who has nautical interests and likes to build models would be fascinated by the construction sets at Boucher, 36 East 12th Street. The newest ship there, the Esso Trenton, a high-speed tanker of World War II, can be had—unassembled, of course—for $32, including a blueprint; the blueprint by itself costs $2. . . . Just about all the soldiers of all the armies of the world, from those of Alexander and Caesar to those of Eisenhower, Montgomery, and Rommel (including Rommel's Afrika Korps), are drawn up in two-and-three-quarter-inch array at Knight's Castle, 997 First Avenue (54th), for the edification of those who are shopping for a man who collects such things. Three thousand regiments, imported from various European countries, are represented in lead, zinc, or tin, and the two hundred and sixty kings and commanders they served under include Nebuchadnezzar, Hitler, Henry III, Queen Wilhelmina, Queen Elizabeth (ancient and modern), and Louis XI. The twenty-six-piece Imperial Band of the Napoleonic Royal Guard, in which detail is carried right down to a glockenspiel, is $100. Richard Cœur de Lion, Henry V, the Black Prince, and others of equal rank are $25 each. Medieval foot soldiers—archers and pikemen—are $2.75 apiece, and mounted knights start at $4.75. . . . W. F. Cooper, 5 East 54th Street, has splendid scale models, about seven inches high, of old American fire apparatus, dating from about 1760 to about 1880. For instance, the Southwark No. 38, a hand-pumped fire engine familiar in the Eastern states from 1840 to 1860, may be had in miniature for $115. Others start at $50. . . . Olga Tritt, 18 East 57th Street, has a gold paper clip, two inches long, that's meant to be used as a tiepin; $18.50. . . . H. John Northam, 11 East 57th Street, offers red-and-blue striped braces, hand knit, for $5. His English golf shirts, in maroon, tan, or light-blue knit cotton, are $5 with short sleeves, $6.50 with long. . . . You can get a strong key chain of gold metal, hung with a recently gilded coin of Alexander's time, for $8.95, at Degiarde, 35 East 67th Street. . . . And a cigarette case of woven gold mesh, big enough to hold twenty cigarettes, is $1,350, at Van Cleef & Arpels, 744 Fifth Avenue (57th). . . . Silk rep ties in the colors of every American regiment are now to be found at the John David stores; $2.50. . . . Cavanagh, 247 Park Avenue (47th), has Tyrolian-looking country hats made of hare's felt for $15.

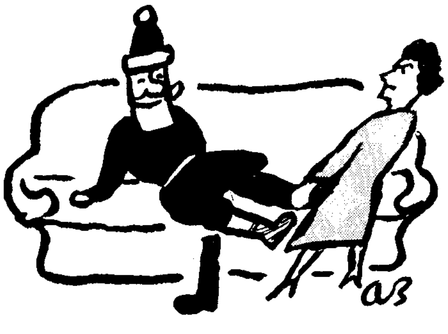
Luggage

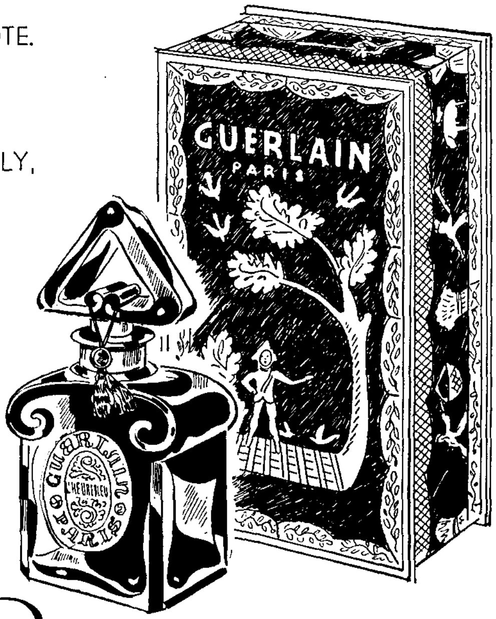
WE have just finished our annual tour of the luggage shops, and, thinking it all over, we find that we are still in favor of classic pigskins and cowhides and other sturdy leathers, simply designed, for both men and women, and have an open mind about some of the interesting novelties, such as luggage with woven-cane sides, like the panelling on old Rolls-Royce town cars, and about all the inroads of plastics. For airplane travellers, of course, the solid leathers have the disadvantage of being heavy, and for them there is some admirable new luggage made of nylon backed with duck, on aluminum frames. And while we're speaking of weight, we'll sound a word of warning to the man who, in his eagerness to stagger the little woman with his love, is drawn to the elaborately fitted case. Most of these are staggering in more ways than one; they weigh a ton and usually contain far more bottles and jars than the average woman needs. Not only that, but the bottles and jars are generally made of heavy glass, which seems silly when plastic containers that weigh practically nothing are all over the place. Arthur Gilmore likes to sell his superbly simple cases without partitions, so the woman who gets one for Christmas can decide what her needs are and tell the store what she wants. Let's take a look in the stores now—and remember, all prices include luxury taxes.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: Suitcases made of a new kind of plastic, called Kalistron, that resembles grained cowhide but is considerably lighter in weight and is said to be miraculously immune to the ravages of water, acid, mildew, the attentions of baggage-masters, and the other hazards that beset luggage, whether it is headed up the Orinoco or up the Hudson. These cases come in several colors, including a good-looking rust, with bindings and corners of a plastic that looks like natural rawhide. Name-plates and handles are of real leather, the hardware is solid brass, and the lining is rayon moiré; prices start at $42.60, for an eighteen-inch overnight case, and go to $63, for a twenty-nine-incher. A Swiss Hermes baby typewriter would be a very handy little machine for the inveterate air traveller. It is boxed up in a seventeen-inch case of saddle-stitched sun-tan cowhide, with compartments in the top for papers; $118.50. Also for the aid and comfort of travellers is the Zenette radio, in a saddle-stitched cowhide case only nine inches long, four inches wide, and six inches high; $57.70.

ALTMAN: A new Amelia Earhart air trunk, a yard high and weighing but twenty-seven pounds, has hangers for twelve dresses and compartments for six pairs of shoes. It's made of glazed canvas with leather binding; $150, in beige, blue, or a brown tweed design. Here, too, are those featherweight suitcases made of nylon backed with duck, on aluminum frames. They have zipper openings that fasten with padlocks. The smallest, a sixteen-inch overnight case, costs $26.40, and the largest, a twenty-six-inch affair, is $38.40; in such colors as wine with navy, green with brown, and brown with tan.

T. ANTHONY, 751 Madison Avenue (65th): Any businessman would presumably be glad to have a stout cowhide briefcase that provides space for documents and also for an extra shirt and gear for an overnight trip; $42. For a female traveller of somewhat frivolous bent, a perfume rack in a zippered morocco case contains four small perfume bottles and a funnel; $7.50. A medicine spoon of nontarnishable metal—one end a teaspoon





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IN GUERLAIN'S LOVELY, LASTING COLOGNE;
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Eau de Toilette, $7.50
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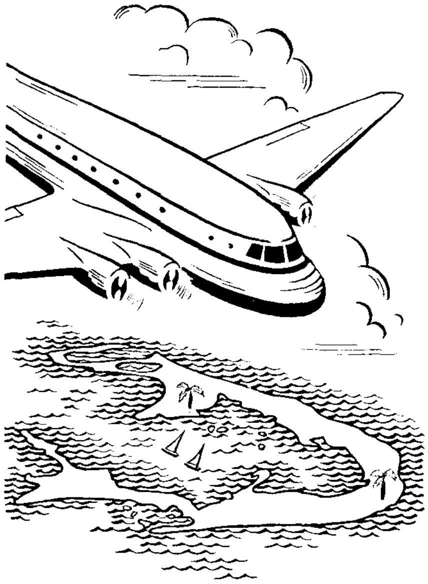
SHOP IN BERMUDA

JUST A STEP



Through The Skies

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Write us for a free copy of "Key To Bermuda". This colorful folder, with map of the Islands, will help you plan a more enjoyable visit.

SHOP AT SMITH'S

and the other a tablespoon—folds up inside a Scotch-pigskin case; $3.95. A morocco jewel case small enough to fit inside a handbag costs $5. A little morocco sewing kit, shaped like a horseshoe, is $5.95, and a man's suède-lined pigskin toilet kit, holding a comb and a pair of scissors and a nail file of Sheffield steel (a combination that, for some reason, is hard to find), is $6.50. And, finally, a leather bottle carrier that will hold a quart and has a zipper that locks at the top is $5.50.

BROOKS BROTHERS: For men who like a straightforward, sensible piece of luggage without tricks (and most men do), the Brooks workrooms have produced a sixteen-inch attaché case of imported English cowhide lined with a fabric that looks like red morocco. The case will accommodate papers and also toilet articles; $54. A zippered briefcase of unlined cowhide is sturdy enough to take care of books as well as papers; $18.

MARK CROSS: The Super Fortress is the formidable name of a very attractive oversized handbag for women, made of African ostrich. It's twelve and a half inches long and has an expandable gusset bottom. Inside are three compartments; the center one is lined with lemon-colored oil silk, for bottles and jars. The two others are lined with leather. One is for papers and the other is fitted with a mirror, a comb, and a change purse; $222. The Southampton is a compact, sixteen-inch weekend bag, in red, wine, or navy pin morocco, equipped with an easel mirror, a zippered suède pouch for jewelry, and an oil-silk pouch containing bottles, jars, scissors, and a comb—all these on a tray. The space below will hold enough to get a woman through a quiet weekend; $150. For men, there are two English suitcases. One is of brass-trimmed calf, sixteen inches long, lined with goatskin; $114. The other is of belting leather (the heavy kind used for machine belts), which makes a wardrobe case, twenty-six inches long, that can hold four suits and accessories or eight suits and not much else. There is a linen lining and a linen cover to protect the suits; $138. And for young girls, there are matching Gladstone-style bags of cherry-red cowhide with white saddle stitching and a tan plaid lining of Irish linen. The twelve-inch size (a Gladstone handbag, really) is $18, the sixteen-inch $30, and the eighteen-inch $33.

CROUCH & FITZGERALD, 400 Madison Avenue (48th): Here you will find a remarkable travelling closet with room enough for twelve dresses, none of which, we are told, will require pressing when they emerge at the end of a trip. It's made of glazed canvas stretched over a collapsible wooden frame and bound at the edges with leather; when it's loaded, the tent poles can be struck and the bag folded in two (something like a Valpak), and the whole works can be toted off by a leather handle. This argument in favor of more powerful redcaps costs $43.80.

DALE, 719 Fifth Avenue (56th): This is the place for that luggage with woven-cane sides we were speaking about a while back. The cane is laid over glazed black gabardine, the corners and the bindings are of black top-grain cowhide saddle-stitched in white, the linings are of natural Irish linen, and the locks are all Sesamee combination locks, which require no keys. From sixteen to thirty-three inches long (the smaller ones nest inside the larger ones, to take up less closet space), these cases cost from $53.40 to $137.40.

ARTHUR GILMORE, 16 East 52nd Street: Connoisseurs will never desert the Gilmore handmade luggage of natural cowhide or pigskin lined with washable bookbinder's cloth, with English brass hardware; these cases range in size from sixteen inches ($69.60) to twenty-nine inches ($126). In a slightly different style, there is a twenty-four-inch flat case, strong and light, lined with the same cloth and ideal for a short trip; $87.60, in English cowhide. For women, there are hatboxes in natural or red pig. The twelve-inch size is $39.60, and they go on up to an eighteen-inch one ($60.90). A motorist or confirmed weekender would probably welcome an exceptionally light unlined sun-tan cowhide cylindrical catchall that stands ten inches high and is twelve inches long. Stitched-down straps encircle the bag and form long, double-loop handles; $20.40.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: A man's soft-sided wardrobe suitcase by Hartmann contains a suit holder that, unlike most suit holders, is removable; $72 in dark-brown cowhide and $110.20 in natural calf. Another suitcase of soft construction contains a removable leather briefcase. This arrangement, in pig or cowhide, will cost you $84. A small rawhide trunk has two trays that can be stowed in bureau drawers, reducing the chore of unpacking and packing up again. The thing is rugged enough for shipping but can be lugged by hand; $222. A good idea for people who commute to the country and are forever hauling things back and forth is a gay red-and-black plaid canvas duffel-bag with double-loop handles, a zipper closing, and a gusset bottom. It stands about seventeen inches high but can be folded up and slipped into a small plaid case; $28.80.

Grab Bag

AGAIN we find ourselves with a potpourri of miscellaneous stores and items that have been crowded out of the foregoing pages. We're lumping them all together here in the hopes that somewhere in the pile you will come across just what you need. Most of the suggestions, you will find, are toys, which is as it should be. After all, who is Christmas for, anyway? Let's move, then. With the help of a small boy who likes to tinker, and a screwdriver, you can put together a real wall clock of the pendulum variety from the bits and pieces contained in a kit that has just arrived at the Rappaport Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th). The clock case, of black plastic, is six inches across, and the works, mostly of black plastic, too, include a double handful of gears and cogwheels and a fourteen-inch pendulum. A cast-iron sash weight, suspended from a pulley, provides the power, and there aren't any springs. The set is $3.98. . . . Alemany & Ertman, on the twenty-seventh floor at 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), have jewelry designed by Salvador Dali. If you are wondering what kind of jewelry that may be, there is, for example, a platinum lapel watch in the shape of an eye (no surprise), for $5,500. The eyelids are set with rows of round and baguette diamonds, a ruby nestles in the corner, and a watch with a blue face is where the pupil should be. Oh—and the eye weeps a pendant diamond teardrop. . . . The famous handmade Bernard Ravca dolls, which haven't been seen here for five years, are back in town, at Brentano, 586 Fifth Avenue (47th). These dolls are astonishingly lifelike creatures. Among them are small figures made of strip after strip of crêpe paper wound around a wire skeleton ($9.95), and a life-size (5′ 6″) French peasant, made of cloth, with a wrinkled face and gnarled hands, who wears provincial clothes and a price tag that reads $1,500. Six-inch ballet dolls, modelled after characters in such productions as "The

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86 PROOF

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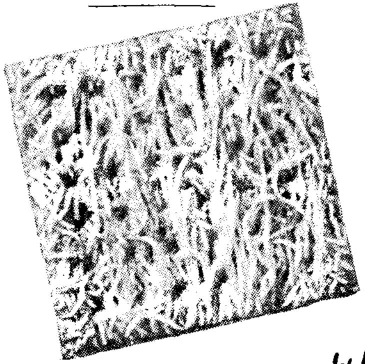
"Her dinner was awful—she flirted with my husband and she didn't serve TRISCUIT!"

THE DIFFERENT BISCUIT

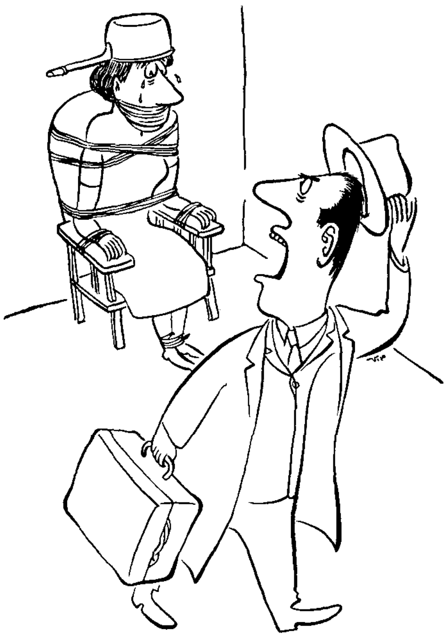


tangy-tasty-toasty!

Whatever else is wrong—TRISCUIT wafers are always *right!* They're so deliciously *crunchy* with relishes and cocktail spreads! Or serve them right from the package and enjoy their hearty *whole wheat* flavor—salted to a "T"—with soups, salads and beverages. Ask for TRISCUIT wafers next time you shop!

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Red Shoes" and "Swan Lake," are $2.95. . . . The House of Hellas, at 37 East 47th Street, has rag dolls dressed like soldiers of the Greek Royal Guards, with red felt berets, sequined vests of blue broadcloth, and tunics of white tarlatan; $1.95. . . . Gardening friends should be amused by a scarecrow doll, about a yard long, who can be hung on the wall and out of whose skirt they can pull raffia strands with which to tie up plants or shrubs. The strands are black or colored, and the dolls wear chintz aprons that hold four plant markers; $1.25 per doll, at the Lighthouse Craftshop, 111 East 59th Street. The blind also make hand-crocheted wool animals for from sixty-nine cents, for a soft white elephant, to $1.35, for a red camel with startled eyes. . . . A modelling set that should keep a budding sculptor busy for weeks has three wire armatures, three wooden modelling implements, and eighteen sticks of clay, in six colors; it costs $3, at Arthur Brown, 2 West 46th Street. Brown also has the Pin Money Box, with which a little girl can make lapel pins for herself and her friends. There are five molds, a supply of plaster of Paris, a dozen pin attachments, and four jars of paints; $2. . . . British Tweeds, 727 Madison Avenue (64th), have lacy knitted Shetland-wool robes and caps for infants in white, pink, or blue; $15 a set, and the robes are full-length. For parents—either of them—this shop has magnificently tailored wool shirts in a choice of fifteen or twenty tartans; $27.50. . . . White cashmere blankets (the lightest and warmest possible) with grosgrain bindings are here again from England, at Grande Maison de Blanc, 745 Fifth Avenue (57th). Single ones (seventy-two by ninety inches) are $64; double ones (eighty-eight by a hundred inches) are $96. This store also makes a specialty of deluxe sheets, blanket covers, and the like for oversize beds. . . . The Color-Me doll, at Macy, is made of Koroseal and comes as flat and as blank as a sheet of paper. To give it shape, you blow it up like a balloon, and to give it features and clothes you draw or paint anything you like on it. When you want a change, you simply wipe off the paint or crayon and start over. The doll is slightly more than a foot long when inflated and comes with eight nontoxic crayons, a wiping rag, and a book of suggestions for young artists; ninety-eight cents. . . . The English Smoothie travelling iron is only four and a half inches long but is plenty heavy enough to flatten out a wrinkle; it works on either A.C. or D.C. and also can be plugged into the wall sockets of



"There are plenty other women who can remember to put enough bitters in my Old Fashioneds!"

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AROMATIC BITTERS
MAKES BETTER DRINKS

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Turkish Baths
Special Slenderizing Salon
7th AVE., 32nd to 33rd ST., N. Y.
Women's Turkish Baths
10 A.M. to 9 P.M. *(except Sunday)*
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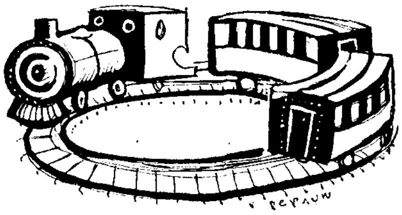
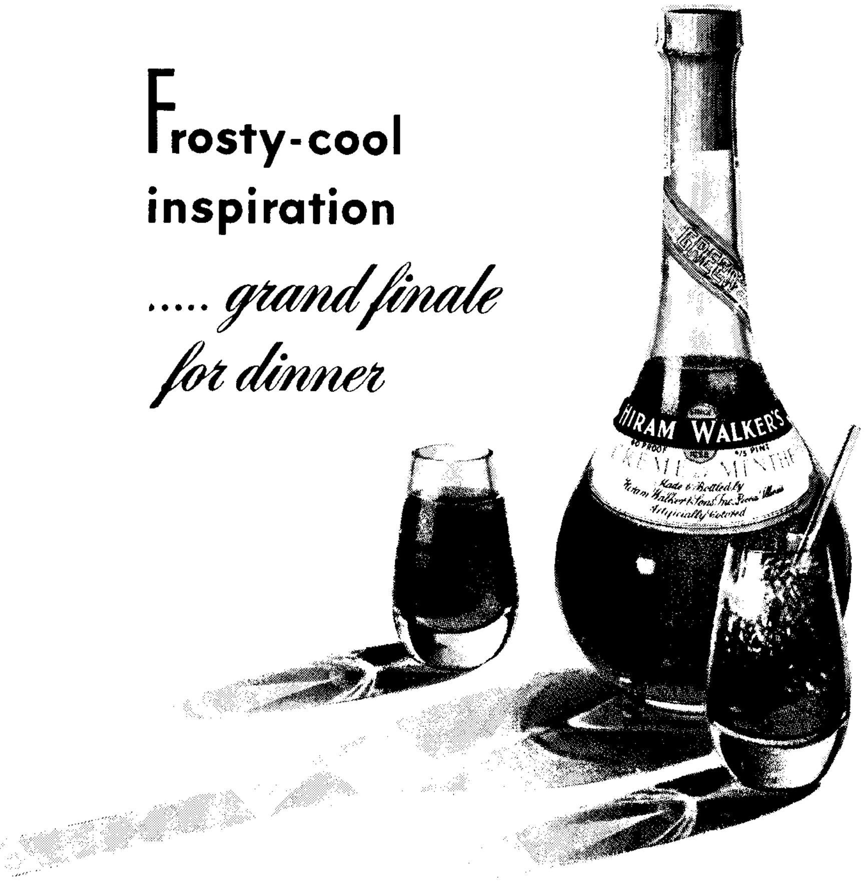
THE ARISTOCRAT OF SEA FOOD RESTAURANTS

European hotel rooms; $15, in a leather case with a zipper, at Wanamaker, among many other places. . . . The MM Company, 400 Park Avenue (54th), is the spot for English silver after-dinner-coffee spoons with the slenderest of shafts and ornamented with wooden coffee beans; $16.80 for a set of eight. . . . The Latin-American Market, on Bloomingdale's seventh floor, has Mexican *rebozos*, or stoles, three yards long and a foot and a half wide. Of hand-loomed wool with a wide hand-tied fringe, they come in brilliant colors, such as mustard, peacock, and hot pink; $16.50. . . . The English Raleigh junior bicycle, which hasn't been around since before the war, is back on hand at Abercrombie & Fitch, at very nearly its prewar price; $52.50. It measures nineteen inches from the saddle to the pedal axis, has lighter tires and a much lighter frame than American bicycles, and is equipped with two-wheel hand brakes. . . . At the Librairie de France, 610 Fifth Avenue (49th), are peasant dolls wearing authentic costumes of the various regions of France—the forked coif of Brittany or the big black bow headdress of Alsace, for example. Prices range from $4.50 to $95, according to the opulence of the costumes, and sizes range from seven and a half inches to two feet. . . . Bergdorf's Gift Shop is a nest of such treasures as those little wooden folding tables to put beside chairs at cocktail parties. Oval ones to hold a drink and an ashtray have alcohol-resistant tops, are fourteen inches high and fifteen long, and cost $8.50; slightly taller ones, for individual buffet suppers, cost $8.75. . . . A specialty at the Bermuda Shop, 554 Madison Avenue (55th), is the nickel-plated Bermuda carriage bell for the dashboard of a car or the door of a country house. When you push the plunger, the bell sounds that familiar Bermudian double clang; $8.95. . . . Creative Playthings, 867 Madison Avenue (72nd), has put together the Electrical Invention Box, with which young engineers who want to work with real, live electricity can do so without putting the household in darkness. The set, which comes in a nine-inch metal box, includes a six-volt battery, a bell, a buzzer, three kinds of switches, four sockets and bulbs,



Frosty-cool inspiration

..... *grand finale for dinner*



Creme de Menthe *by* **Hiram Walker**

Until you taste the deep mint flavor of Hiram Walker's Creme de Menthe you just can't know how downright delicious *true mint* can be. Here's a flavor that comes from only the tender tiny leaves of finest mint.

So refreshing frappéed or straight, Creme de Menthe also gives a delightfully different touch to fruit desserts.

MINTED PINEAPPLE

Remove frozen pineapple from package to a serving dish before thawing. Add 2 ounces Hiram Walker's Creme de Menthe and let stand until thoroughly thawed. Serve chilled.

GRAPEFRUIT SUPREME

Halve a grapefruit, remove seeds, and loosen fruit sections. Pour on an ounce of Hiram Walker's Creme de Menthe. Serve chilled. Or place under broiler and heat slowly. Serve at once.

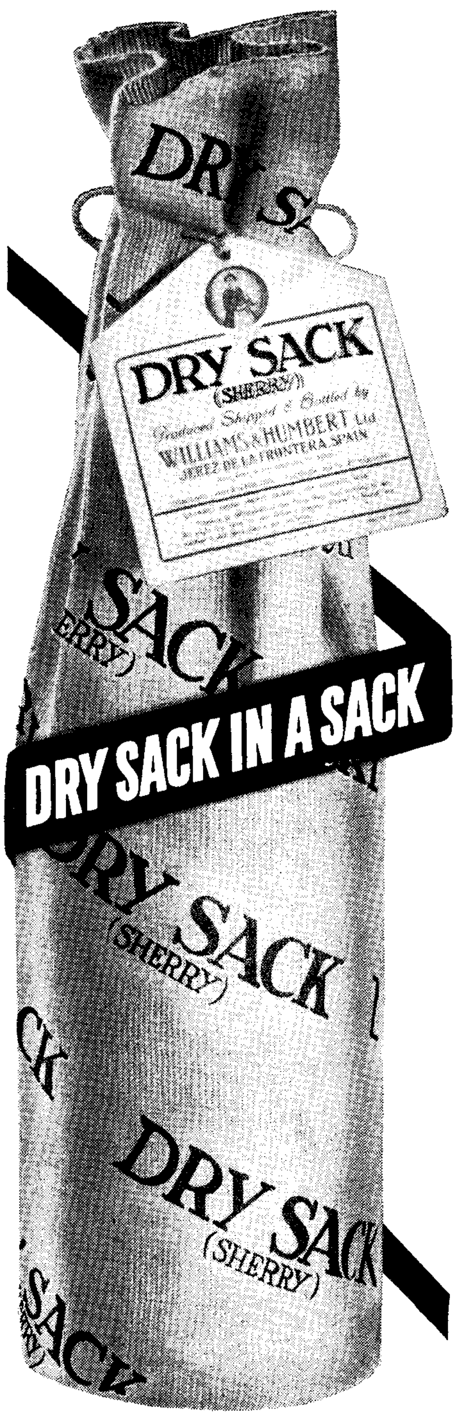
HIRAM WALKER'S

CORDIALS

A RAINBOW OF FLAVORS
CACAO
CURAÇAO
Anisette

60 proof 60 proof 60 proof 60 proof 80 proof 60 proof 70 proof

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.


DRY SACK (SHERRY) Produced Shipped & Bottled by WILLIAMS & HUMBERT Ltd JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA SPAIN
DRY SACK IN A SACK

DRY SACK

Fine Imported Spanish

SHERRY

Dry Sack Sherry now comes in a smart, distinctive cloth sack . . . ideal for gift-giving. Always look for it when ordering to be sure you get incomparable Dry Sack Sherry. It's not too dry, not sweet . . . has that medium-dry nutty flavor so favored by connoisseurs.

Sole U. S. Agents
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y.

Julius WILE IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

twenty-five feet of wire, and a book full of suggestions for experiments; $5.95. The same shop also has a tricycle trailer, for $5.95, and a pastime called Pick-er-Stick-er, made up of a smooth board and geometric pieces of colored plastic that can be applied to, and removed from, the board or any other nonporous surface—the piano, for instance—without messing around with glue or leaving marks. (We understand that the stickers work by molecular attraction and can be used over and over again.) This set is $1.98. . . . Alfred Orlik, at 680 Fifth Avenue (53rd), can provide ashtrays that should delight any cat-lovers on your list. These are made of French porcelain in ovals seven inches long and are decorated with, say, a cat wailing under a mournful moon, or a cat carrying flowers to his loved one; $8.95 each. There's Dresden china here, too. This shop's special forget-me-not pattern makes a breakfast-tray service for one at $39.50, and for two at $49.50. . . . Finally, a word about an organization called Santa's Helpers, a group of actors (from Actors' Equity, no less) who stand ready, heaven defend them, to officiate at children's Christmas parties. The fake Santa arrives with his red suit, beard, and stuffing at any prearranged time, can be primed with advance dope on how many doll houses, cowboy suits, and Atomic Whizzer pistols it is wise to promise, and is presumably master of a hearty laugh. The fee is fifty dollars, the address of the outfit is 33 West 58th Street, and the phone number is PL 9-1271.

•

OUR FORGETFUL EDITORS

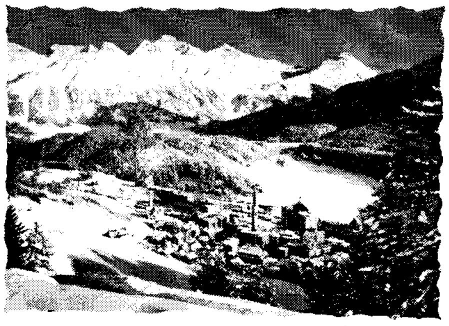
The scene is a farmyard, where a farmer is cutting up a pig he has butchered. He hands a flank of the pig to another farmer, who says, "Thanks, I'll smoke it later." I was unable to sell this gag during the whole of my gag-writing career, and cheerfully bequeath same to any young cartoonist who thinks he may be able to get somewhere with it.—*Russell Maloney in the Saturday Review of Literature, October 9, 1948.*

It was here [the Detroit Athletic Club] that we heard of the nimble-witted automobile magnate who received a fine ham as a present and murmured, "Thanks. I'll smoke it later."—*Bennett Cerf in the same magazine, November 5, 1949.*

•

Detectives said the men entered the Barton home through the basement, walked to the kitchen and motioned, as if with guns, toward the two domestics, Impi Teras and Lora Virta. "Where is the omney?" they saked.—*The World-Telegram.*

Don't oosht! It's in the asfe.



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our latest mixture. Long burning, cool Nut Brown Burley doesn't even nibble. You'll like its mild aroma. *16 oz.* $3.25 *8 oz.* $1.65, prepaid.

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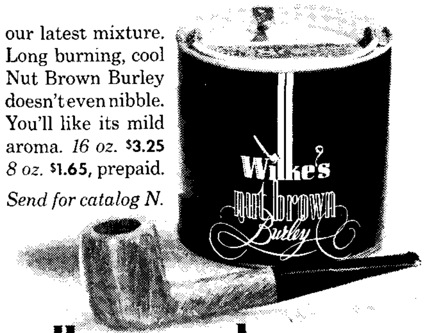

wilke pipe shop Established 1872
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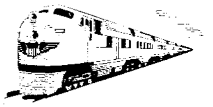
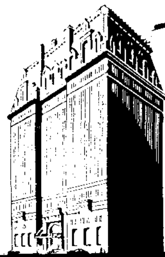
SOME PEOPLE PREFER TRAVEL BY TRAIN





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Prefers the
SHERATON BELVEDERE
Our entire staff has your comfort as its goal

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Baltimore's Finest Hotel

ADAPTATION IN THE FACULTY CLUB

PROFESSOR ENTWHISTLE, arriving uncommonly late for lunch at the Faculty Club, was thrust into a seat beside one of those high-minded, flat-bosomed young women who embrace world problems with unmaidenly ardor.

"Dear Mr. Entwhistle!" she yelped. "You have come just in time. I was saying that I foresee many difficulties in bringing American know-how to the backward peoples of the earth."

"Chicken livers again," rejoined Professor Entwhistle. "I sometimes wonder why there are so many more chicken livers than chickens."

But the young lady scorned problems smaller than world problems. "The question, as I see it," she said, "is how to raise primitive living standards to the point where backward peoples will feel the need of industrialization and its benefits."

Professor Entwhistle pondered the menu. "I wouldn't be surprised if they were producing chicken livers in quantity down at the Rockefeller Institute," he said. "You remember that chicken heart they've been feeding for about twenty-five years? Reduplication, maybe. There was a fellow in the seventeenth century who wrote a book to account for the surplus of holy relics—four complete bodies of Saint Stephen, for instance, and half a dozen extra skulls. He advanced the theory of miraculous reduplication. Ferrand, his name was."

"If we are to bring them the good life—" the young lady mooed.

Professor Entwhistle, who had been holding his head high, so as to look down through the lower section of his bifocals, now dropped his head to look upward at his companion. "If we bring them the good life, we upset the normal process of nature," he said. "The biological formula is that the species must adapt itself to environment. But what we've been trying to do in America is to adapt our environment to the species. Now we plan to export our environment. I am not quite sure that is a good thing—for the species, at least. By organizing our environments, we have destroyed innumerable species, and we are doing our best to destroy innumerable others that we don't happen to like at the moment. We are interfering with nature's great process of adaptation. I must say I don't like it."

"But there doesn't have to be any adaptation in the good life—"

"There should be." The waitress brought the chicken livers, and Professor Entwhistle peered at them with impersonal, scientific interest. "We had a chap in Zoology who was crazy about adaptation. Clarence Clute. He was before your time, I think."

"Clarence Clute? I've heard the name."

"He was the fellow who introduced the rattlesnakes into Ireland."

"How dreadful!" the young lady bugled. "But I didn't know there were any snakes in Ireland!"

"There are now. Lots of them. The experiment was really a very pretty one. Clarence took a collection of the young of the species *Crotalus horridus*, which has learned to thrive on our moist Eastern seaboard. He had some worry about getting them past the Irish customs. But he put them in a big can marked 'Bait,' which he included in his luggage along with a lot of used fishing tackle. The Irish customs inspectors are so respectful toward sportsmen that they hardly examined his stuff. He took a lonely cottage along the Liffey, where the rainfall is less than in New York, and there he let loose his rattlesnakes and watched over them until they were well along in their adaptation. Unfortunately, he was obliged to give up his observations suddenly."

"You mean the Irish clubbed the rattlers, or something?"

"Not quite. They attempted to club Clarence Clute. Some organization called the Sons of Saint Patrick. He had to run nearly all the way to Dublin. The scientist's life has its dangers. But we have had reports that the rattlers have completed their adaptation to environment and are flourishing mightily."

"I never heard of such a thing!" bubbled the young lady. "Why don't we hear about these rattlers?"

Professor Entwhistle dropped his chin and looked pityingly at her over the top of his bifocals. "Have you never heard of the Irish censorship? What do you suppose the censorship is for? The preservation of faith and morals? Nonsense! The purpose of the censorship is to prevent the world from learning about Ireland's rattlesnakes."

"I find it very hard to believe—"

"Clarence Clute was less successful in his effort to introduce skunks into Europe. As you must be aware, the North American skunk is unknown on

His special Christmas gift is now the famed

"GUEST COFFEE"

● Bright was the oldtime Christmas that brought a packet of the now-famous "Guest Coffee" — then a great coffee merchant's private blend.

But eloquent and delighted guests who tasted it finally persuaded him to put this wondrous coffee on the market — that is how *Yuban* came to be.

Today, as then, Yuban is made from rare and costly coffees — and word of its marvelous goodness still goes round.

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ONION SOUP
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It's not cheap!

But it's authentically FRENCH ...onion rings sauteed in real CREAMERY BUTTER...swimming in rich BEEF STOCK...sharpened by rare old PARMESAN CHEESE...simmered in SMALL BATCHES. Naturally it costs more...Ask your grocer or...write direct to
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London 1742
WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE
TRADE MARK
BREWED & BOTTLED BY
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Finest English Ale

The product of over 200 years' brewing experience

An ale of quality and distinction in which you taste the goodness of the finest British Malt and the appetizing tang of the finest Kentish hops.

Famous all over the World

Whitbread's Pale Ale

Brewed and bottled in England by
WHITBREAD & CO., Ltd.
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other continents. Young Clute thought it would be very interesting to determine whether our skunk could adapt itself to European conditions. He hoped to drop a few pairs by parachute from a plane, but he could never find an aviator who would coöperate. Eventually, he took some young ones with him on a freighter bound for Europe, but the ship was delayed by engine trouble, and the skunks kept on growing. Finally, he tossed them overboard, thus saving his life—or so he is convinced—from the maddened crew."

"He doesn't sound like a nice man to me," said the young lady, wrinkling her nostrils.

"A scientist has no concern with being nice." There was a note of reproof in the Professor's voice. "In Clute's case, his only concern was with adaptation. He then had another very interesting idea. As you may know, Lake Nicaragua, in Central America, contains a large number of fresh-water sharks, as well as swordfish and tarpon. Obviously, the area was once part of the ocean, and some ancient upheaval cut it off and landlocked it. The water gradually lost its saltiness, and the sharks as gradually adapted themselves to fresh water. They are magnificent creatures—run as large as two hundred pounds."

"But don't they do any harm?"

"Oh, yes. Kill people all the time," said Professor Entwhistle happily. "Well, Clute succeeded in taking some young ones alive. He put them in a tank on the back of a light truck and drove them all the way north into the United States, dodging the customs people very skillfully. Then he dumped them into a fresh-water bayou in Louisiana, where he can watch their adaptation. His idea is to move successive generations through brackish water back to the salt water of the Gulf."

"But—but isn't there any danger?" quaked the timorous young lady.

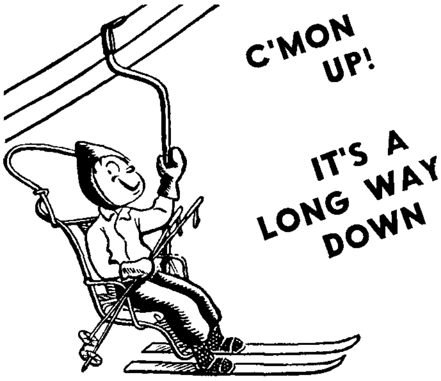
"Very little. Oh, of course, he may lose a few here and there, but most of the sharks seem to be thriving wonderfully."

"But the people of Louisiana—"

"Human beings are not in Clute's field. They will just have to adapt themselves." Professor Entwhistle chivied a chicken liver around his plate. His companion recoiled from him as far as she could in a ladylike way.

"But about the good life—" she said feebly.

"The good life? All a matter of adaptation," said Professor Entwhistle. He popped the chicken liver into his


C'MON UP!
IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN

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mouth. "Look here, what is the greatest problem confronting America today?"

"Communism?"

"No, no."

"Parking," said a helpful voice from across the table.

"Not at all," said Professor Entwhistle. "Our most serious problem is water. On the West Coast, the problem has become acute. Throughout the country, it is becoming so, what with the lowering of the water table, droughts, and the failure of the water supply in the reservoirs of New York and other Eastern cities. The time is at hand when we must limit our population to the number of people our water resources will support. And yet all around us lies the illimitable water supply of the oceans. What is the answer?"

"Find a cheap way to take salt out of water," said the voice across the table.

"There is an easier way—adaptation," Professor Entwhistle said. "We must adapt ourselves to salt water, as the sharks adapted themselves to fresh water. After all, we were originally salt-water creatures. The salt content in our blood represents the salt content of the sea and is a residue of the time before our ancestors developed gills impermeable to sea water. Much the best thing would be for us to train ourselves to absorb salt water again. Then we would no longer have to depend on the caprice of rain and weather."

"But that would take thousands of generations!" cried the young lady, blanching.

"Not at all. We scientists have found ways of speeding up adaptation immeasurably."

Professor Entwhistle, having finished his chicken livers, took the saltcellar, unscrewed the top, and emptied the contents into his glass of water. He swished it around for a moment. He then took a leisurely drink, and lit a cigarette.

The young lady shrank back in horror. "I am sorry—I have to run!" she exclaimed. She assembled her bag and ran.

As soon as she was out of the door, Professor Entwhistle put down his cigarette and moved with rapid, uneven, but still dignified steps to the men's room.

—MORRIS BISHOP

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Still the Wunderkind

LEONARD BERNSTEIN, having pretty well established by now that he is a *Wunderkind*, could be expected, one of these days, to move on to the status of mature artist. The change, if it came about, would be perceptible first not in his conducting of complex modern scores, in which his ability to deal accurately with a great quantity and variety of notes has been his most impressive accomplishment, but in the conducting of simple classics, in which taste is just as important as accuracy. His appearances with the Boston Symphony at Carnegie Hall last week showed, I am afraid, that he has not yet made the transition. His performance Saturday afternoon of Olivier Messiaen's intricate new "Turangalîla" Symphony had the efficiency that one has learned to count on from him in contemporary music, but his earlier concert, devoted to familiar compositions by Mozart and Brahms, was an exhibition of slapdash energy rather than of musical insight. Mr. Bernstein proved that he is capable of leaving his personal stamp on the playing of the Boston Symphony, but the result of this influence was that the most refined and delicately adjusted of all our orchestras actually played somewhat coarsely. Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony was little more than a succession of hard-driven rhythms. The same composer's B-Flat-Major Piano Concerto, which Mr. Bernstein conducted while playing the piano part himself, sounded, in general, as if it were still being rehearsed. Mr. Bernstein's baton technique, which encompasses an enormous range of lunges, head shakings, shoulder shrugs, and other theatrical devices, seems designed mainly to impress his audience, and exists in a choreographic world of its own, almost completely detached from the orchestra's playing. His histrionic art reached its apogee in his interpretation of Brahms' Second Symphony, in which he exhibited most of the visual phenomena, and brought forth some of the musical qualities, associated with Al Jolson's interpretation of "Mammy."

The Messiaen symphony, hailed recently by Serge Koussevitzky as one of the milestones of contemporary music, at least had the virtue of not boring its audience, though its ten movements took almost an hour and a half to perform. In fact, certain of the movements revived among the New York symphonic public the custom of hissing and booing as well as applauding—a development that I am delighted to report. Its title, "Turangalîla," according to a program note, is a poetic word, in an unspecified Indian language, meaning "love song," and love is its subject. To this subject, Mr. Messiaen has brought one of the most elaborate repertories of curious noises that have been displayed in symphonic music since Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps." The orchestra twittered, jangled, and thudded with an almost stupefying variety of novel sound effects. Love is, of course, a highly individual emotion. At times, Mr. Messiaen's conception of it suggested the methodical demolition of a warehouse full of cutlery. At others, it was expressed in an idiom that, for unadulterated sentiment, outdid the most plangent orchestrations of André Kostelanetz. There are, no doubt, a good many concertgoers who, like me, favor the idea of getting a little love back into contemporary music, but Mr. Messiaen's colossal gesture in this direction is too special to be what I have in mind. Following its final burst of clangor ("An exuberant and brilliant coda ends the work in a delirium of love and passion," Mr. Messiaen explained in the program), the composer came onstage to accept the audience's applause.

ON Thursday evening, Dimitri Mitropoulos took over the conductorship of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, at Carnegie Hall, and brought with him not only his usual virtuosity but a program of some interest. The interest lay principally in two large and unfamiliar works—a new Concerto for Piano and Orchestra by Ernst Křenek and the seldom performed "Faust" Symphony by Franz Liszt. Like Mr. Bernstein, Mr. Mitropoulos appeared as his own piano soloist, but, unlike Mr. Bernstein, he justified his double capacity of pianist and conductor beyond the obvious point of saving money on soloists. The Křenek concerto is a dry, satirical work of no particular pretensions and no particular attractions, but Mr. Mitropoulos played and conducted it brilliantly, giving its percussive, atonal phrases a great deal of momentum, and gravely rising from the keyboard, when required, to pluck the piano strings with his fingers, according to Mr. Křenek's unconventional specifications. Liszt's huge "Faust" Symphony received a bravura performance that squeezed out every ounce of its impetuous rhetoric. Though it was pleasant to hear this composition again, it is easy to see why it has never attained a permanent hold on the affections of the musical public. Aside from the second movement, which is supposed to depict the character of Gretchen and has some moments of good, sentimental melody, it is strictly a period piece, full of bombast and weighted down with a kind of pseudo-philosophical upholstery that strikes the present-day listener as merely quaint.

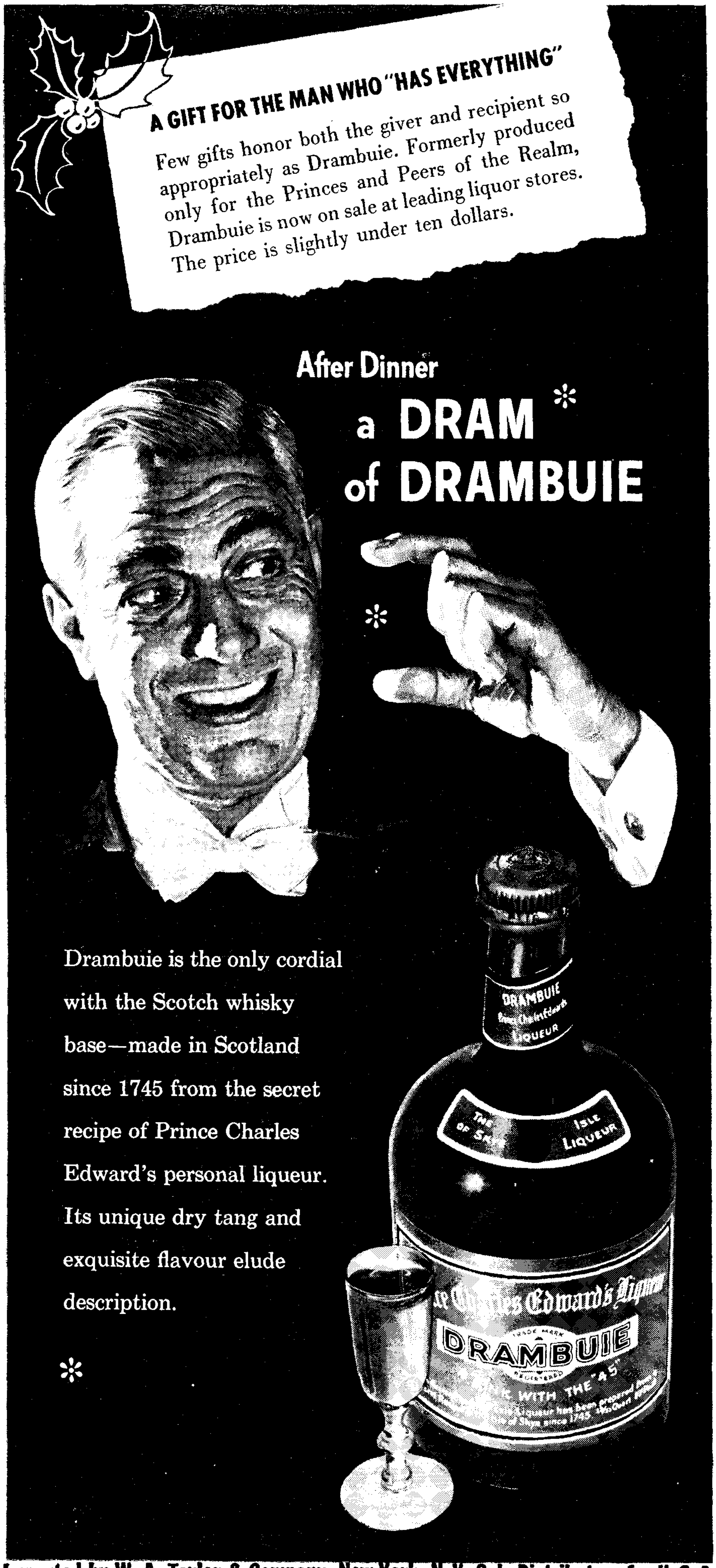
THE Carnegie Hall recital of the violinist Tossy Spivakovsky early last week was notable chiefly for a remarkable performance of Bach's Chaconne for unaccompanied violin. The work is, of course, a notoriously difficult one to project, since Bach has incorporated in it a web of contrapuntal ideas that would require an organ or a string quartet to realize completely. Mr. Spivakovsky had announced before the concert that, with the help of an original technique of bowing, he was going to give it a really "polyphonic" interpretation. As it turned out, Mr. Spivakovsky's Chaconne was not much more polyphonic than those of other violinists, but it was a lot less scratchy—and this is no minor achievement. Mr. Spivakovsky also played Brahms' Third Violin Sonata, but his taste and phrasing were not up to it. These inadequacies were evident throughout the program, even though he is a violinist of fluency and dashing virtuosity.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

RECORDS FOR CHILDREN

Looking Over the Field

IT is a trying and often a painful experience to listen to children's records, for many of them contain such cheaply contrived entertainment that they seem thin and pathetic nourishment for the mind of a child. Since children cannot make their own phonograph records, they are left, as they are in most other matters, to the earnest mercies of their fumbling elders, and the grown world is a cooling, hardening sphere, bounded by clichés of thought and expression and unable to encom-



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pass the swift, uninhibited progress of a child's imagination. A child will listen to anything, of course, which makes planning his entertainment a little easier. The most sensible procedure would seem to be to select records that recite, as brightly as possible, familiar, tested stories and rhymes. The child is venturesome enough to range elsewhere on his own; this past summer, for example, I discovered that by all odds the favorite song of two boys of my acquaintance, aged six and two, was "Honey Bun," sung lustily by Mary Martin in the "South Pacific" set. If it had been brought out in a silly folder marked "Two-to-Six Age Group" and performed by some mealymouthed soprano, the chances are that the boys would have felt different about it. It is obviously presumptuous for a mere adult to form any neat opinions about children's tastes in records. Still, it is impossible not to notice what they seem to like, and not to arrive at a few conclusions.

For small children, *then*, I believe that nursery rhymes and songs are enticing, and so are records containing familiar street noises and animal sounds. I think Frank Luther's presentation of nursery songs is superior, and you will find a good collection of them on a Decca single called "Nursery Rhymes" (CU-101). Another outstanding set for these youngsters is "Bozo at the Circus" (Album BBX-34), the first in Capitol's Bozo series. In this album, a clown takes the listener on a tour of the animal cages, and the book in which the records come has a full-page colored picture of each animal visited. "Genie, the Magic Record" (Decca CU-102), whereon Peter Lind Hayes, with the aid of innumerable sound effects, assumes a lot of identities, is another cheerful item.

YOUNG People's Records, a concern that has an advisory board of noted educators, has made a point of taking great care with its products, which lean heavily on the musical side. Although the results are not always appealing (there is a tiresomely patronizing and stuffy quality about some of these records), several exceptionally worth-while singles have come along for the pre-school group. In "Building a City" (No. 711), a man's voice talks and sings about such things as steam shovels and steam rollers and about pounding nails and applying paint. In "The Neighbors' Band" (No. 726), the story is told of a boy who brings four musical neighbors together, so that

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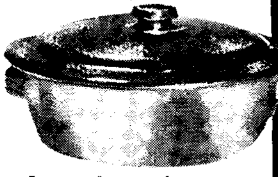

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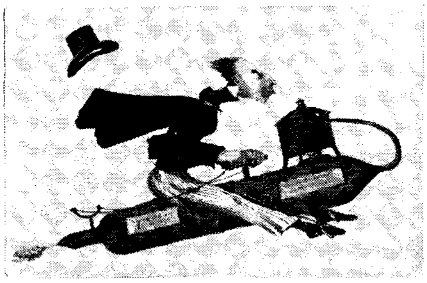

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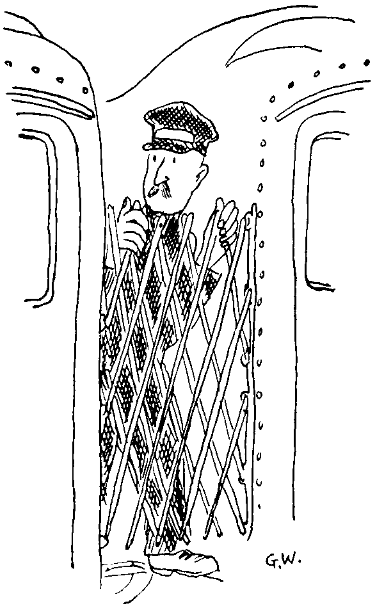
they will play one piece together rather than rend the air with their individual exercises. "The Little Cowboy" (No. 716) presents a few simple and attractive jingles.

THERE is, too, the excellent "Peter and the Wolf" (Columbia album 477), with Basil Rathbone and an orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski. Rathbone is a giant on children's records, particularly on those for older children, who are more demanding, and I'll get to him shortly. One of the most noticeable things about records for the early-school-age group is that they are talk, talk, talk. A number of speakers, most of them inept at speech and many of them movie actors—chosen, presumably, because their names on the covers will attract the adults who purchase the records—pour out words with little appreciation of their values. In a new set, entitled "Ichabod" (Decca album DAU-725), for instance, Bing Crosby relates a jazzed-up version, with snatches of song, of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." This is adapted from a Disney film in which Crosby performed the same task, perhaps to good effect, but on the records he seems completely inadequate. What has come to be regarded generally as his easygoing, down-to-earth manner becomes, when you consider the fact that the set is intended for children, an artificial, condescending, pompous, and muddled way of talking. The children's field is rife with this sort of nonsense, in which actors bring their bad training and their inane mannerisms to stories that should be told simply and clearly.

Rathbone is a notable exception. Despite a mildly imperious manner, he has



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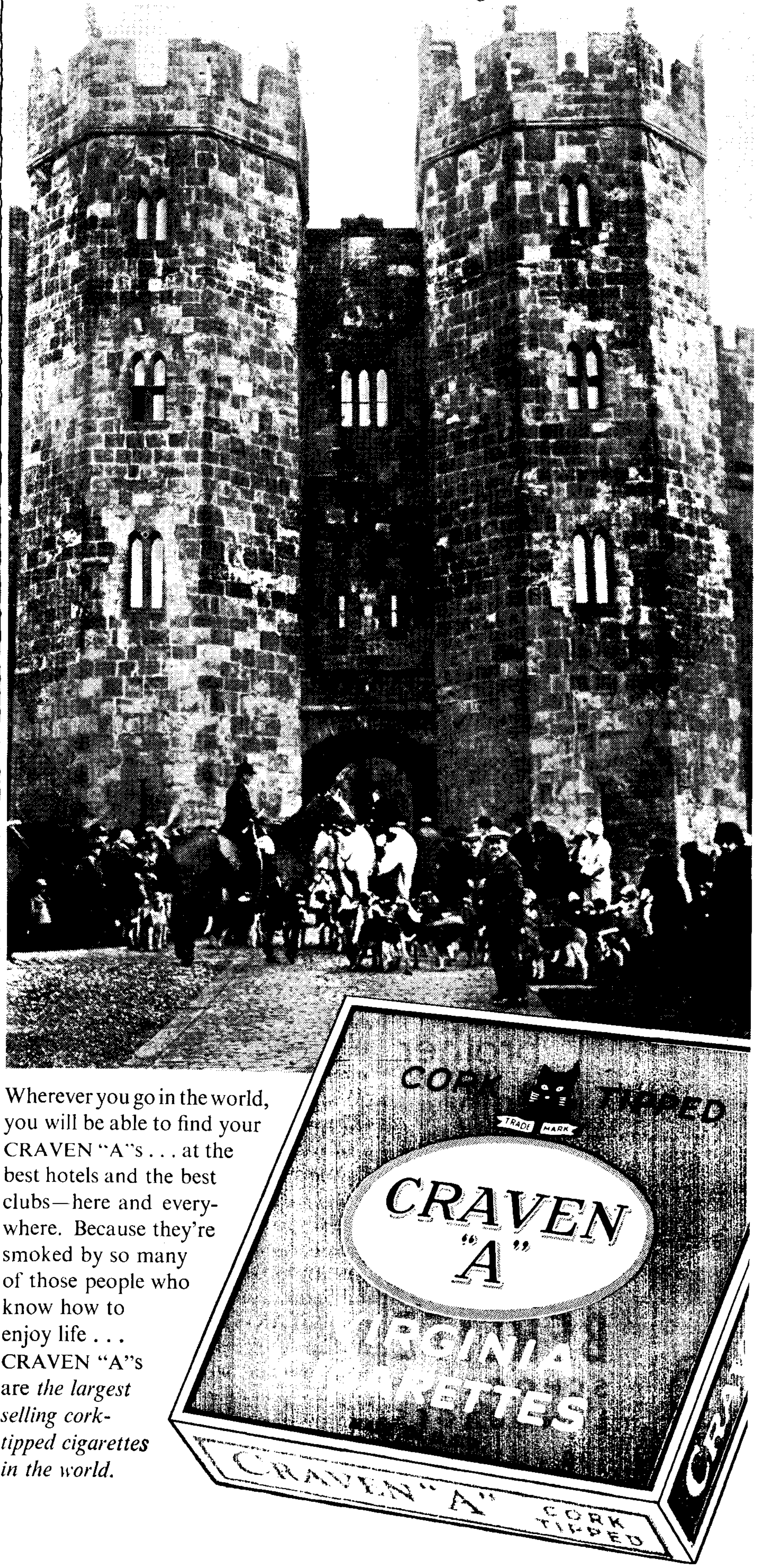

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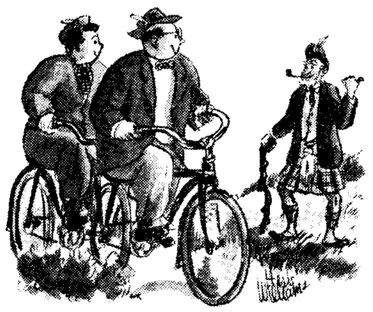

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fine diction and the ability of a skillful actor to create suspense and hold interest by means of his voice alone. His recordings for Columbia, in which he is assisted by first-rate supporting casts and musical backgrounds, include "Sinbad the Sailor" (Album MM-767), "Oliver Twist and Fagin" (Album MM-700), and, on long-playing singles as well as the 78-r.p.m. sets, "Hänsel and Gretel" (No. 2055), with a condensation of Humperdinck's opera score; "Robin Hood" (No. 2063); and "A Christmas Carol" (No. 4081), the other side of which is given over to a program of carols pleasantly rendered by the Lyn Murray Singers. He can also be heard, with other members of the original cast, in a new 78-r.p.m. single (Capitol EAS-3048) called "Mr. Toad," which reproduces half of the Disney double bill that includes the aforementioned "Ichabod." "Mr. Toad" is a fairly amusing British-like spoof but may, in its assigning of burlesqued English voices to different animals and reptiles, be too sophisticated for children.

GETTING along to older children, I would hesitate to suggest the Young People's Records' singles that touch lightly on the careers of Aaron Copland (No. 408) and Igor Stravinsky (No. 407), with examples of their music, unless the child exhibits an unusual interest in such matters. But I think such children might enjoy "Jazz Band" (No. 410), in which Canada Lee, Kenneth Spencer, and five expert jazz musicians trace the evolution, from Africa to New Orleans, of this musical form. I found "The Concertina That Crossed the Country" (No. 414), in which four musical-minded adventurers join the California gold rush and sing folk songs on the way, a delightful tale. "Working on the Railroad" (No. 427), with a few rousing railroad songs, is an engaging record, too.

Allegro, another company with a thoughtful approach to its subject, has several good singles for children of grammar-school age; among them are a neatly presented medley of Gilbert and Sullivan songs from "H.M.S. Pinafore" (AK-55), and the story of William Tell, related with Rossini's famous overture as accompaniment (AJ-17).

AMONG the effective longer dramatizations of standard stories, I would include Decca's "Moby Dick" (Set 401), in which Charles Laughton is heard as Captain Ahab, and the recording of "Alice in Wonderland"

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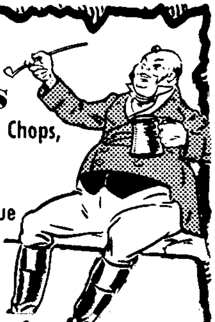

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Children supposedly enjoy seeing and hearing other children act out stories. In this vein, Columbia's "Let's Pretend" series of albums seems to offer the most persuasive examples. "Rumpelstiltskin" (MJ-40), "Puss in Boots" (MJ-33), "Sleeping Beauty" (MJ-45), and "Jack and the Beanstalk" (MJ-31) all struck me as diverting. So did "Singing Games" (M-G-M single 50027), which presents Donald Dame singing three nursery songs—"Looby Lou," "The Mulberry Bush," and "Did You Ever See a Lassie?"—that can be acted out.

THERE are a few other sets that caught my fancy, and I'd like to set them down:

PETER CHURCHMOUSE—A church mouse goes hungry and is threatened with extinction until he and a friendly kitten make his plight clear to the parson. (*Victor set Y-329*)

THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES—A young soldier solves a royal mystery and is rewarded with the hand of the king's eldest daughter, to the tune of some pretty songs. (*Victor set Y-330*)

RUSTY IN ORCHESTRAVILLE—A boy falls asleep over his piano lessons and dreams that musical instruments can talk. He makes friends with the instruments of the symphony orchestra, one by one, and each runs through a little excerpt from the classics. Only the piano remains aloof. Then the boy hears a moving piano solo and, awakening, decides to practice more diligently. (*Capitol album BC-35*)

—D. W.

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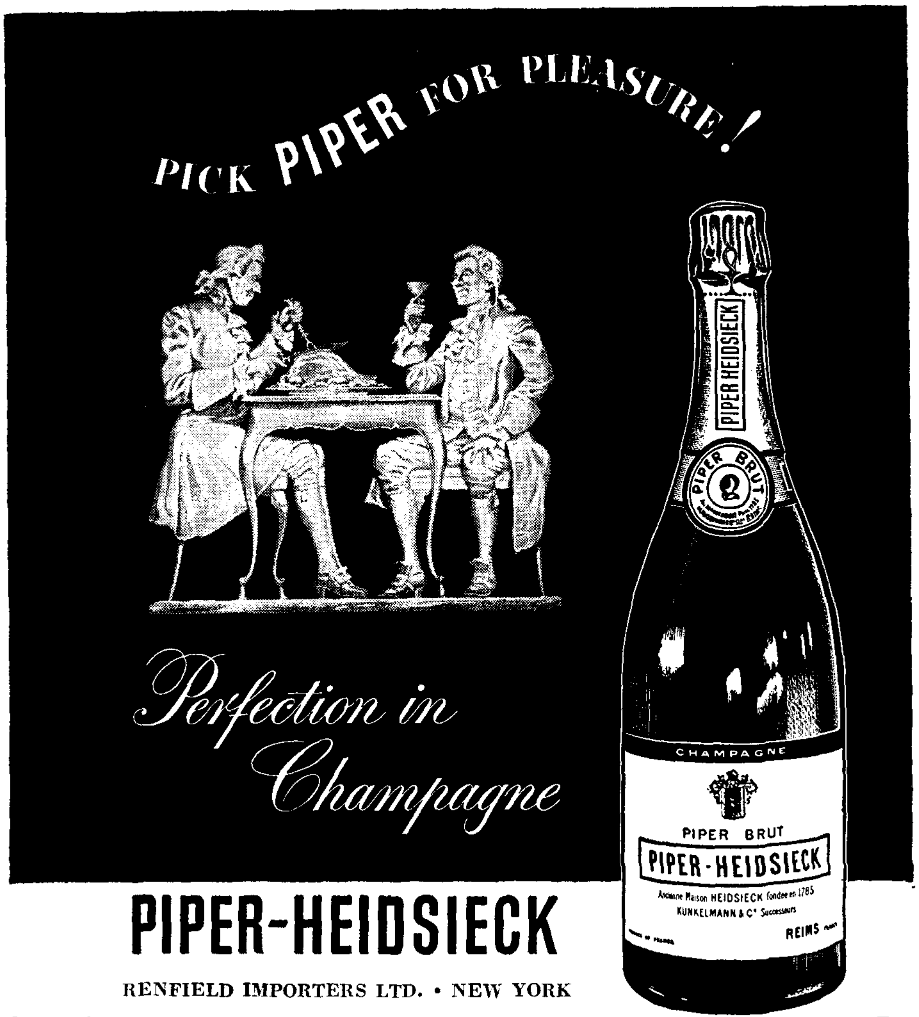
"Mr. Stech," he said, "I think you are my father." Stech naturally was surprised.



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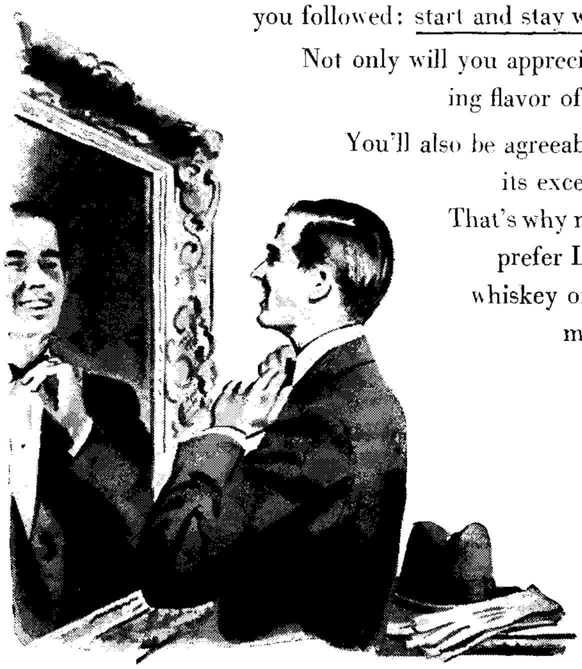

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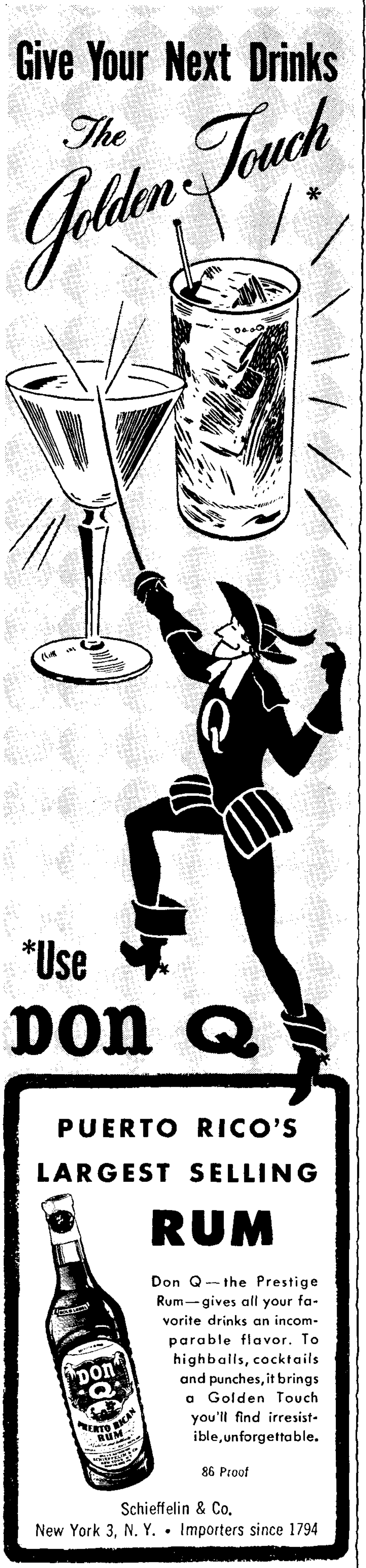

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Who Are We For, Anyhow?

WHEN a pair of British Army officers respond to such nicknames as Hooky and Twingo, it is hard for an outlander to imagine their being fit for any stratagems beyond the capacities of a P. G. Wodehouse hero. In "The Red Danube," however, a colonel and a major burdened with these unhappy sobriquets are shown executing the policies of the British government in Vienna in 1946. It is presumably the purpose of the film to point up the contrast between the kindly occupation methods of the British and the ruthless operations of the Russians, but somehow the way it comes out is that the British are so bumbling they make the Russians look like an efficient lot who know what they want and how to go about getting it. This is not precisely the sort of propaganda that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who made the picture, probably intended to pass around, and I'm afraid the picture doesn't do much to tighten the clasp of British and American hands across the sea.

Besides being preoccupied with the disparate policies of two conquerors, "The Red Danube" is concerned with delivering a few lectures on Christianity and atheism, the case for the former being pleaded by the mother superior of an order of nuns, and the case for the latter by a Russian colonel. Between them, Hooky, the British colonel, wavers in uneasy agnosticism. With so many high-flown notions being tossed about, the plot is frequently lost in a morass of verbiage, but I think I can disentangle it enough to explain that it has to do with a Russian ballerina the Soviets are determined to remove from the British Zone. Working to frustrate them in this matter are Hooky, the mother superior, and Twingo. (Twingo has special ambitions, because he's fallen in love with the girl.) It is not until the United Nations turns thumbs down on the Russians' forcible repatriation of their citizens that the ballerina seems to be in the clear, but by this time she has regrettably taken a fatal header out of a window, leaving Twingo disconsolate and the picture just about where it started.

As Twingo, Peter Lawford is a dreadful parody of a British military man, and as the ballerina, Janet Leigh gives a thin performance. Whatever merit the film has is due to the performances of Walter Pidgeon, as Hooky; Ethel Barrymore, as the mother superior; and Louis Calhern, as the Russian colonel.

A BRACE of French pictures came to town last week, neither of which added up to much. In one of them, "Loves of Colette," we have that fairly standard figure, the professor in a boys' school who is the victim of all kinds of student pranks; this one is deceived into thinking that the principal's lovely daughter is enamored of him. As dealt with here, the business is rather uneven entertainment. In "The Devil and the Angel," Erich von Stroheim is cast as a homely, righteous codger who is an expert on the printing of money, and Madeleine Sologne plays a blind actress whom he marries. Eventually von Stroheim tries his hand at counterfeiting, and Mlle. Sologne gets over her blindness and takes up with an old beau of hers. I couldn't blame her.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

A Bible was brought into play yesterday to determine the innocence of a defendant in Magistrate Gene Herron's court.

The Bible test, long termed infallible by Magistrate Herron, was used in a case in which one woman accused another of stealing $20.

The book is carefully tied closed with string, then a key is inserted between the pages, with the broad end out.

The Bible is supported by the fingerends of two persons, one of whom must be the accused.

The accused then recites: "By St. Peter, By St. Paul.

"By the Grace of God who made us all.

"If I did not steal the . . .

"Let the Bible spin and fall."

If the Bible falls, it is deemed an acquittal by God and concurred in by the magistrate.

Deputy Sheriff Arthur H. Burton, who held one edge of the key yesterday when the Bible fell, termed the test "uncanny."

—*Charleston* (*S. C.*) *Evening Post.*

Dig straight down through the courtroom floor and you may find water, too.

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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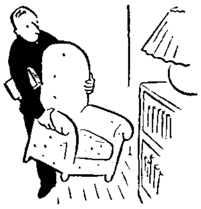
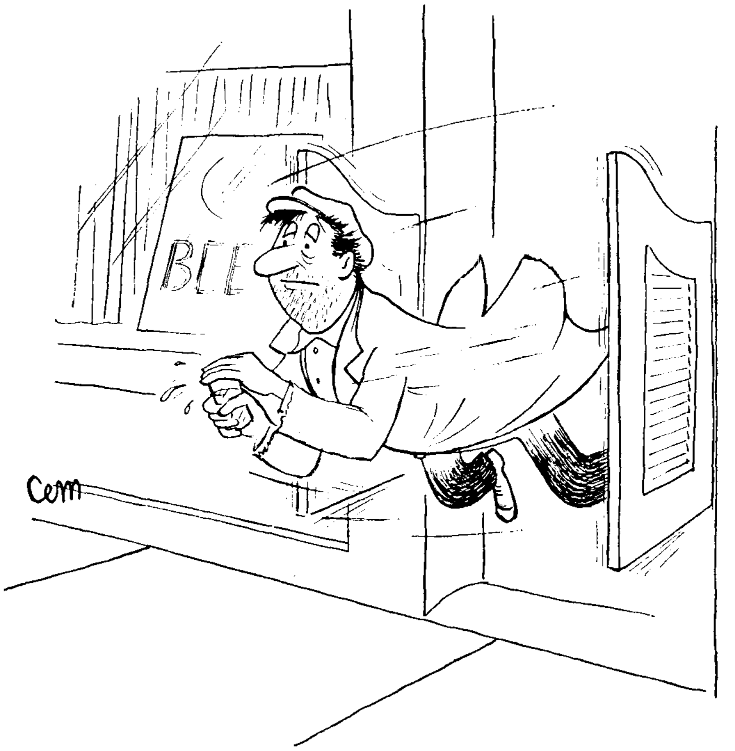
BOOKS

Up in Sicily, Down in Africa

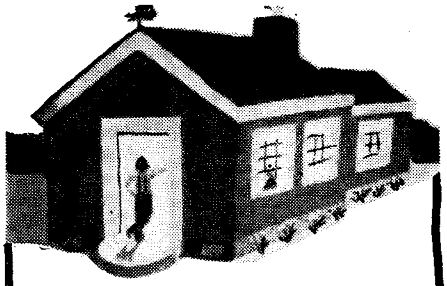


THE year wanes, but not the publication of books by Italian writers; that phenomenon waxes, and among its current sustainers is New Directions, publishers of "In Sicily," a novel by Elio Vittorini. The book comes to us by way of England, where it appears to have wrung exclamations of pleasure from nearly everyone who read it, and in this country its admirers already include Ernest Hemingway, author of its introduction, and Stephen Spender, principal dust-jacket outrider for the occasion. I should like to add myself to their number. "In Sicily," which has to do with a native Sicilian's brief return from northern Italy to his home town, seems to me a very worth-while novel, a book deserving of great praise, with the understanding that what is praised is not genius, as Mr. Spender comes quite close to asserting, but talent. Talent, to be precise, of the lyric sort, which is to say that Mr. Vittorini, as writers go these days, is something of a man apart, this not being an age of minnesingers. Thus, in a period of bitterness and lament Mr. Vittorini is an advocate of the good brown loaf and the flashing stream. Vis-à-vis life, he is a celebrant, and his message, as so often has been the case with lyrical writers, is to the effect that man is the berries and the world a blown-glass rose. In sum—and in making this observation I am intent on the depreciation of nobody—Mr. Vittorini is a kind of Italian William Saroyan.

Properly speaking, "In Sicily" has no plot. Things happen, but they happen in the patternless, grab-bag manner for which life itself is famous. There are no carefully arranged collisions. Caught up in Mr. Vittorini's rondeaux, I experienced no regret over this lack of plot, and read along heedless of the hour and of the fact that, again properly speaking, the book hasn't a hero, either. For this bit of intelligence, I am indebted to Mr. Spender. On my own, I had remarked merely that there was something funny about the hero, who is a young intellectual named Silvestro. His unique quality, I now realize, and the quality that disqualifies him as a modern hero, is his lack of egocentricity. Although he tells the story, it never converges on him, and one's attention is constantly directed toward the other characters. Of these, the most prominent is Silvestro's mother, whose plight gets the story under way. News of her trouble is furnished Silvestro by the principal agent of it, his father. "My dear boy," the old man writes Silvestro, "you and your brothers know that I have always been a good father to you as well as a good husband to your Mamma, but now something has happened to me, and I have gone away. . . . I will be a good husband to this—let us say—new wife with whom I departed." Silvestro's reaction to the letter is prompt and, for the most part, filial. He sets out for Sicily, to look in on his presumably distraught mother, whom he hasn't seen for years, and to get away for a while from northern Italy, where a steady rain has had him down for days. What happens thereafter is—to one, anyway, who has long held that lyrical writing degenerates ten times out of ten into a double chocolate-marshmallow smash—pretty remarkable. Silvestro stays three days in Sicily, and during that time he subsists almost entirely on the poetry of the region, which cascades in limitless supply from every rock and peasant, including even his own mother, who, despite her loss of a husband, turns out to be positively hopping with the beans of life. Mr. Vittorini's achievement consists in preventing this rush of poetry from clotting into an unpalatable mass. A part of his success is due, certainly, to his willingness to be lyric on a small scale; "In Sicily" runs to only slightly more than a hundred and fifty pages. The over-all explanation, however, is that in Mr. Vittorini we are dealing not with just any man and writer but with someone who comes by his knowledge of peasant life by the happy accident of birth, who had to do with the Italian underground during the war, and who, because of his preference for a particular kind of writing, was favored with a jail sentence by the Mussolini people. *Ave, Vittorini!*



ALSO fresh from New Directions' interesting but limited cellar is "The Sheltering Sky," by Paul Bowles, a writer whom I had previously encountered in the *Partisan Review*, in which his stories, by reason of the intensely lucid way in which they were written, always seemed out of place. Mr. Bowles' lucidity is still with him in "The Sheltering Sky," but he has fallen among problems that don't altogether respond to treatment with clear, simple sentences. The result is a novel that, despite a number of excellences, fills approximately sixty-three per cent of the following vast rhetorical question raised by Mr. Bowles' publishers: "Is it presumptuous to suggest that Paul Bowles, in 'The Sheltering Sky,' may have done for our understanding of Arab Africa something of what E. M. Forster did for India in 'A Passage to India'?" It isn't that Mr. Bowles doesn't understand the territory whereof he writes; the book is strewn with evidence—snippets of Arabic details so seamy as to



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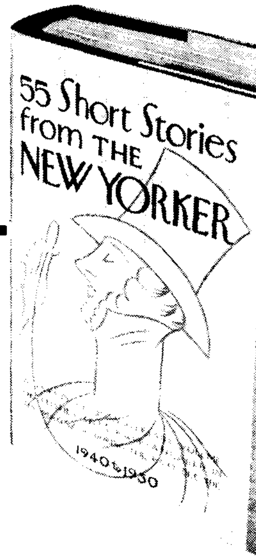
be unquestionably genuine, and so on—that he is a reasonably old North African hand. Characters aren't his trouble, either. His Arabs, of whom there are perhaps a half dozen who count, are all distinguishable from one another, and the three young Americans who carry the story are also more than satisfactory as separate entities. These Americans are a Mr. and Mrs. Moresby and a Mr. Tunner. They are out of New York and their business in Africa is *tourisme.* That, at any rate, is their declared business; by page 20, it is apparent that of the three only Tunner is an honest-to-God tourist, his companions having taken to the road not so much to gawk and to buy as to see what, if anything, Arab Africa can do for a pair of sick midtown souls. In the case of Mr. Moresby, typhus sets in before he gets a chance to find out. Moresby's wife, however, immediately after his death abandons the withered, casuistic West in favor of the primal culture of the Arabs. The circumstances of her switchover occupy Mr. Bowles during the last seventy-five pages of his book, and it is here, I think, that his story falls in on him. The moment calls for a superior effort, for a sweeping of the reader into the vortex that is implacably claiming Mrs. Moresby, handbag and all. But no sensation of sweep or whirl overtakes one. Instead, one is soon aware, because of the lightweight sentences piling up around one's feet, that Mr. Bowles just isn't up to the requirements of the hour. His failure is in part a verbal failure. He simply hasn't sufficient hitting words to deal effectively with Mrs. Moresby's subtle experience, which is that of a highly honed Western consciousness turning itself inside out. There is another reason for the ultimate collapse of his story. It involves Mr. Bowles' choice of setting for the nadir of Mrs. Moresby's spiritual shakedown. The choice—a harem. This choice is fatally comic, and so, for that matter, is Mr. Bowles' method of maneuvering her into the place, the first step of which is Mrs. Moresby's casual acceptance of an Arab's offer of a lift on his camel. The wide, the awful, desert must surely have ringed Mr. Bowles round with dramatic devices more foolproof than the one he chose. —JOHN BRODERICK

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE STORM, by Ilya Ehrenburg (Gaer). A large and barren novel about the last war, with Frenchmen, Germans, and Russians in the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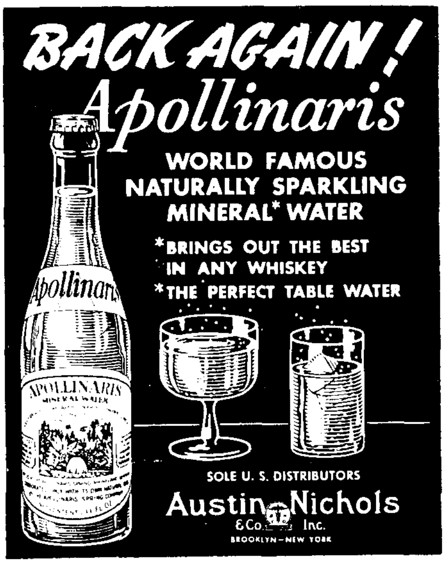

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cast. There is no central story, because the author is so intent upon theorizing that he doesn't bother with development of character or plot. It is all in the nature of a general tribute to the Russian Army and, in a lesser degree, to workers in the French underground. The tribute is *too* general, however, because we are so busy keeping track of the many names mentioned that it is impossible to feel sympathy with any of the people. The story is laid in many parts of Europe, but most of the scenes, even the love scenes, are so obviously contrived as to be meaningless, except in political terms.

EVERYWHERE I ROAM, by Ben Lucien Burman (Doubleday). Captain Asa, a Cumberland mountaineer, takes to the road with his three children, in an effort to discover a part of the country where the good old ways still exist. In the course of his travels, he loses his young—the two girls to husbands and the boy to a job on a railroad—and finally goes on to California alone, with the idea of buying a farm there and settling down. Mr. Burman's writing, like his story, is simple, direct, and homespun. His account of the travelling family is strange and interesting, but his characters never become more than skillful black-and-white sketches—recognizable but hardly alive.

GENERAL

HERE IS NEW YORK, by E. B. White (Harper). This book, a reprint of an eight-thousand-word article in *Holiday*, is concerned with its author's long-standing love affair with New York, and it is certainly the wittiest essay, and one of the most perceptive, ever done on the city. It is to be assumed that all readers of *The New Yorker* are familiar with Mr. White's work, because of his long association with this magazine. If any are not, his final paragraph may convey to them something of the poetry and deep feeling that characterize everything he writes:

> A block or two west of the new City of Man in Turtle Bay there is an old willow tree that presides over an interior garden. It is a battered tree, long suffering and much climbed, held together by strands of wire but beloved of those who know it. In a way it symbolizes the city: life under difficulties, growth against odds, sap-rise in the midst of concrete, and the steady reaching for the sun. Whenever I look at it nowadays, and feel the cold shadow of the planes, I think: "This must be

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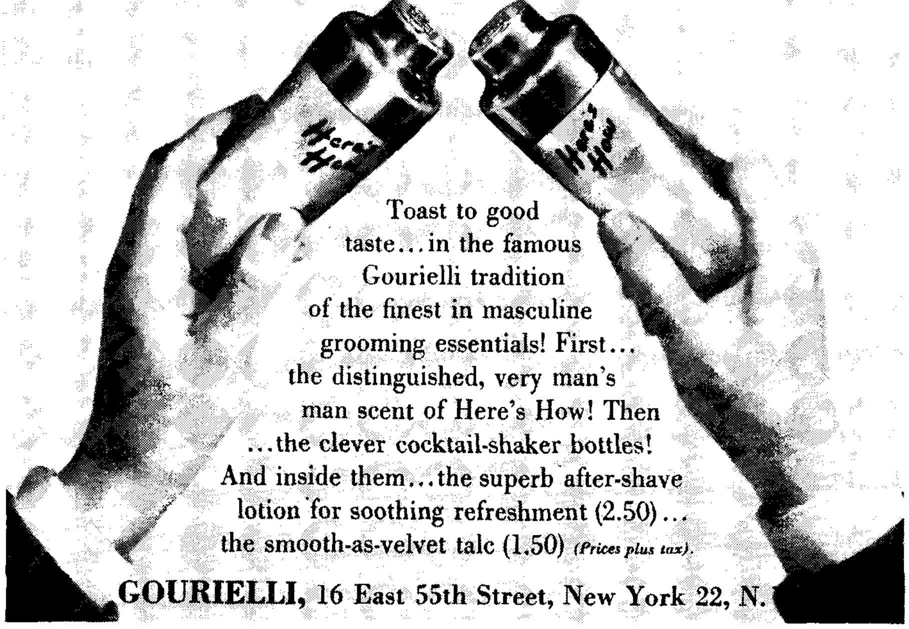

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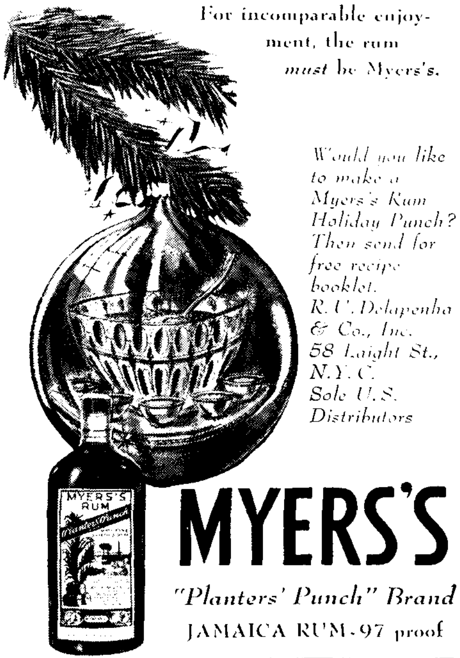

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saved, this particular thing, this very tree." If it were to go, all would go—this city, this mischievous and marvelous monument which not to look upon would be like death.

There are almost no facts in "Here Is New York;" there is only one man's private vision of the city, based partly on his early memories of it when he walked the streets disturbed by the "nearness of giants" and partly on the things he saw and heard and felt when he was in town during a hot week one summer. You'll never learn from Mr. White how many telephones there are in Manhattan or the height of the Statue of Liberty, but he'll let you in on some much more important and valuable secrets about the place. The Book-of-the-Month Club has very wisely named "Here Is New York" as one of its selections for January.

Modern Arms and Free Men, by Vannevar Bush (Simon & Schuster). The author, former head of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, considers the future of warfare and the future role of science in preserving and enriching democracy, in a book that might be characterized as an anodyne for panic at a time when the nations of the world are all running temperatures. He is calm about such frightening things as fleets of bombers, guided missiles, biological warfare, and mass attacks with atomic bombs, and he is not worried about any technological surprises the Russians might spring, because he believes the Russians are technologically boxed up in a self-paralyzing system that makes real scientific progress impossible. (If they altered their system, he says, it could only be in the direction of freedom, and then there would be no contest.) As for Dr. Bush's thoughts on the future of our society, they can be best summed up in one of his sentences: "If we lose our liberties, it will be because we abandon them." A Book-of-the-Month Club choice for December.

John L. Lewis, by Saul Alinsky (Putnam). The author calls this "an unauthorized biography" and continually stresses his determination to be objective, but actually the book is not much short of an exercise in hero worship. It is awash with politics and politicking, but it has spirit. Mr. Alinsky, detailing Lewis's long struggle on behalf of the labor movement, and his equally long struggle to maintain his power in it, seems to have become infected with some of his hero's prejudices; he writes of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, for example, almost as contemptuously as Lewis has spoken of them. He convincingly maintains that Lewis is a *unique figure in American history*, more hated—and more revered, perhaps—than any other, but it is not likely that many will agree with his remark that when Lewis is gone "we shall miss those perennial strikes."

Out in the Mid-Day Sun, by Monica Martin (Little, Brown). During a portion of her sixteen-year sojourn in India, commencing in the early nineteen-twenties, Mrs. Martin came to be referred to as the Jungli Mem-Sahib by the people on the estate on which her husband was resident forester. This memoir, however, is designed to point up indirectly the notable lack of resemblance between its author and the more traditional, bridge-playing British mem-sahibs. Mrs. Martin included among her decidedly un-Kiplingesque talents the ability to look a wounded leopard in the eye without flinching, to dish up with her own hands roasted wild green pigeon with olive stuffing and port-wine sauce, to raise an English herbaceous border in tropical surroundings, to doctor a flock of peacocks suffering from chicken pox, and to emerge unscathed from under the hoofs of stampeding elephants. These and still other unconventional exploits are related with a pleasantly restrained vivacity and with due regard for the scenic merits of the region.

The Heritage of America, edited by Henry Steele Commager and Allan Nevins (Little, Brown). A new and considerably enlarged edition of a reader in American history that is devoted primarily to material straight from the source. The discovery of America, for instance, is described by Christopher Columbus; Ethan Allen records how he accepted the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga from the British commander (who was without his breeches at the time); General Sherman tells of the march across Georgia; and so on. Wherever the words of the pivotal figure in a given event are not available, the editors quote from the closest witness they could dig up. An absorbing book, though indifferently illustrated.

Social Thought in America, by Morton G. White (Viking). Subtitled "The Revolt Against Formal-

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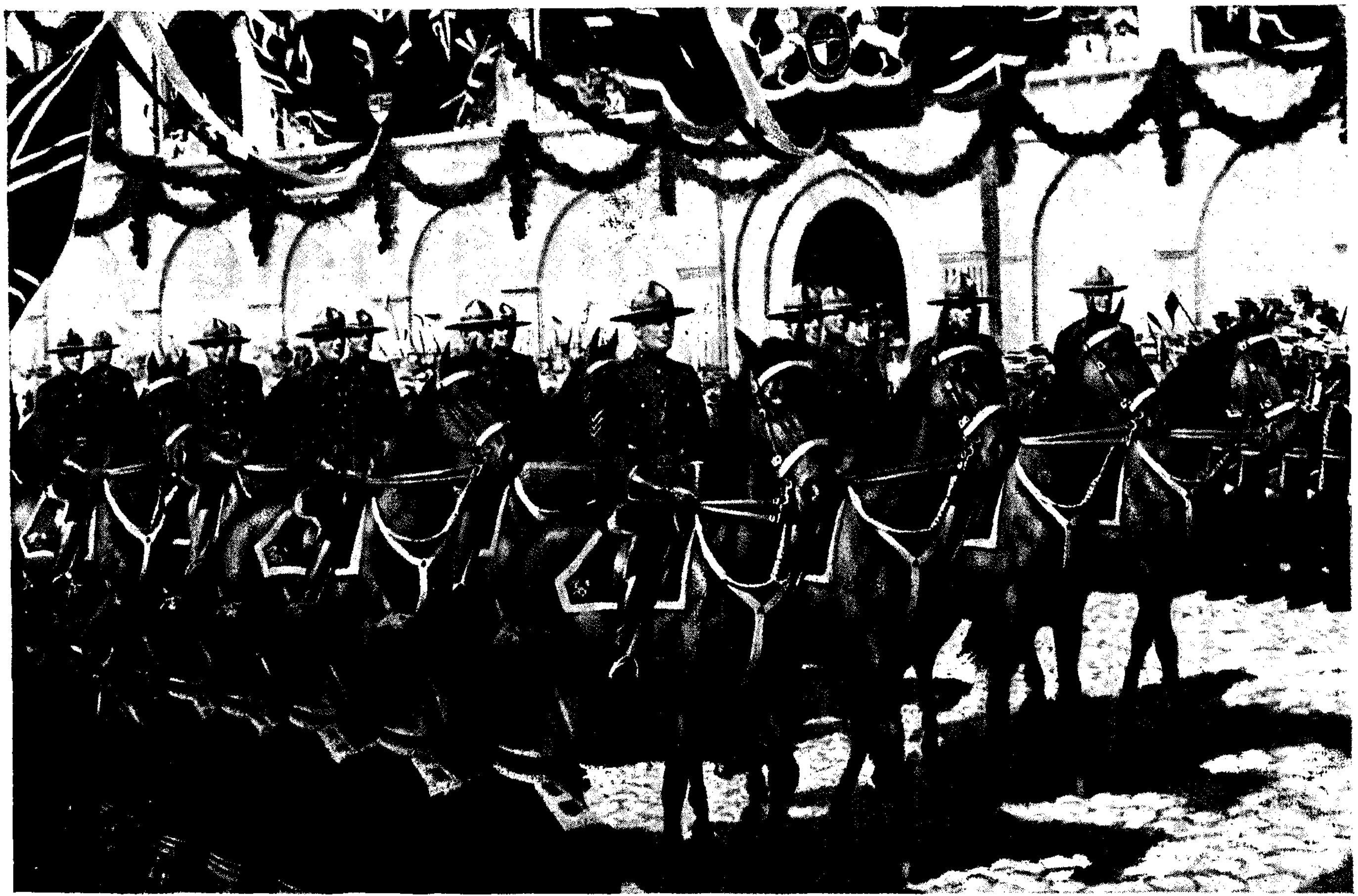

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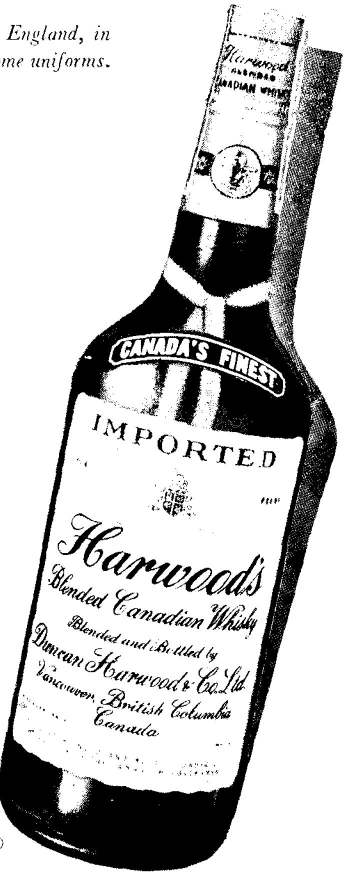
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BONDED 100 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY ism," Mr. White's account of the native modern mind consists of related studies of the five men he believes largely shaped it: John Dewey, Thorstein Veblen, Justice Holmes, Charles A. Beard, and James Harvey Robinson. All these thinkers are given an intellectual genealogy, a summary of their main doctrines—instrumentalism, institutionalism, legal realism, economic determinism, and "the new history," respectively—and an evaluation, in which Veblen probably comes off best and Dewey certainly worst. Mr. White's writing is untechnical and clear, if unnecessarily repetitive. His conclusion is that though the "memorable movement in American social thought" started by these five men has been more or less stalled since the twenties, it can still bring about "an adequate social philosophy."

THE WAYS OF GENIUS, by Radoslav A. Tsanoff (Harper). The fascinating and mysterious concept of genius, with its moments of creative insight, is the peg on which Professor Tsanoff, who teaches philosophy at Rice Institute, hangs everything from a study of how Keats revised his poetry to the problems of translating from the Bulgarian. Genius, if never precisely defined, is carefully distinguished from talent, from neurosis, and from "skillful methodical technique," but Professor Tsanoff seems chiefly interested in its poetic manifestations, in his discussions of which he betrays an enormous reading, a catholic, rather old-fashioned taste, and a superficial concept of form.

THE STRANGE LIFE OF CHARLES WATERTON, by Richard Aldington (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). It would seem that a number of biographers, including Norman Douglas and Edith Sitwell, have gone sadly astray in their attempts to appraise Charles Waterton, the nineteenth-century English squire who was also a noted naturalist, travel writer, tree climber, and bird-sanctuary pioneer, and almost certainly the only man ever enterprising enough to administer curare to a three-toed sloth. In Mr. Aldington's opinion, Waterton wasn't, as these writers have claimed, a madman, a freak, or a saint but merely the ultimate, eighteen-carat representative of the vanishing race of true eccentrics. His own estimate of himself as "the most commonplace of men," should, of course, be regarded

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as flagrant false modesty, in view of the fact that one of his less spectacular pranks was the scaling of the façade of St. Peter's, in Rome. Although Mr. Aldington hasn't completely succeeded in explaining away the contradictions in the character of his subject, his biography is not only extremely divertingly written but a monument of documentation as well; until now, for example, few people have been aware that the ass Wouralia, resuscitated by Waterton with a bellows in 1814, wasn't the same beast that succumbed shortly after a similar experiment in 1840.

GALLERY OF GHOSTS, by James Reynolds (Creative Age). Mr. Reynolds has written and illustrated twenty-three factual ghost stories, set in eleven different countries. The best is an Italian Riviera romance, "She Calls Herself Mrs. Lestrade," in which the author describes how he met, or believes he met, the phantom Mrs. L. Curiously, however, considering the paucity of the American tradition of ghosts and our lack of ruined castles, the four stories in the book about American shades show surprising vigor and character; some of the European ones seem diaphanous even for spectres. Mr. Reynolds' prose overflows with boyish gusto, and his attitude toward spectral evidence sometimes seems terribly eager, but the book is attractively designed and illustrated, and should make a good Christmas gift for those who have a taste for what the jacket calls "grizzly" episodes.

DUBLIN, by John Harvey (Batsford). A descriptive essay on a city that has, according to this English writer, managed to retain many of the best features of its greatest period, the eighteenth century. Mr. Harvey's facts about Dublin's streets, Georgian buildings, and even proper names (the LeFanu family, for example, calls itself "*Leffanew*") make livelier reading than his opinions on such subjects as literature and Irish politics. The book is illustrated with many photographs and architectural drawings.

HORSES AND HEROES, by Frazier and Robert Hunt (Scribner). A collection of anecdotes, connected by a thin thread of history, about the growth and development of horse-raising in this country since the Spaniards brought the first shipload of horses to Mexico, more than four hundred years ago. It makes splendid reading, especially in the stories it tells of the almost incredible feats of endurance-riding in the West in the days of the pony express, but it is not very accurate about the thoroughbreds many readers will remember.

HOUNDS, HORSES, AND HUNTING, by Frances Pitt (Scribner). Engagingly told reminiscences of days with the Wheatland Hunt, in Shropshire, of which Miss Pitt was M.F.H. for many years. The chapters on animals are first-rate—sympathetic but not sticky. There is also good advice for the novice foxhunter and a glossary of foxhunting terms. Well illustrated, with color plates and pencil sketches, by Michael Lyne.

KLEE, by Herbert Read; FLEMISH PAINTINGS, by Thomas Bodkin; BLAKE, by Geoffrey Keynes; and THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, by Thomas Bodkin (Pitman). Four more of the paper-bound, inexpensive but generally admirable volumes being put out under the title of "The Pitman Gallery." As usual, the reproductions, which number about a dozen, in color, in each volume, have been executed with exquisite attention to tonal values (those in "Klee" and the "Virgin and Child" are especially notable in this regard), and the texts are written in a combination of the anecdotal and the allusive that makes them particularly charming.

DEGAS DANCERS, by Lillian Browse (Studio Publications). A truly awesome amount of research has gone into this book. There is, on the one hand, a long and elaborately detailed discussion of Degas's ballet studies (an attempt is even made to identify the individual dancers), and, on the other, a collection of some three hundred annotated reproductions of his paintings—altogether, about as thoroughgoing a survey of the artist's work in this field as has ever been undertaken. The author's introduction, despite its traces of pedantry, casts some interesting sidelights on the techniques and customs of the French Opéra's corps de ballet, and the reproductions, twelve of which are in color, are generally superb.

HOME SWEET ZOO, by Clare Barnes, Jr. (Doubleday). Following hard on the heels of Mr. Barnes' successful "White Collar Zoo," this book considers the American family in terms of the animal kingdom. It again shows the author's pleasant gift for choosing the happy accident in photography and giving it point with a telling piece of dialogue or a descriptive caption.

VERSE

SKYLIGHT ONE: FIFTEEN POEMS, by Conrad Aiken (Oxford). Mr. Aiken continues to improvise on all sorts of subjects in the most musical fashion. Here are poems about nature, about Bikini, and about the Reverend William James Potter, his liberal grandfather. Nothing is especially profound, but nothing is really shallow, either, and no harshness intrudes anywhere.

ANNIE ALLEN, by Gwendolyn Brooks (Harper). "A Street in Bronzeville," published in 1945, announced Miss Brooks' insight into the Negro dilemma in the Northern urban milieu. She has allowed herself in this new volume a good deal of experimentation in language, not all of which comes off. Her sense of form, which is basic, is still remarkable, and she can pull a sonnet as tight as a bowstring—a loaded bowstring, at that.

THE SHORES OF DARKNESS, by Demetrios Capetanakis, with an introduction by John Lehmann and essays by Edith Sitwell, William Plomer, and Panayotis Canellopoulos (Devin-Adair). A posthumous publishing of poems and critical prose by a young Greek whose perceptive and sensitive personality, which is reflected in his verse and prose essays, gained him many friends and admirers during his brief career (1939-44) of living in England and writing in English. His poetry is particularly touching and original.

THE LATIN POETS, edited by Francis R. B. Godolphin (Modern Library). Professor Godolphin traces the influence of Latin poetry on the form and direction of English literature and provides a set of notes on the poets included. It is a pity that the translations, which range from the seventeenth to the present century, are (except for Dryden, Housman, and a few others) stiff and dry, but the book is a valuable pointer toward a now neglected poetic field—a field that stretches from Alexandria to the beginning of the Middle Ages.

AN ACRE IN THE SEED, by Theodore Spencer (Harvard). Professor Spencer, just before his recent, untimely death, hit upon a six-line stanza which he varied delightfully and which proved a versatile carrier of his wit and perception. The "sestets" in this volume set one another off

(*Advertisement*)

by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

PARDON ME, SPORTS DEPARTMENT LADS, for invading your sacred domain, but the other day I listened to the Cinderella story of the Minneapolis Lakers basketball team from Max Winter, vice president and general manager of the outfit, and I couldn't resist. Nowhere in the world, probably, is there a group doing any more for the sport itself and basketball fandom than the young men who comprise the Minneapolis Lakers. Here are a few Laker quickies: They use 72 balls during a season, each ball costs $18. A new ball must be put into play for every game. Salaries for basketball players range from $3,500 to $25,000, plus a bonus. George Mikan is the highest salaried basketball player in the country. The Laker uniforms cost $125 apiece and are made of nylon. The team spends nearly $30,000 a year for railroad transportation. They use more than a mile of tape each year . . .

★

GEORGE MIKAN is one of the few basketball players who wears glasses. He tried contact lenses, but had to give them up. Only two members of the team smoke. No team member is permitted to smoke within six blocks of any building they play in. That's to set an example for youngsters who idolize the athletes. Pollard, Ferrin and Mikan have never smoked in their lives. Only two members of the club drink and they use beer in extreme moderation. They don't drink beer on the day of a game. The boys are not permitted to frequent night clubs except on an evening after a game and that's to spend a little time relaxing before they go to bed . . .

★

MOST ENTHUSIASTIC FAN of Jim Pollard is his wife, Arlee. Her voice can be heard over everybody's in the Minneapolis auditorium. She sits in Section 5 about the ninth row, and heaven protect the official if he calls a bum decision. The Lakers are the most popular team of the association in Washington, D. C. Government brass, from the cabinet down, are always in the stands when the Lakers play the nation's capital. The club usually fills the auditorium in every town they play. Local owners, however, do not participate in the profits or take a percentage of the gate in other cities. So far, the league plays on a home basis. Each club owner gets what he makes at home . . .

★

THE LAKERS' ORIGINAL franchise was purchased in 1947 from Detroit for $15,000. Detroit had won four games and lost 44, finishing last during the 1946 season. Some $30,000 was spent that year for new players. Every pro club in the country wanted Jim Pollard. The Lakers got him by outbidding. The record since is familiar. The Lakers have won every possible honor the last two years, the world's title each season. They've had the two biggest crowds in the history of the Chicago Stadium for pro basketball. They sold out the place for three straight years in games with the College All Stars. Today they're the biggest drawing card in the league.

★

SPEAKING OF SPORTS, one of the finest activities on the part of sportsmen anywhere takes place once a year right here in Minnesota. I'm talking about the pheasant dinner for 3,000 hospitalized veterans which is staged by Ed Shave, outdoor editor of the Minneapolis Tribune. It's a vast project with more than 10,000 people lending a hand—members of the American Legion, VFW, game wardens and sportsmen's groups. This fall they sent in 2,800 pheasants and those disabled veterans in four hospitals really had a feast. All this happened because of one man—a Star and Tribune man. When it comes to leadership in such neighborly activities, the people of the Upper Midwest know they can depend on the best-read, best-liked newspapers of the prosperous four-state region—**The Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 470,000) and **The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 590,000).

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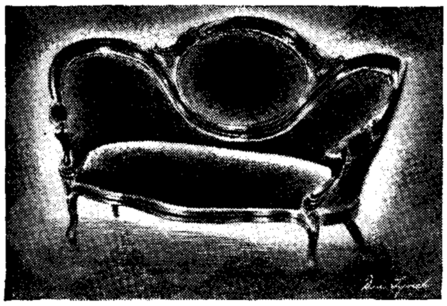

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well and are often far more serious than they seem.

The London Book of English Verse, selected by Herbert Read and Bonamy Dobrée (Macmillan). The editors aim to satisfy "the modern shift in sensibility and standards of taste and judgment not reflected in previous Victorian and Edwardian anthologies." As in all good modern anthologies, the arrangement is as interesting as the selection. The poems run from the simplest toward a climax of the most complex in form and content, and satirical verse rounds out the whole. The "modern masters," American and British, are well represented, and all evidence of what the editors term "the pathological condition of sentimentality which set in about 1810 and lasts until 1914" has been carefully left out.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Unquiet Grave, by John Stephen Strange (Doubleday). Against practically everybody's advice, Lydia Robbins marries a man with a really epic mother fixation, and then seems surprised by his conduct on their honeymoon, which he devotes about equally to pursuing other women and to doing his best to drown her. His murder, on a deserted island off the coast of Maine one wild night, is naturally quite a relief to her, though she has every reason to suppose that one of her best friends is guilty. The story, told in the first person, is slowed up now and then by the author's fondness for elaborate introspection and high-toned descriptions of the scenery, but it is still well planned, and the characters have a lot more reality than most.

The Screaming Mimi, by Fredric Brown (Dutton). Take a beautiful blond strip teaser, menaced by a ripper who has already done for three other blondes; a reporter, straight out of "The Front Page," who wants to know her better; a dog, half wolf, who assists in her act and very efficiently guards her offstage; her agent and manager, who has been a practicing psychiatrist; and a statuette (the screaming Mimi of the title) that turns out to be the key to the whole thing, and you have almost too rich a mixture. Tough, funny, and plausible in a dreadful kind of way.

The Chinese Chop, by Juanita Sheridan (Doubleday). Janice Cameron hopes for a quiet life when she moves into a Greenwich Village rooming house, though the other tenants are a bit unnerving, and her roommate, an elegant Chinese girl, is a little too cryptic for comfort. The morning after she moves in, a man is found tortured to death in the cellar. At first, he is believed to be the superintendent, but it soon turns out that he's really an embezzler, just out of jail, who used to own the house and has presumably hidden his loot there. Since it turns out that everyone in the house has been victimized by him, the crime is rather too intramural for the police, and after a few more casualties the girls put their pretty heads together and come up with a fairly unexpected solution. In spite of all these complications, not very exciting.

Death of a White Witch, by Inez Oellrichs (Doubleday). Mrs. Margate wasn't satisfied with dominating her immediate family—she made life as difficult as possible for everyone in town, from the highway commissioner, who wanted to run a road through her property, to an innocuous little Italian who just wanted to peddle his vegetables in peace. When she was found with a hole in her head and a pistol in her hand, it was a weight off everyone's mind, but it turned out that the murderer wasn't quite smart enough. The result is a routine kind of story, hard to follow with much interest.

•

COMMENTS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE WHILE STUMBLING BACK TO BED

[*From a Hollywood press release*]

Jo Stafford called Brown Derby President Bob Cobb out of bed in the middle of the night to get the Brown Derby recipe for duck sauce.

Miss Stafford, appearing at the Paramount Theater, New York, put in a long distance call to Cobb after her manager, Mike Nidorf, bagged the ducks. She insisted on Brown Derby sauce.

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•

I'm sure those rustling leaves still gossip about *that* night in the garden at the Princess Hotel. He kissed my hand *again* ... held me close ... and kissed *me!* (If you know about a small apartment, let *us* know!)—*Jergens Lotion adv. in Life.*

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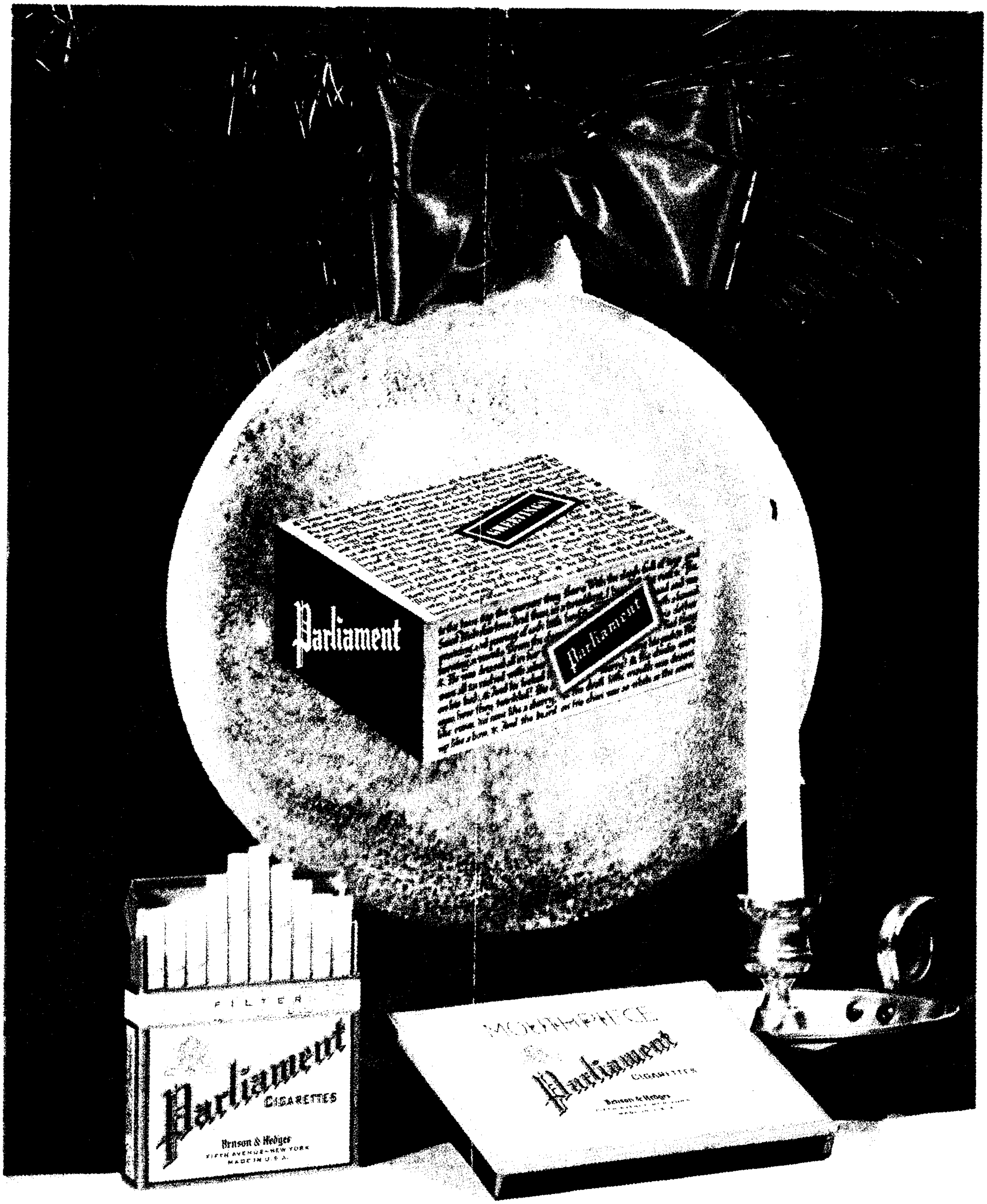
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